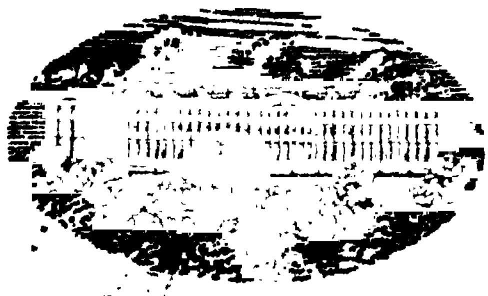
VOL. II, No 1 SEPTEMBER, 1928 NEW SERIES

THE NEW ADELPHI



EDITED BY

JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS

SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT:

Photograph of THOMAS HARDY and EDMUND GOSSE at MAX GATE.

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CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER

SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT.—An unpublished photograph of Thomas Hardy and Sir Edmund Gosse at Max Gate, 1927.

THE NEW ADELPHI

Vol. II. No. 1. SEPTEMBER, 1928

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE ARRIVAL OF THE SMUT-HOUND.—There is an animal well known to American zoologists, since he was first described, we believe, by Mr. Mencken and called by him "the smut-hound." He is not so familiar in this country. His smell is unpleasant and his habits peculiar. He devours, among other things, good books. If he had not been restrained, precious little of Shakespeare, and not very much of the Bible, would have survived in America.

Lately, we regret to say, we have heard the sound of his bark from the editorial office of *The Sunday Express.* The note is unmistakable: shrill and unctuous. On enquiry, we have learned that Mr. James Douglas keeps one as a pet; and since this remarkable animal is able to manipulate the typewriter and even, in case of necessity, to simulate the appearance of an adult and highly moral human being, it would not be surprising if Mr. Douglas, who is a busy man, should occasionally allow him to write his articles for him.

This, we think, is what happened lately, when an apparently indignant denunciation of a novel by Miss Radclyffe Hall appeared in *The Sunday Express.* The month was August. Mr. James Douglas was probably absent on holiday and allowed his smut-hound to supply his place. His ordinary readers do not know the difference; but we do. Mr. Douglas is a serious moralist; the smut-hound something different. The smut-hound said he "would rather give a dose of prussic acid to a boy or girl" than a copy of Miss Hall's "serious, courageous and high-minded book," as *The Times* calls it. We suggest that Mr. Douglas should give a dose of prussic acid to his smut-hound, and quickly. We do not want the beast to breed over here. But, seeing that prussic acid is a highly dangerous poison, we advise Mr. Douglas to be careful in giving the dose. He might easily kill himself. And that would *never* do.

AMERICA AND OURSELVES.—The friendly note of the U.S. Government to the new nationalist Government of China, and the acquiescence of the European nations in the Peace Pact are significant reminders

that the initiative in world-politics has moved away from Europe. The world in which we live is changing, and changing fundamentally, at a dizzy speed. It becomes hard indeed to take one's bearings; excessively hard for an Englishman (and, no doubt, for a Frenchman also) to realize that the future of our Western civilization depends largely upon America.

When we have realized so much, we are not greatly profited. What do we know of the United States? Or what does the United States know of itself? We read a sober account of the civic administration of the great city of Chicago under Mayor Thompson, and it is like fantasy or nightmare. Yet it is obvious that the average inhabitant of Chicago is made of much the same stuff as the average inhabitant of London; probably he is just as bewildered as we are at the extraordinary system of government under which he lives.

Again, we are horrified by the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, after six years of imprisonment; it seems to us a crime against elementary humanity. Yet we do not doubt that the ordinary American citizen is as horrified as we. Apparently there is some sort of hiatus between the mind and act of the American nation, to which we are unaccustomed. So we begin to inquire whether we are not taking too much for granted. Perhaps, in speaking and thinking of the American nation, we are speaking and thinking of an entity which is not, or is not yet. After all, the United States is a continent rather than a country; perhaps it is a congeries of nations rather than a nation.

But while we are groping bewildered after some conclusion, the startling discrepancies between the idealism of American professions and the intermittent savagery of American practice are having an unfortunate effect. They incline the ordinary Englishman to take the United States less seriously than the United States ought to be taken. He feels that the problem of America is too difficult: the equation has too many unknown quantities for him to solve. Thus, a simple incapacity to understand leads us into a dangerous and deplorable indifference.

Something of the first importance to the civilization to which we belong is happening in America. It is preposterous for us, or our politicians, to behave as though the United States were a province of our metropolis, when we are well on the way to becoming, in reality, a province of theirs. Yet there is some excuse for our ignorance. America can hardly explain itself; it does not know itself. We may be forgiven for not knowing it.

We may be forgiven; but forgiveness will not avail us. Somehow, we must know more than we do about America. We must learn how to distinguish the permanent from the ephemeral, the significant from the accidental, among her myriad manipulations. Is Prohibition, indeed, as it now seems to be, a permanent social condition in America? If so, we had better cease to treat it as a colossal joke in our newspapers.

and begin to regard it seriously as a very important social experiment. It is not easy for us to reconcile the abundance of moral idealism which seems necessary to introduce and maintain Prohibition, with the abundant lack of it which seems necessary to permit the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. But evidently the reconciliation has to be made. In short, we need to be educated into a knowledge of American realities. Yet there is, so far as we know, only one newspaper in England—*The Times*—which makes a sustained and serious effort to instruct its readers in the affairs of that bewildering country.

THE REJECTION OF THE NEW PRAYER BOOK.—The New Prayer Book has been finally rejected; and the attention of the country, after a momentary diversion, has been redirected to the Totalisator and the Savidge Case. The violent controversy seems to have been, indeed, what the cynical observers said it would be—a storm in a teacup; and certainly, if our experience is typical, there was singularly little real public interest in the affair. In a town of 50,000 inhabitants, with a half-dozen Anglican Churches and a half-dozen bookshops (of the usual sort—Happy and Unhappy Magazines innumerable, a liberal display of vanity bags, a variety of Bibles and Prayer Books in Russia and crocodile, and a few shelves full of 8s. 6d. novels), we found it quite impossible to buy a copy of the Deposited Book three weeks before the first debate in the House of Commons. One shop had, indeed, heard of it, believed the price was half a crown, and offered to order it; the rest were blank. As far as we could ascertain, not a single copy of the Deposited Book had been bought by any inhabitant of that town, in which the well-to-do upper middle class predominates. Perhaps the experience is exceptional; but there is no apparent reason why this town should not be regarded as a fair sample of the country as a whole. If so, we may, perhaps, conclude that the chief reason why the New Prayer Book was rejected was that nobody even wanted to know what it was: where there is general indifference, it is a safe instinct to oppose all change.

Those who can accommodate themselves to the Church of England find no great difficulty in accommodating themselves to the traditional Prayer Book. They regard it with genuine affection, but they do not take the intellectual content of its formulas seriously. Those who are perturbed about these, are not the ordinary members of congregations, but priests and ordinands. They have to subscribe to the 39 articles; the ordinary church-goer has never read them unless in a moment of boredom during a particularly trying sermon. He sees no reason why the Communion service should be altered, because he has never imagined that anything in particular did happen to the bread and wine. And, as for those who think that something particular does happen to them—there is no trouble about them, for they go to a different church.

Englishmen and Religion.—This, so far as we have been able to inquire, has been and is the attitude of the majority of church-goers. It reminds one forcibly of the attitude towards religion at the ordinary public school. Various things happened—compulsory chapel, "pi-jaw," confirmation, communion—and you submitted to them as you submitted to Greek irregular verbs. They were part of the system. When you got to Oxford, chapels were not compulsory, so you did not keep them; but once a week it was the thing to sing hymns very vehemently—in the schoolboy fashion—at Sunday evening service. One or two men of your year were going to take orders: they seemed neither better nor worse than the rest of you. Perhaps you would have taken orders yourself—who knows?—if the Bar or the Civil Service or politics had not opened a more inviting vista. It might have been more difficult than it seemed; because, although your practical agnosticism did not stand in the way of your robustious weekly hymn-singing, actually to take orders was rather a different matter. It might have imposed a little too much strain on a pretty elastic intellectual conscience.

The only thing, so far as you could see, that mattered either to your coevals or yourself, was that you should be a decent fellow. What it was to be a decent fellow was hard to define; it was perfectly compatible with being drunk four nights a week, with a generous aptitude for bawdy talk (about as generous, though by no means so witty, as the excellent Mercutio's), and a reasonable latitude in the matter of women. Abstinence from these things certainly did not make you a more, nor indulgence in them a less, decent fellow. If you were very good at games it counted for you indeed; on the other hand, you might be a double-Blue—and not pass the test. Good manners, a tolerable method of wearing clothes, a not too obvious devotion to learning—these things counted. But those, again, were not, either separately or together, decisive. Money was completely indifferent.

You either passed muster or you didn't. Sometimes the verdict was unfair. There were a few cads among the decent fellows and a few decent fellows among the outsiders; but on the whole, remarkably few. The judgment was, humanly speaking, as good as one could desire; far better than one could expect. To be approved by the judgment was of the utmost importance.

This may appear a cynical account of the situation. It is not cynically meant. Indeed, we think the morality of "the decent fellow" when it comes to ripeness is as excellent a thing as any nation has evolved. Though it is not religious, it contains plenty of practical religion in solution; and it has this, at least, in common with all real religion, that it "does not divide the Sunday from the week." But it is quite impossible to establish any connection between it and modern religious controversy. There is no point of contact between them.

THE PRAYER BOOK AND AFTER.—This is the realistic background against which we must set the religious controversy of to-day. Because some columns of *The Times* were filled for many weeks with arguments for and against the New Prayer Book, it does not follow that the matter was of any great importance to the mass of Englishmen. It was not. On the whole, we think it a good thing that it was not. An acute interest in the matter would have been factitious. The thing itself was no longer actual. The general feeling was that, whether we had the New Prayer Book or the Old, the world would go on very much as it did before. If it had been a question of *applying* Christianity, some vehement interest might have been roused.

What happened was simply that there was enough awakening from apathy to alarm the House of Commons into the feeling that sleeping dogs were better let lie. It was better not to worry about the Prayer Book or let it be worried. It belonged to the past; it was a historical monument: let it be scheduled as such. Just as, in fact, some dozen copies of the Authorised Version of the Bible are sold for every one of the Revised, though this is known to be a more accurate and consistent rendering of the original, so people preferred the Old Prayer Book to the New.

Its rejection was certainly not a victory for the Protestant spirit; at most it was a victory for the English instinct of conservatism. But the more important cause of its rejection was, we think, quite different. To admit a revision of the Prayer Book was to admit the possibility that its contents ought to bear some close relation to the actual beliefs of modern men. The respectful repetition of a time-honoured formula awakens no misgivings in an ordinary conscience; it feels that the words are sanctified by long usage and that to utter them is not so much to express a belief in their truth as to associate oneself in spirit with generations in their worship of the ineffable: but a proposal to change the formula introduces an element of dubiety. It is no longer the emotional associations that predominate, but the actual meaning of the words. To repeat year after year, generation after generation, "I believe" is one thing: quite another to say "I believe" after being forced to ask oneself "Do I believe?" Men, who worship in a church to-day, do not want to ask themselves "Do I believe?" Nor do they wish to be compelled to find answers to the inevitable further question, "Who is making these alterations in the words we know?" They have had centuries to forget that they were fallible men who devised the formulas they repeat. They are even willing to believe that it was the Holy Spirit. But they cannot easily persuade themselves in 1928 that the Holy Spirit works by majorities. And if it was the Holy Spirit that passed the New Prayer Book in the Church Assembly, was it the Holy Spirit also that moved the House of Commons to throw it out?

Irreverent questions, perhaps; but the kind of questions that the untimely action of the Bishops has thrust upon many minds that were positively unwilling to entertain them. Questions most inopportune: questions to which, we suspect, the Bishops themselves have no answers; questions which should never have been suggested. The Church of England will come to regret this ill-considered disturbance of tranquil half-beliefs. This was no time to attempt to galvanize the Church into a semblance of intellectual adequacy to modern needs. Probably it cannot be done at all; and it certainly cannot be done by a body of men who themselves do not believe that it can be done. The Church of England had better have been allowed to remain what it was for some, and what it will not, after this disturbance, so easily again become—" a haunt of ancient peace."

The future of religion in England is completely distinct from the future of the Church, or of the Churches. They have their function; they more or less satisfy the emotional, and more rarely the intellectual, needs of a steadily diminishing number of people. The number is steadily increasing of those to whom the Churches and the religion of the Churches is without relevance of any kind. So we hear despairing questions asked. "How are the Churches to be filled?" And there is no answer. But this is no cause for despair. The real cause for despair would be if the Churches were to be filled once more; for that would mean the beginning of another phase of equivocation and self-deception. Or it is asked: "What is to take the place of religion?" as though its disappearance had created a vacuum that must necessarily be filled. There is, on the contrary, no reason to suppose that its place will be, or should be, filled by anything of the same kind.

Many men are learning that it is quite possible to live a full life without any fixed belief concerning ultimate things. It may look tidier to have one's mind made up on ultimate questions; but an appearance of tidiness is a poor stand-by in a crisis. If it is to meet the strain then, set teeth and the will to believe must be called in aid. The will to believe, however and wherever exercised, is a dangerous faculty, and one that ought no longer to be indulged. Those who refuse to indulge it find, sooner or later, that they get on perfectly well without it; they can admit, with the happiness of genuine relief, that there are an infinite number of things that pass their certain comprehension, and they see that, while they would not have gained much by pretending to understand a single one or two of them, they would have lost something far more precious than an isolated and dubious certitude—an inward plasticity and self-created harmony, which is, perhaps, the best that life can give.

Thomas Hardy and Edmund Gosse.—The photograph which we publish of these old friends was taken in the garden of Mr. Hardy's house, Max Gate, in June, 1927. Permission to reproduce it was kindly given by Mrs. Hardy and Mr. William Bellows. The Editor.

OLD ABRAHAM

MR. MICK was an old man who wore a round, black, faintly clerical hat. From under it fell tufts of white hair, like thistledown, which, however, did not move much even when the wind blew. He was a retired farmer, greatly respected. He was tall, and held himself upright, more than upright, so that he seemed to lean backward as he walked. He was a sober man, and a non-smoker. He said that if God had wanted man to smoke He would have put a chimney (he called it chimbley) out of his head. He had a long, thin, bluish nose, on the end of which, summer and winter, a drop of liquid sparkled like a diamond.

Every Sunday he attended the small, green-washed chapel on the main road a few minutes' walk from the village. He held the hymn book about two feet away from his eyes, but did not attempt to sing, as his voice quavered even when speaking. He looked so stern, so severe, that even the most talkative children fell silent when they sat near him. A place was always kept for him at the end of the back row. If a stranger came in before him and unknowingly took his seat, someone would be sure to sidle up and whisper, "That's Mr. Mick's place." His paling blue eyes were without expression.

He was a widower, and lived with his son and daughter-in-law, and their baby. This son had only been married about six months. The hasty, underhand wedding had been a great blow to the old man; he looked on it with disapproval, but it was entirely due to his own obstinacy in treating his son of thirty as though he were thirteen. In fact, all his children—he had six—had had to leave their home secretly to be married, and each time it happened he was astonished and annoyed. He would never let the youngest have any money, thinking to keep him free from entanglements that way, but of course it did not.

The daughter-in-law was a tall, pale and seemingly quiet young woman with drooping shoulders and a nasal voice. She went about all day in a spotted blue and white print dress, and had very long, darkly golden hair, which she wore in a loose plait. Sometimes, in the evening, as she patched and darned, she would look across at the old man strangely, as if she were willing something to happen. He took no notice of her. Like everybody else, she obeyed his slightest word with apparent meekness. He showed no love whatever for his grandchild, a girl, but perhaps this was because the child was only a few months old, and did not, as yet, show any signs of intelligence.

Because he never joked or became familiar with his neighbours, everybody called the old man Mr. Mick, and not Abraham. Even in jest, he was never referred to as "old Abraham," such was his reputa-

tion. He knew this, and it pleased him, when he met a crony with "Now John," or "Now Richard," to be answered "Now Mr. Mick."

In spite of bad times he had always made money, and saved it, so that he was a fairly rich man. He had been married twice, having had no children by his first wife. It was said that he had worked her to death. For the second he had married a sturdier woman, who had brought him six children before she, too, turned her face to the whitewashed wall of their joint bedroom.

About half a mile away from the farm there were some tall stone houses, facing the bleak moor. In one of these lived an elderly widow, called Mrs. Aspland. She was rather plump, and had hard, shining red cheeks, and yellow-white hair parted down the middle. For close work, sewing or reading, she wore spectacles. There was a perpetual frown mark above her nose. She was very fond of laying down the law about everything, and was never known to be mild or conciliatory.

Her furniture was all of mahogany, rich, fat and shining like her full cheeks. She had books, several volumes of sermons, "Pilgrim's *Progress*" in a gold and green binding, and numerous bibles and testaments. She did all her own housework, though she was well enough off to have had it done for her. She wore black clothing, always full and long, and of splendid material. She wore a white lace scarf, and occasionally there was a suspicion of purple on her headgear. Her clothes made her appear a fine, handsome woman.

She had lived there for nearly thirty years, and knew everybody. She, too, sometimes honoured the small green chapel with her presence. She sat near the front, so that she could better see the preacher, and disconcert him with her hard stare. Whether it was right or wrong—a much discussed question—she sucked peppermints all through the sermon. Once, Mr. Elliot, a timid man with a yellow skin and a surprising growth of hair, moustache and eyebrow, asked her if she thought it was acceptable in the Lord's sight to eat sweets during the reading of His Holy Word. She turned her small eyes on him angrily, and said, "If it hadn't been, He would have let me know before this."

Yet she was vexed, and for two years never went near the little chapel. As it had been her custom always to drop a shilling, sealed in a small, square, white envelope, into the collection box, she was very much missed, especially by the hungry visiting parsons, and at a special meeting held in the damp, dim classroom that also served as vestry, it was decided that someone should visit her and persuade her to return to the fold. Mr. Elliot offered to do it, but as he had been the cause of the ill, he could not be expected to make the cure.

Mr. Mick sat up stiffly, in one corner, his knees apart, and a hand on either knee. A cold greenish light came from the gas above the mantel. In his quavering voice, he said he would go and try to recall the lost sheep, though he thought that she ought not to eat the peppermints. He did not like the smell of peppermint. But with the others he felt

that if only she would come back no conditions should be imposed. Everybody approved of his decision. None of the others wanted to feel the lash of Mrs. Aspland's tongue. They were not certain, either, that she would ask them into her house, and nobody wanted to harangue upon an inhospitable doorstep. with the risk of a chill thrown in. But though they were afraid of Mrs. Aspland, they were also afraid of Mr. Mick. He was so upright, and held so by his own opinions. In short, he was so much respected, even by Mrs. Aspland, that all felt he would make the best ambassador.

One afternoon in Spring, when everything smelt of earth after a morning of rain, Mr. Mick walked up Mrs. Aspland's garden path. He was dressed in a suit of well-brushed black, with a long coat to it, and a pair of square-toed boots. His round hat was rather greasy at the front, where he took hold of it to pull it off. He noticed that the path, which had once been asphalted, was now worn, so that puddles formed, which he took pains to avoid.

The widow kept him waiting a long time at the door, though he could hear her moving about, and he knew she had both seen and heard him. All the same, he rather admired her for her spirit. When she opened the door, which was at the top of a long flight of steps, he suddenly felt that he had never seen her before. He had certainly never been to her house. She, also, stood and stared at him. She carried some knitting in her hands, the beginning of a pair of black stockings; a large black cat leaned against her skirt. From the room behind her warmth escaped and beat softly about the face of her visitor.

"Come in," she said suddenly and crossly. "You're letting in the cold."

She was just about to have tea, and there was a loaf and butter, some boiled ham and pickles, jam, and fruit cake set on a clean white cloth, together with a blue cup and saucer and plate.

"You can have some if you want," she said, but not very willingly. "There's enough for two."

"Nay," the old man answered, "get on with your tea. I don't have it till five, and I was thinking everybody else did the same."

"Well, they don't," stated the widow shortly.

Mr. Mick sat on the couch and watched her eat. She turned the ham with relish on her tongue, and chewed pickles raspingly. The old man swallowed with her as she drank her tea, and wished that he had accepted some, that she would ask him again, but she did not. When she had finished she brushed the cake crumbs from her high-corseted bosom onto her plate, then she got up immediately and cleared everything away, suppressing odd hiccoughs which surprised her until she reached the privacy of the scullery. She came back once with a brush and a shovel, and swept the floor beneath the table.

By the time she had finished, and was ready to resume her knitting, it was five o'clock, and the old man rose to go. He had not spoken

since he refused her grudging hospitality, he had done nothing but watch her. She let him out without comment, and as he walked down the steps slowly, and saw again the puddles on the path, his mind was in a state of content, and he said "Aye," to himself, and again "Aye." It was not until evening that he remembered the object of his visit. As he went to sleep he recalled with pleasure the measured champing of those red jaws, the sound of tea being poured into the blue cup, the bosom off which the crumbs were brushed. He dreamed that he was stroking the widow's neck, and his heart beat so quickly that he woke in a fright.

The next afternoon he called again on Mrs. Aspland, and after that every day at the same time the tall bleak house swallowed him. Although the look in his pale blue eyes became slightly uncertain, a new strut in his walk belied that. He looked more dignified than ever before.

"What's the matter with father?" Joseph, the son, asked of his wife. "Surely, at his age, he's never thinking—? Mother's been dead for twenty years. Nay—" He did not like to put his thoughts into words.

His wife, Serena, gave him no encouragement. She had a habit of sucking in her cheeks, and moving her jaw from side to side when she was thinking. It pleased her to keep to herself the idea that the old man was "courting." She obtained hours of silent merriment from the contemplation of the fact. Besides, an uncle of hers had recently died and left her some money, so that she was beginning to feel independent. She desired to buy the farm from the old man, to feel that it really belonged to her. She did not know it, but she, too, wished to feel dignified and be respected, in spite of her bad start.

Sometimes Mr. Mick went courting at four o'clock in the afternoon, and did not come home until ten. The neighbours of Mrs. Aspland were agog. They watched the door yawn and take in Mr. Mick. There was nothing else to see. When it grew dusk the curtains were drawn and a lamp was lit, and again there was nothing to see. Late at night there was the sound of the door closing, and slow, steady footsteps treading the path, the harsh stutter of the latched gate, and silence.

In June the old couple were married at the registry office. Mrs. Aspland wore a white lace hat and a long, cream alpaca coat in honour of the occasion; and partly to emphasize the fact that she was her lover's junior by ten years. Mr. Mick still wore his old round hat, although he had bought a complete suit of clothes and some more square-toed boots. His bluish lips were parted in a continual, feverish smile. He was nervous, and threw his head back with a jerk more often than a proud thought would warrant. The eyes of his bride were as hard as two nail heads, and sometimes she looked at her new husband as if she realized that she was doing something unlike herself, something ridiculous—idiotic. They went to the seaside for a week immediately after the ceremony.

Joseph and his wife had bought the farm. With the consciousness of her money, Serena hired a woman to help her, and now she often went out in the evening to whist drives, where occasionally she won a first prize. It seemed to her husband strange that she never won a second or a third prize.

When the couple returned from their honeymoon it was at once evident that something had happened to the old man. He seemed to have lost a little of his faith in himself. He clung to his cloak of dignity as though someone had tried to pull it from him. When he stopped to talk to his old cronies, they eyed him distrustfully. Tales were going about that Mrs. Aspland—she would not answer to her new name—was treating him badly. But nobody said anything to Mr. Mick. When he had finished talking, he would say, as he tried to stop the nervous twitching of his head, "My wife is a fine woman—a fine woman!"

His place in the chapel no longer knew him. Once, after the wedding, he had been there alone, but the curious stares and concealed smiles had made him think that something was wrong with his appearance, so that he kept stroking his thistledown hair, or touching his collar, or furtively brushing his coat sleeve. His heart had been so full that day that he had even tried to sing the hymn, but his essay had brought more smiles. He looked at the text that some enthusiastic amateur had painted upon the green walls, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," and suddenly it came to him that he was an old man, and he trembled at the thought of God. When the collection box came round he put in half-a-crown.

He thought he would like to visit his grandchild, yet when he saw her, it was with no pleasure. Besides, they were always busy at the farm, his old home, and in a thousand ways his daughter-in-law showed him that he was unwelcome. He had learned to dread going home to the sharp tongue of his wife. There were things she taunted him with, and she made him do undignified work, such as cleaning the windows, and swilling the yard. He became servile and tried to gain her favour by compliance, because he had neither the heart nor the body to use force.

"Get on, get on," she would cry impatiently. "You're as able to work as I am."

Shred by shred she stripped him of his dignity at home. "Do this," she would say, or "Do that," and he was compelled to obey her. He would come in to his meals timidly, like a dog that knew it would be whipped, and yet must eat to live. The neighbours still had nothing to see. Again the light at dusk, the drawn curtains, but no late closing of the gate.

Then Mrs. Aspland began to hate the old man, and to be afraid of the way he sat and looked at her dumbly, like a dog, all through the

long autumn evenings. She began to talk about him in public. "Sitting in *my* house, eating his head off," she would sneer.

"But he has plenty of money, hasn't he?" someone would offer mildly in his defence.

"Money?" Mrs. Aspland would toss her head and say, "Well, why didn't he get a servant to look after him, instead of pestering my life out. Double the work, and all for nothing, too," she would finish vindictively, frowning and looking at the ground.

Her listeners would talk everything over after she had gone, putting their heads so close together that their breath tickled each other's ears. Then they would rise and go to their homes, wishing that they could know everything that went on in the tall house, and wondering how long that state of affairs would go on.

One night in early winter, an evening of still frost and brilliant starlight, something did happen, which two or three people saw. The door at the top of the steps opened, there were some loud words, a low cry like the bleat of a sheep, then a heavy bang as the door closed, a lighter crash as something fell or staggered down the steps, and then again the silence of night. The old man had been thrown out of the house.

Well, luckily, he was not hurt. He picked himself up, hoping that nobody had seen him. He felt glad there was not a moon. He was trembling violently, and felt sick. The figure of a woman was at the gate, waiting, with her hand on the catch, as though to come to his aid. He became filled with rage. If he could have found a heavy stick he would have beaten this stranger over the head. He tried to shout "Goodnight" in a jaunty voice, but he could not open his mouth. He passed the woman with a low growl, like the snarl of a dog.

"Are you all right?" she asked, in a voice which shook with eagerness to be off and tell the tale elsewhere.

He did not answer her, but plodded off through the night. He went first in the direction of the old farm, but the thought of his daughter-in-law, placid enemy, crossed his mind, and he turned back. There was a sister, who lived alone in a cottage at Thripnell, ten miles off.

In the middle of the night, hatless and tired out, he knocked up his sister. Thick, shapeless in flannel wrappings, she opened the door to him. She was astonished to hear his story, and kept saying sentimentally, "Poor little Abr'am, poor little lad." She gave him a flannel nightdress of her own, and made up a bed for him on the couch after he had had a supper of hot tea and bread and butter. Her dog, an old collie, seemed astonished too, and kept sniffing suspiciously at the old man.

They all slept late. On waking, the first thought of the old man was for his hat. He wouldn't buy another. He could talk of nothing but his hat, and said that he was going back for it. He rode part of the way on a cart, and walked the rest. He felt very tired, and began to think

he would buy a walking stick, though he had never used one yet. It was still early when he reached Mrs. Aspland's house. On the steps there was a large paper parcel, ill wrapped, containing his clothes, and on the top of the parcel the hat for which he had come. He stood at the gate for a long time, clutching his parcel, looking up at the stiffly curtained windows. There was not a sign of life anywhere; but he could not tear himself away. He thought of the night when he had dreamed he was stroking the widow's neck.

Suddenly a clod of earth came whizzing near, and knocked off his hat. There was a sound of scuffling, and three young boys disappeared up the road, filled with a delightful mixture of mirth and terror. The crushed immobility of the old man, against whom they had heard so many stories, had been too much for them.

He stooped, picked up the round black hat, and beat it in a futile way against his coat to get the dirt off. A tear rolled out of his eye, then another and another. He went up the road, holding the bursting parcel under his arm. He seemed to have shrunk, his head looked towards the ground, his tired legs dragged. And as he passed by people smiled pityingly and said, "Old Abraham is breaking up."

MALACHI WHITAKER.

THE CHILD ASLEEP

These tiny fringed eyes
Must look on all that dies.
On some strange morn, with bleeding tears, perceive
This house, which they believe
Coeval with its dome
Of arching sky, this home
Which an unending tabernacle seems,
Dissolve like dreams.
This tree-tall clock, that sempiternal door,
The table white for dinner, all no more.

Ah, though I could, no magic must be willed
On your vexed waters, when my own are stilled.
In that far morning you must sail alone
My utterly-sleeping own.

FRANCES CORNFORD.

THE WANDERER IN MAY

As I walked down the paths, between
The beechen-trees and bushes green,
Out flew a chaffinch from its nest
As though it led me on a quest.

It seemed I almost, almost heard
The soundless speaking of the bird,
That "Follow, follow, follow," said
As flirriping it flew ahead.

Then stirred my dreaming heart. It goes
Over the dell that no one knows.
"Over the dell, where lies," it said,
"The young knight dead."

"From his forehead white and fair
Is fallen back the heavy hair.
Ants about his helmet run,
His long sword is spider-spun."

"Sword and buckler of a knight
And the hands, no more to fight;
Cherry-blossom—touched and still,
Lie in grasses by the rill."

"Grass, and lovely head, and hair,
All the same, the same are there.
Follow the bird, the bird who goes
To the place that no one knows."

Or did my chaffinch only say,
Down the green embranched way:
"Follow, fool, O follow me,
For my nest you never shall see.

You shall follow, follow still
To the beech-tree over the hill.
There discover at its root
Ashes, and a beggar's boot."

FRANCES CORNFORD.

HORSES AND CUCKOO

THEY echo still within my brain,
They echo there like flashing rain
Upon the dark green leaves that pile
Blue shadows o'er a tropic isle.

I hear them plunge in pulsing blood,
I hear their hoof-beats like the flood
That clangs upon a mountain side
And powders boulders in its stride.

I see their manes now split my dark
As lightning does the strong oak bark;
I see their teeth and red tongues shine
Like those of giants drinking wine.

Such sound and sight doth overwhelm
The fragile Reason at man's helm—
O Song, canst rise and strongly rein
These creatures that enthral my brain,

Or from my bloodpulse cast them free?
Let them be born again from me!
Let them career as they have done
That holy eve at set of sun
When first I saw their majesties
Trouble the earth with godlike eyes!
So give them breath and durance strong
That I gain peace, thou power, O Song!

* * *

The winds that all day long had blown
Their flutes and oboes in the trees
Now folded all their feathers up
And slept like over-wearied bees.

The quiet of the evening hour
Walked softly over field and hill,
And came a-wooing to my side,
And won my heart from selfish will.

Through that sweet hour's beneficence
I came from pine woods warm with scent
Unto a dew-soft meadow land,
Beyond which willow branches blent

Their silver with the rough-edged stones
That formed the meadow's western wall,
And further on I saw clouds blaze
Above the sun's enlarging ball.

I stood and gazed then to the west;
I stood like one who is addrest
By voices in the star-cut wind
Or sees bright faces in his mind.

I stood erect in blood-red light,
I held the broad west full in sight,
And lo! there flashed upon me then
Things that are shy of human ken.

I saw against the grey wall stand,
Intense as stones on Druid land,
Two noble horses, white and black,
With manes like seas upon each back.

I saw their ears erect and poised
Towards the copse, as if there spoke
Within the grey and silver leaves
A Voice at which their souls awoke.

I held my breath, and strained, and heard—
O joy that mortal thus was blest!—
A cuckoo's gold-enfolded cry
Flow softly from the crimson west.

O blessed horses, that did hear
The heavenly music long ere I,
How dare I deem you less than men?
Are we not equal in God's eye?

On hills where all men's visions are,
Beyond the veils of sun and star,
Your feet are led through pastures green
By Him whom Jordan's waves have seen!

Then o'er the black horse and the white,
And round the glorious red sun,
I saw the flash and heard the whirr
Of wings that bear the Deathless One.

I saw Him snatch the horses up
And bear them swift in unseen hands
Through backward time, through woven space,
And past createdd seas and lands,

Until, to the Beginning come,
Where All exists as windlike thought,
He set them free—but hid were they
In mystery, I saw them not.

Within that womb of space and time
They lingered but one pulse's chime;
They lingered shorter than the dove
Lingers upon one note of love.

Then, veils of darkness breaking through,
They sprang with present time in view.
I saw their eyes like meteors
That dive in blood across black tors!

I heard their onward-rushing feet!
I saw their hooves strike primal fire!
Beneath the black horse matter swelled,
Beneath the white flowers grew from mire.

Upon the white horse wingèd Day
Rode crowned with foliage of May—
'Twas strange to see the great beast mild
Under the guidance of a child!

And Night upon the black horse rode,
Her dusky figure set so slim
Behind his mane, I thought her joined
Unto his body limb by limb.

Before them fled the cuckoo's cry,
A wondrous Voice divinely placed
To charm them on through flowing time;
Behind the Voice the great beasts raced.

How terribly the black horse glowed!
His mane shook thunder from the skies,
Dread deeds of evil sprang from him,
And blood was jettèd from his eyes.

But peacefully the white horse ran,
Moving o'er earth as white clouds move,
And gave to men by evil crushed
A vision of redeeming love.

Then lo! a mighty wall upsprang
Before the flight of each great beast,
The mighty wall of present time
That circles greatest things and least,
And loud with shriek of cloven earth
They haltèd, chained. Their race had ceased.

Yet still, beyond, the cuckoo's cry
Came sounding like a silver bell,
Or like a snow-white pebble dropt
Into a crystal mountain well.

The music soothed the mighty beasts
And made them quiet as a stone;
It placed white fingers on their necks —
Like moly 'twas to flesh and bone;
Within the quiet of held breath
I saw them stand, white Life, black Death,
Before me by the wall alone.

Before the wall entrancèd by
The cuckoo's silver-feathered call
We stood till night o'ershadowed us
And silence flew past tree and wall.

* * *

Such was the vision seen by me
That holy eve at set of sun;
Thou hast restored it well, O Song,
And out of turmoil peace hast won.

Though still the horses in my brain
May plunge like plunge of tropic rain,
And still within my blood may go
Like breath of wind across red snow,
Their wildwood energies shall never
Enthral and terrorize, for ever
Within us and without shall float
The echoes of the cuckoo's note.

WILLIAM JEFFREY.

WOMAN IN EUROPE

A DISCUSSION about the European women of to-day is an enterprise scarcely to be undertaken without a pressing summons. Have we the knowledge that would warrant any fundamental statement about Europe—about the Europe of our time? Can anything be said about it? Is not everyone involved in some programme or experiment, or else caught in some historical retrospect? And in regard to woman, cannot the same question be raised? Moreover, how is a man to write about woman, his exact opposite? I mean of course something accurate, that is outside the sexual programme, not contaminated by resentment, and beyond illusion and theory. Where is the man to be found capable of such superiority? For woman stands just where man's shadow falls. So that he is only too liable to confuse her with his own shadow. Then, when he wishes to repair this misunderstanding, he tends to overvalue the woman and believe in her desiderata. Thus at the outset many scruples assail me in the handling of this theme.

One thing, however, is indubitable, namely, that the woman of to-day is under the same process of transition as man. Whether this transition is a historical turning-point or not, remains to be seen. Sometimes it seems—especially in the light of a historical retrospect—as though the present had an analogue in certain epochs of the past, in which great empires and cultures went beyond their zenith and hurried irresistibly towards decay. But such analogies are deceptive, since there are also renaissances.

Something relatively clear seems to move into the foreground; and this is the intermediate position occupied by Europe between the Asiatic East and the Anglo-Saxon—or shall we say American—West? Europe stands between two colossi, both immature in their form and yet immeasurably opposed in their already discernible nature. They are fundamentally divorced, both racially and in their ideals. In the West there is as great political freedom as, personally, there is a lack of it; whereas in the East we find just the opposite. In the West there is the immense impetus of a technical and scientific culture-tendency; whereas in the East there is an awakening of all those forces which, in Europe, this cultural urge holds in check. The power of the West is material, that of the East ideal. The struggle of these opposites, which in the world of the European man takes place in the province of applied mind, finding expression in battlefields and bank balances, is a psychic conflict in the woman.

What makes the treatment of the problem of the modern European woman so unusually difficult is the fact that one must necessarily write about a minority only. In this sense there is no "European

woman" properly speaking. Or, perchance, is the peasant's wife of to-day different from her forbears of a hundred years ago? There is, in fact, a quite substantial body of the population that only to a very limited extent lives in the present and participates in the present-day problems. This is true of the overwhelming majority. We speak of the "battle of the mind," but how many are really occupied with it? And how many understanding, sympathetic lookers-on does it enrol? Or the "Woman's problem"—how many women have problems? In proportion to the sum-total of European women, it is a dwindling minority of women who really live in the Europe of to-day; and these, moreover, are city dwellers and belong—I say it purposely—to complicated humanity. This must always be so, since it is only the few who express with any distinctness the spirit of a time.

In the fourth and fifth centuries of the Christian era there were only a very few Christians in the "Christian" majority who had in some degree comprehended the spirit of Christianity; the rest were still practically pagan. The cultural process that is characteristic for an epoch operates most intensively in cities, for it always needs great congregations of men to make a culture possible. From these congregations cultural achievements disseminate to the smaller groups that have remained more or less embedded in the past. Thus only in the large centres do we find the spirit of the present, and only there do we find the "European woman," that is to say, the woman who expresses the European epoch, both socially and spiritually. The further we go from the influence of the great centres, the more do we find ourselves receding into history. In an out-of-the-way Alpine valley we can find men who have never seen a railway, and in Spain, which is also part of Europe, we can dive into a dark mediæval time without even an alphabet. The people of such regions, or of corresponding levels of the population, do not live in *our* Europe, but in the Europe of 1400, and their problems correspond to the bygone age in which they exist. I have analyzed such people, and have found myself carried back into an atmosphere that lacked nothing in historical romance.

The so-called present is a thin surface-stratum that is produced in the great centres of mankind. But when too thin, as, for instance, in the Russia of the Tzars, it is also irrelevant, as events have shown. When, however, it has attained to a certain strength, we can speak of culture and progress, and then problems arise that are characteristic of an epoch. In this sense Europe possesses a present, and there are women who live in it and suffer its problems. About these, and these only, are we entitled to speak. Those for whom the Middle Ages still offer adequate ways and possibilities demand nothing from the present and its experiments. But the man who belongs to the present—no matter why or how—*cannot* turn back again to the past without suffering essential loss. Often this turning-back is altogether

impossible, even when a man is prepared to make the sacrifice. The man of the present needs must work towards the future. He has to leave it to others to maintain the past. Hence, he is also a destroyer, not a builder only. To himself, both he and his world are questionable and ambiguous. The ways that the past shows him, and the answers that it gives to his questions are insufficient for the needs of the present. Old and comfortable ways are blocked, new possibilities have been opened up, or new dangers have arisen of which the past knew nothing. It is proverbial, of course, that man never learns from history, and, as a rule, in respect to a problem of the present, it can teach us simply nothing. The new way must be made through untrodden regions, without pre-suppositions, and often, unfortunately, without piety also. Morality is the only thing that cannot be improved, since every modification of habitual morality is, in its application, an immorality. In this *bon mot* there is something more serious, since it also carries an undeniable fact of feeling, against which many a pioneer has stumbled.

All the problems of the present form a knot; so that it is scarcely permissible to detach a single problem by itself, and treat it independently of the rest. There is, for instance, no problem of the "woman in Europe" which omits man and his world. If she is married, then in the great majority of cases she is economically dependent upon man; if unmarried and earning her livelihood, then she is working in a profession already initiated and established by man. Unless there is a voluntary sacrifice of her whole erotic life, she must again stand in an essential relation to man. In manifold ways woman is indissolubly bound up with the man's world and therefore is exposed, as he is, to all the shocks and concussions of this world. The war, for example, has affected woman just as deeply as it has man, and she has to adapt to its consequences as he must. What the upheavals of the last twenty or thirty years mean for the world of men is displayed roundly on the surface; it is reported every day in the journals. But what it means for woman is not at first visible. For woman as woman is neither politically, nor economically, nor spiritually a visible factor of any importance. If she were she would stand more plainly in man's field of vision, and then would be taken into account as a competitor. Sometimes she does do this; but in doing so she becomes visible only as a man who, so to speak, is accidentally a woman. But since, as a rule, she stands on the intimate side of man, on the side where he only feels; that side for which either he has no eyes or will not see, woman appears as a sort of opaque mask, behind which everything possible and impossible can be assumed. Not only does he assume, he thinks he actually sees, and yet he somehow fails to hit upon the essential thing. The elementary fact, that a man always presupposes another's psychology as being identical with his own, aggravates the difficulty and hinders a correct understanding

of the psyche. This circumstance finds a purposive accommodation, viewed biologically, in the unconsciousness and indefiniteness of the woman. She allows herself to be convinced by projected masculine feelings. This is, of course, a general human characteristic; but with woman it has an especially dangerous nuance, since in this respect she is not naïve, for only too often her aim is to allow herself to be convinced. It fits in with her nature to remain in the background as an independently willing and responsible ego, in order not to hinder the man, but rather to invite him to make real his aims with respect to herself. This is a sexual pattern, but it has far-reaching ramifications in the feminine mind. By maintaining a passive attitude with an invisible purpose in the background, she aids a man towards his realization, and in that way holds him. At the same time she weaves a web of fate for herself, because whoever digs a pit for others falls himself therein.

I must confess that I am here describing, rather unkindly, a process that might as well be sung in glowing terms. But all things natural have two sides, and when something has to be made conscious, we must see the shadow-side as well as the light.

When we observe the way in which women, since the second half of the nineteenth century, have begun to learn masculine callings, to become active in politics, to found and lead societies, etc., we can see that woman is in the process of breaking with the purely feminine sexual schema in which apparent unconsciousness and passivity play a leading rôle. She begins to concede something to masculine psychology by establishing herself as a visible member of society; not merely hiding behind the mask of Mrs. So-and-So, with the obliging intention of having all her wishes fulfilled by the man, or to make him feel it if things don't go as she wishes.

This step towards social independence is a symptom, even though it be only a response to compelling economic facts, and due to causes, other than the actual need itself. The courage and capacity for self-sacrifice of such women is certainly to be marvelled at, and only the blind could fail to see the good that has come out of these efforts. But no one can evade the fact, that in taking up a masculine calling, studying, and working in a man's way, woman is doing something not wholly in agreement with, if not directly injurious to, her feminine nature. She is doing what would be scarcely possible for a man to do, even were he a Chinaman. Could he, for example, take a place as a governess, or be in charge of a kindergarten? When I speak of injury, I do not mean physiological merely, but above all psychic injury. It is a woman's outstanding characteristic that she can do everything for the love of a man. But those women who can achieve something important for the love of a thing are most exceptional, because this does not really agree with their nature. The love of a thing is a man's prerogative. But, since the nature of the human

being unites masculine and feminine elements, a man can live the feminine in himself, and a woman the masculine in herself. None the less in man the feminine is in the background, as is the masculine in woman. If one lives out the opposite sex in oneself, one is living in one's own background, and that restricts too much the essential individuality. A man should live as a man, and a woman as a woman. The part belonging to the opposite sex is always in the dangerous neighbourhood of the unconscious. It is even typical that the effects in consciousness that emanate from the unconscious have the opposite-sex character. Thus, for example, the soul (anima, psyche) is of the feminine sex; since this concept, as concepts in general, proceeds from the mind of man. (Mystical instruction among primitives is exclusively a masculine concern, corresponding to the prerogative of the Catholic priest.) Direct intercourse with the unconscious exercises an attractive influence upon the conscious processes. This fact explains the timidity, aversion even, that is evinced towards the unconscious. It is a purposeful protective reaction of the conscious. That which pertains to the opposite sex has a mysterious charm that is associated with reserve, and perhaps even repugnance. Yet just for this reason, the charm is especially attractive and fascinating. It is felt as such, even when it comes to us not from without as woman, but from within as a psychic influence, as for instance in the form of a temptation to abandon oneself to a mood or affect. This example is actually not characteristic for woman, however; for her moods and emotions do not come to her directly from the unconscious, but are peculiar to her feminine nature. They are therefore never naïve, but mixed with unacknowledged purpose. What comes to the woman from the unconscious is a sort of opinion, that only perverts her mood secondarily. These opinions lay claim to being valid truth, and hold their own all the more solidly and durably the less they are subjected to conscious criticism. Like the moods and feelings of man, they are somewhat veiled and often quite unconscious. Hence they are seldom recognized in their true colours. They are in fact collective, having the character of the opposite sex, as though a man, the father for example, had thought them.

Thus it can happen, and does almost regularly, that the mind of a woman who follows a masculine calling is influenced by her unconscious masculinity in a way not noticeable to herself, but quite obvious to her environment. From this there comes a certain rigid intellectuality concerning so-called principles, and a whole host of argumentative biases which always go a little beside the point in the most irritating way, and which, furthermore, always inject a little something into the problem that is not really there. Unconscious assumptions or opinions are the worst enemy of woman; they can even grow into a downright dæmonic passion that irritates and disgusts men, and that does the woman herself the greatest injury by

gradually smothering the charm and meaning of femininity, and driving it into the background. Such a development naturally ends in a deep, psychological division, in short, a neurosis.

Naturally, things need not go to this length, but long before this point is reached the mental masculinization of the woman has unwelcome results. She may indeed become a good comrade to the man, without having access to his feelings. The reason is that her animus (that is, her masculine rationalism, assuredly not true reasonableness!) has stopped up the entrance to her own feeling. She can even become frigid, as a defence-reaction to the type of masculine sexuality that corresponds to her masculine type of mind. Or, if the defence-reaction is not successful, instead of the receptive sexuality of woman, there develops an aggressive urgent form of sexuality that is characteristic of man. This reaction is also a purposeful phenomenon, intended to throw a bridge across by main force to the slowly vanishing man. A third possibility, especially favoured by Anglo-Saxon countries, is a facultative homosexuality in the masculine rôle.

It must therefore be said, that always where the attraction of the animus is perceptible a quite especial need for an intimate relationship with the other sex becomes paramount. Many women in this situation are fully aware of this necessity and proceed—*faute de mieux*—to stir up another of those problems of the present that harasses us not a little, namely, the marriage problem.

Traditionally, man is regarded as the disturber of marital peace. This legend comes from times long past, when men still had time to pursue *all* manner of pastimes. But to-day life makes such demands on man, that the noble hidalgo, Don Juan, is to be seen nowhere save in the theatre. More than ever man loves his comfort; for ours is an age of neurasthenia, impotence, and easy chairs. There is no longer a surplus of energy for window climbing and duellos. If anything is to happen in the way of adultery it must not be too serious. In no respect must it cost too much, hence the adventure can be only of a transitory kind. The man of to-day is entirely averse to jeopardizing marriage as an institution. In this relation he commonly believes in "*quieta non movere*," and, therefore, maintains prostitution. I would willingly wager that in the Middle Ages with its famous bath resorts, and its almost unrestricted prostitution, adultery was relatively commoner than it is to-day. In this respect marriage should be safer now than ever. But in reality it is beginning to be discussed. It is a bad sign when physicians begin to write books of advice as to how to achieve a "complete marriage." Healthy people need no doctors. But marriage to-day has actually become rather unstable. (In America one-fourth of the marriages end in divorce!) And what is noticeable in that connexion is that the scapegoat is not the man this time, but the woman. She is the one who

doubts and is uncertain. That this is the case is not surprising; since in post-war Europe there is such a notable excess of women, that it would be inconceivable if there were no reaction from that side. Such a piling up of misery has inescapable results. It is no longer a question of a dozen or so of voluntary or involuntary old maids here and there; it is a matter of millions. Our legal code and our social morality offer no answer to this question. Or can the church give a satisfactory answer? Should we build gigantic nunneries in order to provide suitable accommodation for these women? Or should police-controlled prostitution be increased? Obviously this is impossible, since we are dealing neither with saints nor with prostitutes, but with normal women who cannot register their spiritual claims with the police. They are decent women who want to marry, and if this is not possible, well—the next best thing. When it comes to the question of love, ideas, institutions, and laws mean far less to woman than ever before. If things cannot take a straight path, it will have to be a crooked one.

At the beginning of our era, three-fifths of the Italian population consisted of slaves; that is, marketable human objects without rights. Every Roman was surrounded by slaves. The slave and his psychology flooded ancient Italy, and every Roman became inwardly, and of course unwittingly, a slave. Because, living constantly in the atmosphere of slaves, he became infected through the unconscious with their psychology. The European, thoughtless of the spiritual heritage that belongs to him, cannot live unpunished among the negroes in Africa; because, unnoticed, their psychology gets into him, and unconsciously he becomes a negro. There is no fighting against it. There is in Africa a well-known technical expression describing this condition, namely, "going black." It is not mere snobbery that an Englishman should rank those born in the colonies, even though the best blood may run in their veins, as "slightly inferior." Facts support this view. The strange melancholy and longing for deliverance which characterized imperial Rome, and which found so striking an expression in Virgil's Eclogue, was a direct result of slave influence. The explosive spread of Christianity which, so to speak, sprang out of the sewers of Rome—Nietzsche called it a moral slave rebellion—was a sudden reaction that set the soul of the lowest slave side by side with that of the divine Cæsar. Similar, though perhaps less momentous, psychological compensation-processes have often recurred in the history of the world. Whenever a psychic or social monstrosity is generated, a compensation comes along that overrides all legislation and disregards all expectations.

Something similar is happening in the woman of present-day Europe. Too much that is inadmissible and not brought into life is accumulating, and this has effects. Secretaries, stenographers, modistes—all are agents of this process, and by millions of subterranean channels they

create the influence that is undermining marriage. For the desire of all these women is not concerned with sexual adventures—only stupidity could believe that—but with the state of marriage. The *beatæ possidentes*, the married women must be driven out; not as a rule by open and forcible means, but by that quiet and obstinate wish, that works as we all know magically, like the fixed eye of the snake. This has always been the way of woman.

What attitude does the married woman of to-day adopt towards this fact? She clings to the old idea that man is the scapegoat, that one can engineer love arbitrarily, etc. On the strength of these outworn conceptions she can wrap her jealousy around her. But all this is merely superficial. There is a deeper effect. Neither the pride of a Roman patrician, nor the thickest walls of the imperial palace availed to keep out the slave infection. Nor can any woman escape the secretly compelling effect of that atmosphere, with which, perhaps, her own sister is enveloping her; the oppressive atmosphere of life unlived. The result is that the married woman begins to doubt marriage. The unmarried believe in it because they want it. In the same way man believes in marriage. His love of comfort, and a curious, sentimental belief in institutions prompt him to this faith; for with a man institutions always tend to become objects of feeling.

Since women have to be concrete in matters of feeling, a certain fact must not escape our notice. This fact is the possibility of contraceptive measures. The question of children is one of the main reasons for strictly maintaining a responsible marriage. If this reason disappears, "impossible" things can happen. This fact, too, counts a good deal with the unmarried woman, who therewith has the possibility of an "approximate" marriage. But it is important also for these married women, who, as I have shown in my article in Keyserling's *Book of Marriage*,* are the "containers." With this term I describe those who have individual demands that are unsatisfied, or not wholly satisfied, by the husband. Finally, the possibility of contraception is a fact of tremendous importance for all women, since it does away with the constant liability to pregnancy, and the care of an increasing number of children. This freedom from the bonds of nature means the release of considerable psychic forces that inevitably seek some application. Whenever such a sum of energy finds no appropriate goal, it causes a disturbance in the mental equilibrium. The energy that lacks a conscious goal *strengthens* the unconscious, giving rise to insecurity and doubt.

Added to this is another circumstance of no small importance, namely, the more or less open discussion of the sexual problem. This territory, once so obscure, now emerges as a brightly lit field of scientific and general interest. Things can be heard and said in

**Marriage as a Psychological Relationship.*

society that formerly would have been quite impossible. Many people have learned to think with far greater freedom and honesty, and have come to realize how important these things are.

The discussion of the sexual problem is, of course, only the somewhat crude beginning of a far deeper question, namely, that of the psychic or human relationship between the sexes. Before this latter question the sexual problem pales in significance, and with it we enter the real domain of woman. Her psychology is founded on the principle of eros, the great binder and deliverer; while age-old wisdom has ascribed logos to man as his ruling principle. In modern speech we could express the concept of eros as psychic relationship and that of logos as objective or factual interest. Whereas in the conception of the ordinary man love, in its real sense, coincides with the institution of marriage, beyond which there is for him only adultery or a strictly proper friendship, for the woman marriage is not an institution at all, but a human, erotic relationship, at least she would like to believe it so. (Because eros is not naïve with her, but mixed with other unadmitted motives, such as, the use of marriage as a ladder to social position, etc., so that the principle cannot be applied in any absolute sense.) Marriage means to her an exclusive relationship. She can endure its exclusiveness all the more easily, without dying of ennui, inasmuch as she has children or near relatives, with whom she stands in just as intimate a relationship as she does with the husband. The fact that she has no sexual connection with these others means nothing; since the sexual means so much less to her than the psychic relationship. But it suffices that she and her husband both believe that their relation is unique and exclusive. If he happens to be the "container" he feels smothered by this so-called exclusiveness, especially when he observes that the exclusiveness of his wife is nothing but a pious fraud. In reality she is distributed among her children, and whenever possible, among the members of her family, thus maintaining many intimate relationships. If her husband had as many of such relations with other people, she would be mad with jealousy. But most men are blind erotically. They commit the unpardonable mistake of confusing eros with sexuality. A man thinks he possesses a woman if he has her sexually. He never possesses her less, for to the woman the erotic relation is the only real and determining factor. To her marriage is a relationship with sexuality as an accompaniment. Since sexuality, because of the consequences, is somewhat formidable, it is also expedient to have it provided for in a safe place. When less dangerous, however, it is also less relevant; and then the question of relationship comes more into the foreground. But here the woman encounters great difficulties with the man, for the question of relationship touches a field which for him is dark and painful. He is content only when the woman carries the burden of the relationship, that is, when he is contained, or, in other words, when she can conceive

herself as also having relations with another man, and as a consequence suffering a division within herself. For then it is she who has the painful problem, and he is not obliged to see his own, which is a great relief to him. In this situation he is not unlike a thief, who, quite undeservedly, finds himself in the enviable position of having been forestalled by another thief, who has been caught by the police. Suddenly he becomes an honourable, impartial onlooker. In any other situation, however, a man always finds the discussion of personal relations troublesome and tedious; just as the woman would find it boring if her husband examined her on the *Critique of Pure Reason*. For the man, eros belongs to a shadowland; it entangles him in his feminine unconscious—the "psychical"; while to the woman logos is a deadly, boring kind of sophistry, if she is not simply afraid of, and repelled by it.

Just as woman began, towards the end of the nineteenth century, to make a concession to masculinity in establishing herself as an independent factor in the social world, so man has made, albeit somewhat hesitatingly, a concession to femininity in creating a new psychology of complex phenomena inaugurated by the sexual psychology of Freud. What this psychology owes to the direct influence of women!—psychotherapeutic practice is flooded with women—that theme alone would fill a large volume. I am speaking here not of analytical psychology alone, but of the beginnings of pathological psychology in general. By far the greater number of "famous" cases, as for instance, the "prophetess of Prevorst," were women who gave themselves enormous trouble, albeit unwittingly, to demonstrate their psychology in a drastic fashion, and therewith the psychology of complex psychic phenomena in general. Such women as Frau Hauffe, Helen Smith, and Miss Beauchamp have ensured for themselves a kind of immortality in this way. They are rather like the worthy folk who, in submitting themselves to a certain cure, may bring a legendary "miraculous" character to the spot.

An astonishing percentage of the material of this complex-psychology comes from women. This is not really so remarkable as it might seem, because woman is far more "psychological" than man. For the most part he contents himself with "logic" simply. Everything "psychical," "unconscious," etc., is antipathetic to him. It seems to him misty, vague, and pathological. He wants the actual thing, the fact, not the feelings or phantasies that hover around it. To the woman it is often more important to know how a man feels about a thing than to understand the thing itself. All those things which are mere futilities and impedimenta to the man are important to her. Naturally, therefore, it is woman who represents psychology most directly, and with the richest content. A great deal, which can be perceived in her in the clearest possible way is in man a shadowy hinterland process which he is often unwilling to admit. But in

contrast to objective understanding and agreement as to facts, human relationship leads into the psychic world, that middle kingdom which reaches from the world of sense and affect to that of the spirit. Something of both is contained in it, yet it never loses its own unique, individual character.

Into this territory man has to venture, if he means to respond adequately to woman. Circumstances have forced her to master a part of masculinity, which alone could save her from remaining embedded in an antiquated, purely instinctive femininity, like a spiritual baby alien and forlorn in the world of men. Similarly, man will find himself forced to develop within himself some feminine characters, namely, to become observant both psychologically and erotically. It is a task he cannot avoid, unless he prefers to go trailing after woman in a hopeless boyish fashion, always in danger of finding himself stowed away in her pocket.

For those in love with masculinity or femininity *per se*, the traditional mediæval marriage suffices—that thoroughly praiseworthy, practical, and amply-verified institution. The man of to-day, however, finds it extremely difficult to return to it, and in certain cases the way back is simply impossible, since this sort of marriage can exist only by virtue of the exclusion of present-day problems. Doubtless there were many Romans who could close their eyes to the slave problem as in the days before Christianity, and thus were able to spend their days in a more or less pleasant unconsciousness. This was a possibility for them, because they had no relation to the present, only to the past. All those for whom marriage contains no problem are not living in the present. There are such people, and who can say they are not blessed! But the man of the present finds modern marriage only too problematical. I recently heard a German scholar exclaim before an audience of several hundred people: "Our marriages are sham marriages!" I marvelled at his courage and sincerity. Usually we express ourselves indirectly; we venture perhaps to offer good advice as to what might be done in order that the ideal shall be in no way impaired. To modern woman—let men take note of this—the mediæval marriage is no longer an ideal. She keeps this doubt and her resistance secret, it is true; one woman because she is married and, therefore, finds it highly inconvenient if the door of the safe be not hermetically closed; another because she is unmarried, and too virtuous to make herself quite plainly conscious of her tendencies. But the newly-won masculinity both have achieved makes it impossible for these women to believe in marriage in its traditional form: "He shall be thy master." Masculinity means, to know one's goal, and to do what is necessary to achieve it. When once this has been learned it is so obvious that it is never again forgotten without a tremendous psychic loss. The independence and critical judgment gained by this knowledge are positive values, and are felt as such by the woman.

Hence, she can never part with them again. The same is true of the man who, with no small effort, has won that needful feminine insight into his own soul, often at the cost of much suffering. He will never let it go again; for he is far too convinced of the importance of what he has won.

Looked at from afar, one would think that, with so much gained, such a man and woman would be especially likely to succeed in the enterprise of the "complete marriage." In reality, however, and viewed at close range, this is not so; but on the contrary a conflict begins immediately. For what the woman out of the newly found consciousness of herself wants to do is not congenial to the man, and the feelings he discovers in himself are by no means agreeable to the woman. What both have discovered are not just virtues, but, compared with what was desired, they are decidedly inferior; something that might be justly condemned if regarded as the product of personal choice or mood. And it usually happens this way. But therewith only partial justice is done. The masculinity of the woman and the femininity of the man are inferior, and it is regrettable that their full value should be contaminated by something that is less valuable. Yet, on the other hand, to the totality we call personality there is also a shaded side; the strong man must somewhere be weak, the clever man somewhere stupid, otherwise he becomes untrustworthy, and pose and bluff come into the picture. Is it not an ancient truth, that woman loves the weaknesses of the strong man more than his strength, and the stupidity of the clever more than his cleverness? The love of woman claims the whole man, not mere masculinity as such, but also just that in *him* which implies the negation of it. The love of woman is not sentiment—that is only man's way—but a life-will that at *times* is terrifyingly unsentimental, and can even force her to self-sacrifice. A man who is loved in this way cannot escape his inferior side, for he can only answer this reality with his own. And the reality of man is no fair semblance, but a true likeness of that eternal human nature which links together all humanity, an image of human life in its heights and depths which is common to all of us. In this reality we are no longer differentiated persons (persona=mask), but are conscious of the common human bonds. In this reality we leave aside the social and superficial distinctions of our personalities, and reach down to the real problems of the present day; problems which do not arise out of myself—or at least so I imagine. But in this reality I can no longer deny the fact that I feel and know myself to be one of many, and what moves the many moves me. In our strength we are independent and isolated, there we can forge our own fates; but in our weakness we are dependent and therefore bound, and here we become, albeit unwillingly, instruments of fate. For here it is not the individual will that commands, but the will of the race.

What the two sexes have won through assimilation, when viewed

from the standpoint of the two dimensional, personal façade-world is an inferiority. If interpreted in the light of a personal claim it is even an immoral pretension. But in the essential meaning of life and of human society, what has been won is an overcoming of personal isolation and egotistical withholding, in favour of an active participation in the solution of modern problems.

If the woman of to-day loosens the firm cohesion of marriage, whether consciously or unconsciously, by spiritual or economic independence, this does not come from personal whim, but from the life-will of the many which, by its superior power, makes her, the individual woman, its tool.

The institution of marriage (religion even holding it as a sacrament), represents such indisputable social and moral value that it is understandable that the weakening of its framework should be felt as undesirable, and even anarchic. The incompleteness of humanity is always a dissonance in the harmony of our ideal. Unfortunately no one lives in the world as it is desired to be, but in the world of actuality, where good and evil wage their war of mutual destruction, and where the hands which are meant for creating and building cannot avoid getting dirty. Whenever there is something really critical or doubtful in question, there is always someone who assures us amid much applause, that nothing has happened and everything is in order. I repeat that anyone who can think and live in this way, does not live in the present. If we submit any marriage to a really critical lens, we shall find that wherever a choking measure of outer need and trouble has not put " psychology " completely out of account, the symptoms of a more or less secret weakening are present ; there are in fact " marriage problems." And this term may cover everything from unbearable moods of the wife (only the wife ?) to neurosis and adultery. Unfortunately, those who can bear to remain unconscious are as inimitable as ever ; their good example does not seem to infect more conscious people to the extent of persuading them to return again to the level of mere unconsciousness.

As to those—and they are many—who are not obliged to live in the present, it is most important that they believe in the ideal of marriage and hold to it. Because nothing is won when an ideal and an undoubted value is merely destroyed, unless something better comes in its place. Therefore, whether married or not, woman hesitates. She cannot go over whole-heartedly to the side of rebellion, but remains suspended in doubt. At least she does not follow the lead of that well-known authoress who, after all sorts of experiments, ran into the safe port of matrimony and lo ! marriage then became the best solution, and all those who did not achieve it could brood on their mistakes, and end their days in pious renunciation. For the modern woman marriage is not as easy as that. Her husband could say something on this subject.

As long as there are legal paragraphs that lay down what adulte is, woman must remain tangled in doubts. But does the le paragraph really know what adultery is? Is its definition the fin embodiment of eternal truth? From the psychological standpoin which for the woman is the only one that counts, it is in reality extremely poor piece of bungling, as is everything contrived by ma for the purpose of *codifying* love. For the woman the erotic princip has nothing whatever to do with "genital connections," or son such savoury formulæ invented by the erotically blind masculine reaso and which, moreover, the opinionating devil in the woman deligh to echo. Neither has it to do with "episodic adultery," nor "extr marital sexual intercourse," nor with "hoodwinking" the husband but simply with love. Nobody but the absolute believer in th inviolability of traditional marriage could perpetrate such breach of good taste; just as no one but a believer in God can really blasphem But whoever dares to question marriage cannot break it, and for hi the legal definition has no validity; because, like St. Paul, he feel himself beyond the law, in the higher estate of love. But, becaus all those believers in the law so frequently trespass against their ow laws, out of stupidity, temptation, or mere viciousness, the moder woman begins finally to wonder whether she too may not belong t the same category. From the traditional standpoint she does belon there. She has to realize this, so that the idols of respectability in he own psyche can be demolished. To be respectable means, as th word says, to allow oneself to be seen; that is, a respectable person one who answers to public expectations, one who wears an ideal mas —in short, a fraud. Good form is not a fraud, but when respectabilit suppresses the soul, that real, divinely-willed essence of man; ther one becomes that thing which Christ called a "whited sepulchre."

The modern woman has become aware of the undeniable fact tha only in the estate of love can she attain her highest and best, an this consciousness brings her to the other realization, that love i beyond and above law; and against this her personal respectabilit revolts. There is an instinctive tendency to identify this privat reaction with public opinion. This would be the lesser evil; wha is worse is that this opinion is also in her blood. It comes to her lik an inner voice, a sort of conscience, and this is the power that hold her in check. She has not made herself conscious of the fact tha her most personal, most intimate possession could bring her int collision with history. Such a collision must seem to her most unexpected and absurd. But who, if it comes to that, has finall and fully realized that history, as an effective reality, is not contained in thick books, but lives in our very blood?

So long as woman lives the life of the past she never collides with history; but scarcely does she begin to deviate, however slightly, from a cultural tendency that has governed history, than she encounters

the full weight of historical inertia, and this unexpected shock can break her, perhaps even fatally. Her hesitation and doubt are understandable, for if she submits to the law of love, not only does she find herself in a most painful and dubious situation, in a neighbourhood where every kind of slime and filth abounds; but she is actually caught between two world-powers, historical inertia, and the divinely-creative.

Who, then, will find fault with her? Do not most men prefer the *laudabiliter se subjecit* in a transferable form, to the well-nigh hopeless conflict as to whether or not one is meant to make history? In the end it resolves itself to nothing less than this: is one willing to be unhistorical and, therefore, to make history, or not? No one makes history who does not dare to risk everything for it, even his own skin. For he carries through the experiment, which is his own life, to the bitter end; and in so doing he interprets his life, not as a continuation but as a beginning. Continuation is a business already provided for in the animal, but to initiate is the prerogative of man; the one thing of which he can boast that transcends the animal.

Without doubt the modern woman is most deeply occupied with this problem. It is her individual expression of something that is general and inherent in our time, namely, a cultural tendency towards a more complete human form; a longing for meaning and fulfilment; an increasing repugnance to a senseless, one-sided attitude, and a dissatisfaction with a life of pure unconscious instinctiveness and blind happenings.

The soul of the European has not forgotten the lesson of the war, however much it may be banished from his consciousness. The woman is increasingly aware that love alone can give her her full stature, just as the man begins to discern that spirit alone can endow his life with its highest meaning. Fundamentally, therefore, both seek a psychic relation one to the other; because love needs the spirit, and the spirit, love, for their fulfilment. The woman feels that there is no longer real security in marriage; for what does the fidelity of the husband signify, when she knows that his feelings and thoughts are running afield, and that he is merely too cautious or too cowardly to follow them? What does her own fidelity amount to, when she knows that, in holding to the bond, she is merely enthralled by a lust for legal possession, by which she allows her soul to be stunted? There is a higher fidelity which she begins to discern, a fidelity to the spirit and to love that can go beyond human weakness and incompleteness. Perhaps she may yet discover that what is weak and incomplete, a painful disturbance, or a by-path beset with anxieties, can be interpreted in a dual way corresponding to its own ambiguous nature. For in these transitions a way leads down to the generally human, ending finally in the swamp of unconsciousness and destruction of personality, if once that hold is lost which everyone possesses

in his own personal distinction. *But the man who can keep th* hold is able to experience for the first time the true meaning of se hood; for therewith he can also climb down under himself into t undifferentiated human creature. How else may a man free himse from the inner isolation of personal differentiation? And how el can he make a psychic bridge to mankind? The man who stan on high and distributes his goods to the poor is separated from mankin by the height of his own virtue; and the more he lives for others in self-forgetting and sacrificing way the more is he inwardly estrange from the human.

The word "human" that resounds so beautifully means funda mentally nothing beautiful, virtuous, or intelligent, but just a lo average. This is the step which Zarathustra could not take, the ste to the "ugliest man," to the real human creature. The struggle an the fear that always mark the recoil from this step show how grea is the attraction and seductive power of the underworld. Its pow is undeniable, and to deny it is no deliverance; it is merely a sham an essential misconstruction of its value and meaning. For wher is a height without an equal depth, and how can there be light tha throws no shadow? No good ever appears that an evil does not oppose "Thou canst be delivered from no sin thou has not committed," saic Karpokrates, a deep saying for all who wish to understand, and brilliant opportunity for all who prefer to draw false conclusions But all that is below, and that longs to take its share in the lives o more conscious and, therefore, more complete men, is not a persuasiv prompting to mere pleasure, but something that man fears.

What I am saying now is not for the young man—it is precisel what he ought not to know—but for the more mature man, whos experience of life has made a wider consciousness possible. No on can begin with the present; he must slowly grow into it, for withou the past there is no present. The young man has not yet a past and, therefore, has no present. Hence he does not create culture but merely existence. It is the privilege and task of riper age, tha has passed the meridian of life, to produce culture.

The soul of Europe is torn by the hellish barbarism of the war While all men's hands are full in repairing the outer damage, the womar begins—unconsciously as ever—to heal the inner wounds, and to do this she needs, as her most important instrument, the psychic or humar relationship. But nothing hinders this more than the exclusiveness of the mediæval marriage, because it makes relationship superfluous. Relationship is only possible where there is a certain psychic distance, just as morality must always presuppose freedom. For this reason the unconscious tendency of woman is towards a weakening of marriage, but not towards the destruction of the marriage and family ideal. That would be not only immoral, but a thoroughly pathological outgrowth.

In what way this goal is to be achieved in the individual case, would take volumes of case-material to describe. It is the way of woman, as of nature, to make use of indirect ways without naming a goal. But the goal is inherent in her reactions. Often she acts in a purposeful way to invisible dissatisfactions, with moods, affects, opinions, and acts, whose apparent senselessness, poisonousness, morbidity, or cold-blooded ruthlessness, is infinitely uncomfortable to the erotically blind man.

The indirect method of the woman is dangerous; it can hopelessly compromise her aim. Therefore the modern woman longs for greater consciousness, for meaning, and the power of naming her goal in order to escape from the blind dynamism of nature. She seeks it in theosophy and in every other possible unreality. In any other age it would have been the prevailing religion that would have shown her her ultimate goal; but to-day religious teaching leads back to the Middle Ages, back to that unrelatedness which resists culture, and out of which came all the fearful barbarities of the war. This religious teaching reserves the soul too exclusively for God; man receives too little. But God himself cannot thrive in a humanity that is psychically undernourished. The soul of the woman reacts to this hunger; for it is the function of eros to join, whereas logos cuts and clarifies. The modern woman stands before a great cultural task which means, perhaps, the beginning of a new era.

C. G. JUNG.

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THE LIME TREES

THE black, the grey, the silver, of the huge moonlight-spattered mango trees, the dark velvet of the sky, the grey, silver-glinting sea below the fall of ground on the right, made of the night a delicate aquatint as she walked through the little garden. When she reached the row of small thatched huts that were the bedrooms, the lanterns that had been left outside each door shed a warm glow of colour, orange-yellow, on to the roughly whitewashed walls.

She lifted her lantern off the flagstone step, and its handle was dully hot to her warm palm. She pushed the door open and cleared a place for it on the little dressing-table. It was really nothing but a chest of drawers with a mirror propped on it. It was littered with things: there was a bunch of artificial violets that she had discarded at the last moment in favour of some dark red roses, a long chain of inexpensive blue beads, her brush and comb, a pot of face cream, another of depilatory, a photograph of her mother, a little book of daily prayers, a bowl of pink powder, its lid inverted near it, a half-dirty handkerchief, a piece of gold-shot ribbon that she hadn't worn in her hair after all, and a squat vase of white, heavy-scented flowers.

When you wanted to look nice, when anything special was going to happen, it was difficult to remember that you were going to come back to the room in a few hours ; yet how soon it was that the disorder that you had left confronted you again with pitiless reminder of the brevity of the evening's delight.

She put her feather fan on the top of her cabin-trunk, because there was nowhere else to put it ; for there was no chair, and the little bed was draped in its mosquito net, pulled down tautly at the sides.

She looked at herself in the mirror, but the light of the hurricane lamp, turned low, was too kind. She screwed up the rather oily little handle, and the flame, flaring, was still kind. Her lips parted with pleasure at her own prettiness. She was not vain enough to think she was really pretty by daylight, but now her cheeks were a little flushed, the texture of her skin was softened in the dim light, her brown eyes looked very dark—bright and dark like some small shy animal's—and you didn't see the few grey hairs in her soft brown hair. There was a glow, almost a radiance—but a soft radiance, nothing hard or glittering—about her.

The scent of the spider-lilies mingled with the odour of paraffin. With a sort of reluctance she turned away from the mirror. She closed the shutters, which opened inwards in pairs at each window. There was no glass, for it was never cold enough for anyone to wish to shut out the air. Behind the shutters wire netting was stretched across to keep flying insects out.

Over in the dancing-room the gramophone was playing *Valencia*. She almost wished that she had not come away so soon; yet she longed to lie in the darkness alone with her secret joy, and she undressed quickly, turned the light out, and only then felt that she could open the shutters again, letting in the slightly cooler air. She crept into bed, loosening as little as possible of the netting, and tucking it in again carefully under the mattress. There was only a sheet on the bed, but she pulled it off, and then lay on her back, her hands behind her head. Through the window she could see the spilt moonlight among the darkness of the big mango tree outside, and a stream of it fell and lay in a bright pool on the stone floor.

What was this ecstasy that filled her? A hyena wailed, the long-drawn plaint floating back from the beach below where the beast prowled, scavenging. Down there was the quiet sea. It must be very lovely, shining under the full moon. Just outside her door were the lime trees: she had turned to look at them as she had passed . . . the round curved silver balls, hiding in the dark secretive leaves, the slim trunks twisted, bent, with trying to guard the secret treasure they bore. . . .

How wonderful it had been, dancing on the floor that was raised on wooden stays above the soft white moon-lit sand, open on all sides to any air that there was, roofed by the rough thatch of dry rushes, so that you could see the purple spangled sky through the big holes in it. She sighed with the happiness of retrospect. It had been so perfect. What was there about dance-music that seemed to transfigure everything—yourself—the men you danced with—life—everything? Yet it wasn't really the dance, the tropic night, the little moon-lit garden, the murmuring sea, that made up her happiness. No. It was the feeling that all this was the prelude to something far more beautiful, the certainty that there was something very wonderful, very lovely, ahead of her. She seldom tried to think what this premonition of coming revelation could forebode, and she did not reflect on the fact that she had had this blissful expectation at intervals through her whole life; that it had, indeed, been almost her chief pleasure during her thirty-four years.

Now they were playing *The Japanese Sandman*. It wasn't the gramophone: someone was playing the piano and singing too, and with the help of memory she could hear the words—

Here's the Japanese Sandma-an,
Coming round with the dew-ew,
Just an old second-hand ma-an,
Changing old days for new-ew . . .

Such pretty words, though of course it was a terribly old thing, she thought, smiling to herself in the darkness. Perhaps it was Mr. Fraser singing. He was staying in the hotel, and Mrs. Malone, the

manageress, had introduced them at dinner, as was her way. Such a good-looking boy, quite young, and Mrs. Malone told her afterwards that he had a beautiful voice.

Only four days gone of her three weeks holiday. . . . Shining, beckoning, the seventeen days that were to come spread themselves before her, seventeen days of perfect happiness, perfect freedom. Not that she disliked her work as a typist in an up-country town, for her employers were considerate and the salary was good. But here it was all so different—the sea, the bathing, the quiet of the little dilapidated hotel three miles out of the white glare of the small seaport town, the joy of these dances twice a week, when men and girls from the town, and sometimes people from the ships that were in port, came out in cars and rickshaws. She was glad that she had decided on having a real change this year, though the long journey down to the coast had made a big hole in her savings. . . .

Now the voice had stopped singing, and the player strummed through the catchy sentimental air again.

Was it love that was coming to her? Sometimes she thought so; for could this treasure of hope at her heart mean anything less?

Cars were being started up noisily, and someone was shouting for his rickshaw. It was late and everyone was going home. She could hear voices and laughing good-byes. One by one the cars' doors slammed and they drove away with purring crescendo down the dusty palm-bordered road to the town, till the sound of the last one died away in the distance. From the "boys'" quarters one native shouted across to another in Swahili. The lazy sing-song question and answer rose and fell, rose, paused, and dropped to silence; and the night was still. . . .

She had never yet loved, and no man had ever loved her. It came to everyone once, they said (and hers was essentially a nature which believed what "they" said), and it would surely come to her to love and be loved again. Even if her love was to be unrequited, her story tragic, she would surely know what it was to have tasted of the fruit. And with that thought she suddenly remembered the lime trees out there in the moonlight. They were so beautiful. And yet a little odd, cold feeling clutched at her heart with the picture of them, bent and dark and twisted. . . .

There was music again. Abruptly out of the stillness a voice rang, strangely defiant.

Hadn't everyone gone, then? Her heart began to beat very fast. This must be Mr. Fraser, but in that case the other singer had very certainly not been he.

She wished he would stop. . . . It was a horrid song, with no particular tune in it. She knew he had a wonderful voice, for Mrs. Malone had said so—but she didn't like it, oh she didn't like it. . . . Straight out of the night like this. . . . He oughtn't to. . . . It was so late. If it had been different—the sort of music the other man had played.

But this was hurting her, going through and through her, and she felt naked and defenceless before it. . . . What could it be that he was singing? Oh, she hated him, she hated him. . . . She sat up in bed and pushed the hair back from her hot forehead. Her breath came quickly. She felt that she was going to cry, but her eyes were dry and tearless. . . .

The song finished as abruptly as it had begun.

The lime trees. What did they hold for her? She knew that she must see them. She tugged at the mosquito net with tense fingers and scrambled out of bed and went quickly across to the window.

But two men were coming by, leisurely, and she drew back.

It was Mr. Fraser and his friend. They were talking. Ah, if only they would say something that she could hear, something ordinary and human and sociable, that she could grip on to, so that the lime trees would not drag her to the window again. . . .

"I defy you to say that Sibelius had any such idea. Why, you'll be saying Debussy was a moralist, next."

"That's not what I mean, exactly, though as a matter of fact some of his songs . . ."

Their voices grew inaudible as their footsteps went gently away on the soft sandy ground.

It was no use. . . . She was staring at the trees now. There they stood, inscrutable under the moonlight. Not the faintest breeze moved their dark leaves, bright where the light caught them. The fruit hung motionless, beautiful. The bent trunks were silhouetted black against the silver path on the sea beyond. Bent and twisted they stood, as if for ever guarding their treasure.

"Ah, no—no. . . . Not that!" she cried. It could not be that. It could not be that she would grow old and withered, still guarding her secret joy, still nursing this wonderful treasure, this hope of unknown beauty to come till there should be nothing left to wait for, no happiness that she could hope for—but only *death*.

The night was heavy-scented with the white sticky flowers that grew on the low shrubs outside. A hyena wailed again from further away; and from very far off came the thrumming of a native drum.

Ah, no! . . . not that.

But the lime trees stood, beautiful, malignant, mocking, under the moon.

NORA ST. JOHN BEALE.

FOR DAWS TO PECK AT

"I DO not wear my heart upon my sleeve For daws to peck at," said wise Beatrice. Sensible people shrink from exposing their vulnerable points, but perhaps the policy of caution has its own nemesis of isolation, and frank confession often produces a surprising return in kind. A disgraceful experience may be relegated to the oblivion of the sub-conscious and only come to the surface in those small hours of the morning when the sea of memory gives up its dead. Or it may be spread out flat and dissected for what it is worth (often a minimizing process), and perhaps some grains of knowledge may be added to the general stock. It is in this hope that the writer offers the following statement:

The "disgraceful experience" is a sojourn in a public lunatic asylum.

Now it may well be that this stark confession disqualifies the writer at the outset. "Let him tell of Egypt who has been there" is a sound maxim, but how far are we prepared to carry it? May one speak of mental alienation who has suffered it? Can so subjective an experience be rationally focused and objectively described? While admitting the doubt, I think there are two things to be said. To begin with, all psychological knowledge is in the first instance subjective, drawn from the observer's introspection; and secondly, it is when a function is out of order that it seems to lend itself best to observation. Finally, the results of observation must submit to testing by universal standards. A human experience that found no parallel in other human experience would be valueless, could such an one be found—as a matter of fact, it cannot.

For this reason, the conception that cannot clothe itself in words is sterile. Yet I find myself faced with this initial difficulty; it is like trying to paint blue gentians with a palette of ochres and umbers. Even had I a full command of the language of psychology, which I lack, I am not sure that mathematical symbols might not serve my end better. For the point I desire to bring out is the relation of the individual to Time; the *normal* relation, that is, and the condition of disturbance which *may* occur in that normal relation. I want to tackle the problem from the human side, leaving the ultimate nature of Time an open question.

I have admitted that I should count no experience valid that cannot relate itself to universal experience, but I must confess that literature does not supply me with much by way of illustration. Some lines of Wordsworth, other stray passages in poetry here and there, notably Rupert Brooke's "Dining-room Tea"; the record of J. Symond's sensations under chloroform; St. Loe Strachey's childish realization of "isolement"; and perhaps I might add the Mad Hatter who had

"quarrelled with Time"—one of those strange flashes of intuition that give *Alice in Wonderland* something of the significance of an apocalypse. But I believe this slightness of evidence is due to lack of attention. How much has been said about sex, for instance, yet sex is not more universal than the fact that we are all rooted in time from the beginning of our lives to the end. Is it not because the fact has not yet reached consciousness to the extent that sex-facts have, and therefore lacks a vocabulary? Conceivably it is more present to the child's mind than to the adult's, and I have a shrewd idea that, being a terrifying conception, it is thrust away. For is not this Medusa, whose full gaze turns men's hearts to stone? A profile glimpse is quite enough for most people. I dare not go so far as to say that the Greek conception of Medusa stood for Time, the sheer impersonal terror of another dimension—but I could make out a good case for it.

I have a pretty clear recollection of the first occasion when I became aware of the sense of time, though I am not certain of my age, whether it was three or four years. Walking along a country road with a grown-up companion who held in trusteeship for me a bag of red and yellow sweets, I asked: "How often may I have one?"

"Oh, now and then," was the reply. The words struck deep into my imagination. Now and Then. Now was clear enough, but what of Then? Some while later I remember kneeling one morning by my little bed in earnest prayer (for I was a pious infant) that my father, who was a chronic invalid, might have had a good night. An eruption of rationalism put an end to the prayer: the event was over and done with, gone into the unalterable past. Certain lurid hymns of my childhood that made me personally responsible for the crucifixion of Christ, were also a stumbling block and aroused an inarticulate protest.

Were I to describe myself as an unusually clever or abnormally precocious child I should not only be untruthful, but I should be defeating my own object—that is, to isolate the normal, ordinary property of mind involved in these adjustments, which I suppose every child has to make in one way or another. Is it merely a department of memory? Evidently, a sense of time is closely allied on the one hand to a faculty for numbers, intuitive in some people, and on the other hand to music, which can hardly be claimed as part of memory. I will not elaborate this, except to suggest that a memory theory does not cover the facts. Personally, I am not musical, nor am I "good at arithmetic," but numbers as such have always had a fascination for me, and I cannot help speculating as to whether, for instance, numbers have an objective existence apart from human conceptions. There are three books lying on the table; are they still differentiated as three books when I am out of the room? Futile questions, yet they do bring home to one the fact that one is aware only of that section of one's mental environment that is immediately in front of one; blinkers have been provided, mercifully, no doubt. And when the blinkers slip?

I repeat that I was in no way abnormal. At moments the fac[t of] self-conscious existence glared at me, an insoluble yet pressing probl[em,] but I do not think it is abnormal to feel this. *Is it not indeed inevita[ble] sooner or later? "The child," says Browning, "feels God and echo[es] o'er the place" as though he had touched fire; and whether it be* realization of self or of infinity beyond self, the experience can hardl[y] be shirked for ever.

In a mental world otherwise fairly tidily classified, I am aware of [a] region of uncertainty, and I find myself pushed towards the convictio[n] that there is in the make-up of human consciousness an element as yet undefined, that is somehow connected with the apprehension of time. It does not help me at all to be told that time (that is to say, clock-time) is measurable to the fraction of a second. Such measurements explain time no more than the lines of longitude and latitude explain the rotation of the earth, and the element or faculty I am in search of has no relation to such calculations. Rather I should be tempted to call it mystical, but that the word seems to imply an element of the indescribable and such a concession puts an end to my attempt at analysis; and also the word is too eclectic for what, if it exists at all, must be a property of all minds. In the last resort I can do no more than ask questions about it, and I am content if it is admitted that there is something to search for. Is this element, then, located in the unconscious? and does it only enter into consciousness when its mechanism is out of gear? Is it conceivably more evident during sleep than during waking hours? Is it allied to memory, or has it a separate function? Can its disorders be at the root of certain forms of mental trouble?

I now come to the part that is almost impossibly difficult to write; the demand on courage and common-sense is exacting. Of that descent into hell already referred to I will speak only in so far as it concerns my subject. But perhaps I ought to say that the immediate causes of my breakdown were (1) overwork, (2) religious trouble, (3) making a fool of myself by interfering in a quarrel that was not my concern. There is no insanity in my family, and I do not think I was technically insane, as I was afterwards told that there was no objection to my marrying if I desired to. My illness was brain anæmia, followed by unconsciousness lasting over a long period.

I have now to set down what I feel I cannot expect most people to accept as anything but a fantastic illusion. Nor can I prove, even to myself, that it was more than that. I can have no quarrel with those who dismiss it as a fever-dream; I can only say that to me it presented itself as a reality and that it had none of the characteristics of ordinary dreams. I am profoundly distrustful of subjective experiences; indeed, I tend to belong to what has been called the "did you have lobster salad for supper?" school. If I extend to my own experience a degree of credulity beyond what I am generally prepared to give, it is no doubt partly a preference akin to a cat's feeling for her own

kittens, that these pretty ones, at any rate, should not be drowned; but it is also because of the effect it has had on my own mind, the mental backwash that makes me sure a great ship has passed. I will then set down what happened, on the understanding that it may after all have been merely subjective.

I believe, then, that on November 5, 1910, I passed through the preliminary stages of death. I am certain of the date, because, as I lay on my bed in a state of great physical weakness, I heard the popping of fireworks in the back gardens. I do not think I was delirious. Shall I say that I fainted; at any rate a separation took place between body and spirit. My body lay flat on its back; what I suppose I must call my soul was ascending, being drawn up, into a dark sky where myriads of stars burned with exceeding brightness. What shall I say of the serene magnificence of that slow movement? I fear to do it wrong, being so majestical, in offering it the violence of verbal description. Yet I would fain dwell on it, for it was the last I saw of Beauty for many a long day, and it has remained with me and always will remain, as my transcendent experience of a beauty so aloof, so unearthly, as to fall outside all categories. The stars were larger than when seen from earth and varied in colour. I recognised no familiar constellations, and though I seemed to be passing through them, they were still very far away. My movement was not volitional, I was irresistibly drawn on; nor was it directly upward, but as it were in an undulating curve; rhythmic it was, and infinitely soothing, and as yet there was no fear. It ceased and the stars went out. I was held as in a void of great darkness.

From what I know of myself, I should have thought I would have welcomed the onset of the spiritual with exultant joy and a sense of relief. I had never been specially afraid of death, and had, indeed, often longed for it as a release from physical suffering. Nor should I have thought that I would feel any overwhelming sense of sin. I had been a quiet, biddable person, very diligent and devoted to my art, religious up to a point, certainly never doing any wilful wrong. Why, then, the overpowering sense of guilt and fear that laid sudden hold upon me, seizing me by the throat, as it were? In that featureless darkness there was no voice and no sight; starkly blank was this outpost of time and space. Had I dreamed this, there would have been an angel bearing a lily—no, a columbine; these everlasting lilies are banal; my angels, I am sure, would bear columbines and crown imperials. But there was no angel and no voice. Yet, more clearly than by speech, it was borne in on me with the utmost finality that I must now choose—go on or go back. It was presented to me as a definite choice.

What was I dealing with in this void? It was not a person in the human sense, of that I am certain; it was rather a force, yet by no means a blind force, for I was understood and summed up. And at the impact of this power I crumpled up with fear and a sense of hopeless inadequacy.

I who had so often bombarded Heaven with petitions for spiritual experience, I collapsed at its touch. I can still hear my own voice, sounding small and thin like a mouse's squeak on a vast empty stage, as I said these childish words : " O please let me go back to my girls," meaning my sisters to whom I am devoted. Yes, that is what I said to the Numinous. . . .

I was back, holding on to the bar of my bedstead. I clung to the cold, unfriendly metal—it was solid. It is almost my last distinct memory before unconsciousness set in. When after a lapse of time I have no means of measuring (but it was probably weeks) I awoke in unknown surroundings, I at first thought I had passed through death ; indeed, I could not account for my condition in any other way. This wore off as material facts reasserted themselves, but there remained a sense, acute though inarticulate, of having slipped out of time and a human being's proper relation to time.

It is difficult for me to write about this now without attempting to rationalize in retrospect what I know must have been a condition entirely morbid and pathological. I have a good memory (not an unmixed blessing !), and as I look back upon it I am confronted by a jungle of conflicting, swaying impressions, false glamours, brilliant will o' the wisps, an undergrowth of tangled vagaries over a morass of illusion. Heaven forbid I should attempt to sort it out. I merely sketch it in as a background to this one experience that emerges out of the confusion.

But I must pause a moment to say what I mean by " I." This is not so simple as it sounds. The madman in the Gospel narrative who said his name was Legion, diagnosed his condition in a word. A disintegrated personality tends to multiplicity, as an integrated personality tends to unity. This is not a psychological tag, it is just a bit of human experience, and I think it was the worst part of my suffering that I could not determine whether I was a single being or a group of oddments more or less at war with each other. Still, I held together as an identity because of an inner citadel of courage that maintained its integrity throughout. After describing my inglorious collapse of fear at the onset of the Numinous, I may without vanity say that courage, and courage alone, was the guiding principle that now kept me from complete disintegration. I wish to record it for the comfort of those who have loved ones suffering from mental alienation, that there is, or at least may be, this last stronghold of the self that is not entirely submerged, however impenetrable the darkness may appear. Certainly in my case there was no visible ray, and I was given up as hopeless.

This distracted self, then, found itself struggling desperately to readjust itself to time and space. I have seen a fallen cart-horse plunging and floundering between the shafts in a frantic endeavour to regain its footing. It is the best description I can make of this struggle to get back to the normal. It had to be done unaided, as I was never

able even to attempt to speak of my trouble, which in the circumstances was just as well. But I had an exercise-book of which I covered pages. I am bilingual (or was, in my childhood, and it came out at this time), so I wrote one page in English and a German translation on the opposite page. I destroyed this shortly after my recovery, so I cannot refer to it, but I do not suppose it was a lucid document. Indeed, I cannot think of anything more difficult to analyze than this sort of dislocation of what for the sake of convenience I will call the Time-sense (though I am quite prepared to be told that such a phrase is altogether off the map).

Supposing, then, that time-waves were a series of concentric circles and one's normal position in the centre of these; then suppose one were shifted out of the centre, one's rhythms derived from these wave-circles would be broken up, would they not? It is a very inadequate analogy: let me try again. Are we kept in time as a boy keeps tadpoles in a jar of water? and do we hop out when we become frogs? and was I prematurely flounced out and then flounced back again, and so have become less able than most of my fellow-tadpoles to take for granted the fluid we are swimming about in?

Of course I am well aware that mystics of all ages have been free of this world beyond time and have habitually dwelt there, but their experience is on a different and far higher level than mine and scarcely seeks to relate itself to the everyday world of breathing and moving. I think my grievance (for such I felt it to be) was that this experiment should have been tried upon *me*, who had neither the mystic's power of adjustment to other spheres, nor the mathematician's power of synthesizing the physical facts. I used to think a great deal about Lord Kelvin, whom I had had the privilege of meeting when I was a child, and who had died some years previously to this time. Now if it had happened to him! . . . I used to make forlorn appeals to him for help.

Oddly mingled with this sense of grievance was a curious, almost exultant feeling of freedom in being somehow outside the laws of the planet, and yet again there was a deep if undefined sense of guilt as of one who was out of harmony with the whole scheme of things. This morbid state, acutely ego-centric, would scarcely be worth analyzing but that it seems to me to be in some degree characteristic of all unregenerate states: the sense of grievance (why was I born to this?), the specious sense of distinction in being a law-breaker, and beneath both of these the sense of guilt, of being out of harmony with things as they are, and up against the laws of the universe. And so I should regard conversion as the recognition that these laws, far from being inimical and extraneous, are in truth the law of my inward being, the rhythm of my own pulses; in other words, "delighting in the law of the Lord." That this revolution cannot be achieved without some redemptive force from without is a conviction that has come to me but slowly and against some resistance. This mingling of elation and depression

is characteristic I suppose, of the egotism of morbid states. What would else be unbearably painful is compensated by a self-congratulatory sense of distinction. A stage towards recovery is reached when this specious comfort is relinquished and the morbid nature of the state is admitted by the mind. I suppose the sanest thing a person can say, is : " Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before Thee," but the difficulty, when one has on the whole led a righteous life, is to have imagination enough to see that one is sinning against the laws of the universe merely by being ego-centric. To a spirit caught in the wheels of its own mental machinery, such a coming to itself is beyond the horizon of apprehension, let alone performance.

" But," I hear a reasonable voice protesting, " why drag in the moral question ? You set out to discuss Time and the individual's relation to it, and here you are, talking about sin. Are you not wandering from the point ? "

Alas, I am afraid I have not got a " point " to wander from. What I am contemplating is not a point, but an encircling panorama, hence the difficulty of focusing. And I do not think I am dragging in the moral question ; it was inextricably part of the situation. Those mighty one-syllable words that rule our being—life, death, time, love, sin, pain, hope ; they are elemental conceptions reduced to their lowest terms and implicit in every event. You cannot order them out of the room and call them irrelevant. At any rate, there it was, a deep unnamed sense of being in the wrong, of being, as I have said, up against the laws of the universe.

I was far, however, from being entirely miserable. My darkness was often illuminated by periods of dazzling brightness and a great sense of expansion, and above all, at this time when I was naturally debarred from any sight of the stars, I was more conscious of their presence than at any other time of my life. It was by no means a friendly presence, rather a fearful and daunting one, that I was aware of ; but my awareness was more than mere external contemplation, it was in the nature of participation in that existence beyond the solar system. I wonder whether here I am getting within measuring distance of my elusive quest ?

Mr. Middleton Murry * has spoken of " the change in kind that may overtake humanity as it overtook the animal world when the first tiny *homo sapiens* blinked at a new world. Then there was a change in kind and the birth of time ; man, the time measurer, had been flung up out of the vast. Before him, time did not exist ; he created it and cast it backward like a net into the ocean of the timeless past." These words seem to me strangely perfect,† but I should like to add,

* *Life of Jesus.* (J. Middleton Murry.)

† I suppose Mr. Murry does not mean to assert that man " created " time in any other sense than that all mathematical conceptions are human creations, approximately corresponding to objective realities. If time-conceiving were merely

by way of footnote, that when little *homo sapiens* first went to school* his primer and reading-book were the starry skies. Long before the first papyrus was rolled or the earliest inscription graven, it was his wisdom to decipher the scroll of the heavens, that sheet of configurations hung up before his nightly gaze. Man's earliest reading, the picture-language of astrology, has all a child's crude self-centred appropriation; his private destiny is the engrossing subject. Adult and disinterested in contrast to this is the *avoirdupois* of astronomy—surely an honest, painstaking reading that commands respectful acceptance. But is it exhaustive, does it even claim to be? Is it not even now transcending its *avoirdupois* and reaching out towards a new reading that is revolutionizing our thought of time? Some such "change in kind" may even now be in process of accomplishment. At any rate, through my distracted struggles the idea was dimly adumbrated. But I had no happy consciousness of being at home in these immensities, rather it was a forlorn, shipwrecked tossing.

I will here quote some lines written after I had returned home, but which refer to this time. How far they are symbolic and how far literal I am simply unable to say. Is it possible for a human soul to be thus disintegrated and knocked about the universe while the body lies prone? I do not know. I will not apologize for the crude language; I do not now think it was the Lord who broke my life, but I have experienced a mental revolution since then; at the time, it did seem like that:

The Lord has taken my life and broken it on the wheel,
And gathered the pieces up and ground them under His heel,
And cast the dust to the winds and bade them blow into space—
O winds of the Lord, have ye blown me
Beyond the limits of Grace?
I have whirled with the circles of Saturn,
I was branded with irons on Mars.
I was wrecked on the belt of Orion,
And marooned on invisible stars.
O Stars of the Lord ye have held me
In the bonds of a law so obscure
That its infelicitous working
Seemed a tyranny hopeless of cure.
Yet some trade-wind of hope must have succoured
My disbanded and derelict soul,
Delivered, restored and conveyed me;
I am back on the earth again, whole.

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conceiving an illusion, it would not be much of an advance. So I take these words to refer to measured time, as cut out of that ultimate of which Bergson says, should we apprehend it, that "the moments of time, which are only arrests of our attention, would no longer exist; it is the flow of time, it is the very flux of the real that we should be trying to follow."—*Creative Evolution*, p. 362.

* That is, began to care for anything beyond mere material wants.

Were they real, those planes of existence,
Or were they, as Reason replies,
Subjective, floating illusions,
Like spots before sun-dazzled eyes?
I know not, nor can I decipher
The meaning of much I recall;
It may be Jehovah's own writing
Or it may be mere marks on the wall.
I can but await His fulfilment
And a clearer sense of His ways,
So I walk with a deeper reverence
Down the long procession of days—
They will lead at the last to His Presence,
To that garden where groweth the Tree
Whose leaves are the healing of nations
And—why not?—the healing of me.

§

There came, then, a time when I had so far recovered my equilibrium as to be restored to my normal surroundings, and was, outwardly at least, a sane person. Exactly how this was accomplished I do not know. There was, of course, a physical side to my illness upon which I have not enlarged. With the return of ordinary health I was able to build up a new life for myself and more or less to ignore the problems that lay at the back of my mind. If inward solitariness was my lot, one gets used to that, and the unspeakable goodness of those around me made my home seem heaven. Never before had the homely joys of everyday life, baths and dressing, meals and bedtime, seemed so beautiful and so significant; and the rhythm of changing seasons slowly brought peace to my jangled harmonies. Only at times my mind would drop back into those interstellar regions, those half-realized ambiguities of space and time, and someone would startle me by saying, "A penny for your thoughts?" But it was not till twelve years later that I was able to seek human counsel.

This silence, I feel sure, was the better part of wisdom. After all, what could I say? I was not a strong swimmer who had struck further out of the bay than most; I was a little paddler picked off by an extra big wave and washed round the point, struggling and gasping, and deposited upon the beach again by some turn of the tide, inarticulate and stammering from the presence of forces too immense for me to name. I think I did well to hold my tongue.

When I returned to my ordinary interests, I found the world humming with a new word—Relativity. I heard Lord Haldane lecture on Einstein, but as I have not had any mathematical training, my mind grabbed at the idea rather than grasped it. Nevertheless, there was comfort in the little I was able to appropriate; it seemed corroborative

of my own confused intuitions, and I have no doubt that it is along these lines, were I able to follow them, that the intellectual part of my difficulties would find their solution.

There remains the human problem. Why should an ordinary little human being, living in a suburb, be thus tumbled over the edge of things?

> O Wedding Guest, this soul has been
>   Alone on a wide, wide sea,
> So lonely 'twas that God Himself
>   Scarce seemèd there to be.

Whether the experience was purely illusory or not makes little difference to this question. Why the illusion? I can only suppose that there are mental areas that have to be traversed by human consciousness, and perhaps they are not so lonely as one thinks. I have said at the beginning of this paper that I did not believe there could be a unique human experience. It is partly for this reason that I have tried to be articulate about what might else scarcely seem worth discussing—there may be a similar condition at the root of other cases of mental trouble, just as unable to express itself as mine was. Even now, after the lapse of all these years, it would doubtless be more prudent for me to preserve silence. I fully recognize this, and especially do I feel that a certain bloom is taken off by relating one's own spiritual experience and dragging it into the cold daylight of criticism. It is no longer one's own sacred possession. But it is in the spirit of the day to leave no dark lurking corners unlit, and to such a spirit the desire for mere privacy seems rather petty and cowardly. If, therefore, this partial and inadequate sketch might draw attention to the need for treating mental cases with more imagination, it would not have failed of its purpose.

As regards the question of illusion, I incline to think that illusions may be a semblance or foreshadowing of realities, just as the palaces and temples seen in a mirage would not present themselves as such to the eye, were there not real buildings elsewhere. Science, that has to name and classify everything it touches, can scarcely be expected to concern itself with such dubious material; rather, it would seem that poetry, elliptical in its method, has sometimes seized upon truth by grasping at these flimsy draperies.

Yet should we indeed expect to seize the vision? Truth's home is ever on the horizon line, and it is well for us that this should be so. Suffice it for me that after these dark and lonely wanderings it has been given to me to walk without fear in the great company of those who are led by a Star.

X. Y. Z.

HEBRAISM AND HELLENISM

AT the Anniversary Banquet of the Royal Academy, on May 1, 1875, in the presence of a brilliant company, including the Prince of Wales, Disraeli, Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, the two Archbishops, and many other distinguished men in politics, science, art, and literature, the President, Sir Francis Grant, after healths had been duly proposed and responded to, for the Queen, the Prince of Wales and the Royal Family, the Army, the Navy, and the Reserve Forces, proposed "Prosperity to the Interests of Science and Literature." With science, he coupled Sir John Lubbock. "With literature I beg to couple the name of Mr. Matthew Arnold, a graceful writer, scholar, and poet, and son of the distinguished Dr. Arnold, of Rugby—(cheers)—a name that will ever be held in honour in this country. (Cheers.)" After Sir John Lubbock had responded for Science, "Mr. Matthew Arnold, in returning thanks for Literature, said:* Sir Francis Grant, your Royal Highness, my Lords, and gentlemen,—Literature, no doubt, is a great and splendid art, allied to that great and splendid art of which we see around us the handiwork. But, Sir, you do me an undeserved honour, when, as President of the Royal Academy, you desire me to speak in the name of Literature. Whatever I may have once wished or intended, my life is not that of a man of letters, but of an Inspector of Schools—(a laugh)—and it is with embarrassment that I now stand up in the dreaded presence of my own official chiefs—(a laugh)—who have lately been turning upon their Inspectors an eye of some suspicion—(a laugh). Therefore, Sir, I cannot quite with propriety speak here as a literary man and a brother artist; but, since you have called upon me, let me at least quote to you, and apply for my own benefit and that of others, something from an historian of literature. Fauriel, the French literary historian, tells us of a colony of Greeks settled somewhere in Southern Italy, who retained for an extraordinary length of time their Greek language and civilization. However, time and circumstances were at last too strong for them; they began to lose, they felt themselves losing their distinctive Greek character; they grew like all the other people about them. Only, once every year they assembled themselves together at a public festival of their community, and there, in language which the inroads of barbarism were every year more and more debasing, they reminded one another that they were once Greeks. (Cheers and a laugh.) How many of your Guests to-night, Sir, may remind one another of the same thing. (Hear, hear.) The brilliant statesman at the head of Her Majesty's Government, to whom we

**The Times*, May 3, 1875, p. 9. I am indebted to Mr. Percy Simpson of Oriel for this reference.

shall listen with so much admiration by and by, may even boast that he was born in Arcadia. (Cheers and a laugh.) To no people, probably, does it so often happen to have to break in great measure with their vocation and with the Muses, as to the men of letters for whom you have summoned me to speak. (Cheers.) But perhaps there is no man here, however positive and prosaic, who has not at some time or other of his life, and in some form or other, felt something of that desire for the truth and beauty of things which makes the Greek, the artist. (Hear, hear.) The year goes round for us amid other preoccupations; then, with the Spring, arrives your hour. You collect us at this festival; you surround us with enchantment, and call upon us to remember, and in our stammering and imperfect language to confess that we were once Greeks. (Cheers.) If we have not forgotten it, the reminder is delightful; if we have forgotten it, it is salutary. (Hear, hear.) In the common and practical life of this country, in the government, politics, commerce, law, medicine—even in its religion—some compliance with men's conventionality, vulgarity, folly, and ignobleness, a certain dose of claptrap—(a laugh)—passes almost for a thing of necessity. But in that world to which we have sometimes aspired, in your world of art, Sir, in the Greek world—for so I will call it after the wonderful people who introduced mankind to it—in the Greek world of art and science, claptrap and compliance with the conventional are simply fatal. (Hear, hear.) Let us be grateful to you for recalling it to us; for reminding us that strength and success are possible to find by taking one's law, not from the form and pressure of the passing day, but from the living forces of our genuine nature:—

'Vivitur ingenio; cetera mortis erunt.'

(Cheers.)"

In this graceful speech, which has never, so far as I am aware, appeared in print except in *The Times* report of the occasion on which it was delivered, Matthew Arnold made his profession of artistic faith. It is nobly conceived and charmingly expressed. Hellenism was always a great part of Matthew Arnold's religion—by this declaration, the major part. Analysis and definition, however, were not his strongest points. He disliked general principles and abstract ideas; and when he found himself compelled to define a position which he had taken up, was apt to seize upon the first attractive phrase which presented itself. It is interesting to consider how far Arnold was a Hellenist by his own definition of Hellenism.

He speaks of "that desire for the truth and beauty of things which makes the Greek, the artist." To the question: What is truth? what is beauty?" he would reply, "That which characterizes the productions of the great artists"—especially the great classics of ancient literature, since literature is the only form of art which he knows and understands. For Matthew Arnold, the Greek spirit was

represented solely by the great monuments of Greek literature, but what he saw in them. His Hellenism was something less vital, less fundamental, than that of Goethe, or Wincklemann—even than that of Walter Pater, perhaps. On the other hand, it was somethin stronger, more real, more constantly present, if more limited and rigid than the faint classicism of Sainte-Beuve. "The Greeks came first and their influence penetrated deepest," Mr. Humphry Ward tells us.* "Quite early in his poetical history he wrote his memorable sonnet 'To a Friend,' in answer to his question, 'Who prop, in these bad days, my mind?' and the answer that he gave was to name two Greek poets and a Greek moralist, Homer, Sophocles, Epictetus. Companions of his youth, these influences remained with him to the end." The same writer gives this key to Arnold's critical life:† "Sanity, the absence of caprice—these were to him the essentia things; he found them in the Greeks, in Goethe, and in the great French tradition from Molière to Leconte de Lisle, from Montaigne to Sainte-Beuve. It was because he did not find them in Victor Hugo that he could never bring himself to join the body of that poet's votaries, and that he once said to the present writer, 'there is more in the one little volume of André Chénier than in the whole forty volumes of Hugo.'" It was the influence of his early conception of the Greek spirit and his strong emotional bias in favour of all he connected with it, which was at the bottom of Matthew Arnold's principal admirations. "Two of his intellectual guides were foreigners," says the writer of a recent article in the *Cornhill;* "but he admired Sainte-Beuve and Goethe, not because one was a Frenchman and the other a German, but because both belonged to that comity of nations which derives its culture in the last resort from Ancient Greece, and both reflected the Greek spirit. In the Philistine England of his day Oxford was an *enclave* in an alien land; she was a solitary outpost in a hostile territory of that European culture which knows not territorial frontiers and distinctions of race, and she was carrying on a ceaseless war with the Philistines who threatened to overwhelm her. Through the classical education she gave her sons, the 'Queen of Romance,' to use Arnold's own poetical title for Oxford, came nearer to the heart of Europe than the rest of the country, and, in Arnold's words again, 'Newman alone in Oxford of his generation, alone of many generations, conveyed to us in his genius that same charm, that same ineffable sentiment which this exquisite place conveys.'"‡ The association of ideas through which Matthew Arnold's very appreciation of "the last enchantments of the Middle Age," his admiration for a man who, "has adopted, for the doubts and difficulties which beset men's minds to-day, a solution, which,

**English Poets*, Vol. V, p. 42. †*Ibid*, p. 44.
‡Henry Tristran, "Newman and Matthew Arnold," *The Cornhill Magazine*, March, 1926.

to speak frankly, is impossible,"* could be strengthened by his love of Greece, would seem to show that his conception of the Greek spirit had much in common with Scholasticism. "We are all Aristotelians," said Newman.

Matthew Arnold indirectly defines the Greek spirit as he saw it in his remarks on some of his contemporaries. "Swinburne's poem ('Atalanta in Calydon') is as you say," he writes to Conington :† "the moderns will only have the antique on the condition of making it more *beautiful* (according to their own notions of beauty) than the antique—*i.e.*, something wholly different. You were always good to 'Merope' and I think there is a certain solidity in her composition, which makes her look as well now as five years ago—a great test." "Merope," however, in spite of her "solidity"—a queer test to apply to a work of art—can hardly be regarded as successful in its attempt to capture the spirit of Greek tragic poetry. At another time Arnold says : ‡ "Modern sentiment tries to make the ancient not less than the modern world its own. For example : the writer of an interesting article on English translations of Homer, in the last number of the *National Review*,§ quotes, I see, with admiration, a criticism of Mr. Ruskin on the use of the epithet, 'life-giving,' in that beautiful passage in the third book of the *Iliad*, which follows Helen's mention of her brothers Castor and Pollux as alive, though they were in truth dead.

> 'ὼς φάτο 'τοὺς δ'ήδη κατέχεν φυίζοος âια
> ὲν Λακαδαίμονι âυθι. φίλῃ ὲν πατρίδι γâιῃ. (*Iliad* iii, 243.)

'The poet,' says Mr. Ruskin, 'has to speak of the earth in sadness ; but he will not let that sadness affect or change his thought of it. No ; though Castor and Pollux be dead, yet the earth is our mother still—fruitful, life-giving.' This is a just specimen of that sort of application of modern sentiment to the ancients, against which a student, who wishes to feel the ancients truly, cannot too resolutely defend himself." (And yet Arnold himself was not able to defend himself from the application to the ancients of an inherited Hebraising tendency). "It is not true," he goes on, "as a matter of general criticism, that this kind of sentimentality, eminently modern, inspires Homer at all. 'From Homer and Polygnotus I every day learn more clearly,' says Goethe, 'that in our life above ground we have, properly speaking, to enact Hell' : || if the student must absolutely have a keynote to the *Iliad*, let him take this of Goethe, and see what he can do with it ; it will not, at any rate like the tender pantheism of Mr. Ruskin, falsify for him the whole strain of Homer." Of Tennyson he says :¶

*"Emerson." †*Letters*, May 17, 1866. ‡*On Translating Homer. I.*

§"The English Translators of Homer," *National Review*, October, 1860 (No. XXII, Vol. XI, pp. 283-314).

|| *Briefwechsel zwischen Schiller und Goethe*, VI, 230.

¶*Last Words on Translating Homer.*

"No doubt there are plainer things in Tennyson's poetry than the three lines I quoted; * but, when Mr. Spedding talks of a plainness of thought *like Homer's*, of a plainness of speech *like Homer's*, and says that he finds these constantly in Mr. Tennyson's poetry, I answer that there I do not find them at all . . . Homer presents his thought to you just as it wells from the source of his mind: Mr. Tennyson carefully distils his thought before he will part with it. Hence comes, in the expression of the thought, a heightened and elaborate air. In Homer's poetry it is all natural thoughts in natural words; in Mr. Tennyson's poetry it is all distilled thoughts in distilled words." Speaking of Clough, on the other hand, Arnold thinks "The Bothie of Inver-na-Fuolich" "has some admirable Homeric qualities; out-of-door freshness, life, naturalness, buoyant rapidity. Some of the expressions in that poem . . . come back now to my ear with the true Homeric ring. But that in him of which I think oftenest, is the Homeric simplicity of his literary life."†

Exactly what Matthew Arnold meant by Hellenism, or the Greek spirit, and exactly how far he was a Hellenist according to his own definition will become clearer if one looks at his comparison of Hebraism and Hellenism in *Culture and Anarchy*. "The final aim of both Hellenism and Hebraism, as of all great spiritual disciplines, is no doubt the same; man's perfection or salvation. The very language which they both of them use in schooling us to reach this aim is often identical. Still, they pursue this aim by very different courses. The uppermost idea with Hellenism is to see things as they really are; the uppermost idea with Hebraism is conduct and obedience. Nothing can do away with this ineffaceable difference. While Hebraism seizes upon certain plain, capital intimations of the universal order, and rivets itself, one may say, with unequalled grandeur of earnestness and intensity on the study and observance of them, the bent of Hellenism is to follow with flexible activity, the whole play of the universal order, to be apprehensive of missing any part of it, of sacrificing one part to another, to slip away from resting in this or that intimation of it, however capital. An unclouded clearness of mind, an unimpeded play of thought, is what this bent drives at. The governing idea of Hellenism is *spontaneity of consciousness*; that of Hebraism, *strictness of conscience*."‡

According to this definition, Matthew Arnold is far more of a Hebraist than a Hellenist. In the "Speech at Eton"§—a speech

* . . . "Mr. Tennyson's blank verse.

> *For* all experience is an arch, wherethro'
> Gleams that untravell'd world, whose *distance* fades
> For ever and for ever, *as we gaze*."
>
> —*On Translating Homer, III.*

This should be, of course, "*Yet* all . . . whose *margin* . . . for ever *when I move*."

† *Last Words on Translating Homer.* ‡ Ch. IV. § *Irish Essays.*

whose text is, that of "the best which has been thought and said in the world," "the classics of Greece and Rome form a very chief portion, and the portion most entirely satisfactory"—he enumerates the lines of expansion of human life as "the lines of conduct, of intellect and knowledge, of beauty, of social life and manners." He goes on to say: "The ideal of human life being such as it is, all these great and diverse powers, to the attainment of which our instincts, as we have seen, impel us, hang together—cannot be truly possessed and employed in isolation. Yet it is convenient, owing to the way in which we find them actually exhibiting themselves in human life and in history, to treat them separately, and to make distinctions of rank amongst them. In this view we may say that the power of conduct is the greatest of all the powers now named; that it is even three-fourths of life." In "A Liverpool Address," * which professes to be a plea for *lucidity*, we are told again, "Conduct is three-fourths of life, and a man who works for conduct, therefore, works for more than a man who works for intelligence." In still another place,† Arnold declares: "But conduct, plain matter as it is, is six-eighths of life, while art and science are only two-eighths." Matthew Arnold points out‡ how Hellenism "may not only check us in following unreservedly a mean master-concern of any kind, but may even also bring new life and movement into that side of us with which alone Hebraism concerns itself, and awakens a healthier and less mechanical activity there. Hellenism may thus actually serve to further the designs of Hebraism." In the last analysis, this is what Hellenism can be said to have done for Matthew Arnold. It is to be feared that he very often forgot he was a Greek except in the letter. "He began life as an Hellene of the Hellenes," says a contemporary,§ "and was as one of those who are at ease in Zion. He has gradually become more Hebraic than the Hebrews, but yet retains the easy manner of the sons of light."

"High seriousness" and the grand style are eminently Hebraic conceptions. Indeed, Arnold declares, in the passage in the lectures "On Translating Homer," where he attempts to define the grand style, that there is "one English book and one only, where, as in the *Iliad* itself, perfect plainness of speech is allied with perfect nobleness; and that book is the Bible." He was led, too, to interpret great works in a rather dogmatic and undiscriminating fashion. "The motive of Shakespeare, the master-thought at the bottom of Shakespeare's production, is the same as the master-thought at the bottom of the production of Homer and Sophocles, Dante and Molière, Rousseau and George Sand," he says: ‖ "With all the differences of manner, power and performance between these makers, the governing

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**Nineteenth Century*, November, 1882 (Vol. 12, No. LXIX).

†*Literature and Dogma*, Ch. XI, p. 5. ‡*Culture and Anarchy*, Ch. V.

§J. Jacobs, *Essays and Reviews* from the *Athenæum* (London, 1891), p. 94.

‖ "An Old Playgoer," *Pall Mall Gazette*, August 12, 1884 (Vol. IV of *Works*, 1908).

motive is the same. It is the motive enunciated in the burden of the famous chorus in the *Agamemnon*:—τὸ δ' εὖ νικάτω 'Let the good prevail.' Until this is recognized, Shakespeare's work is not understood. We connect the word morality with preachers and bores, and no one is so little of a preacher and bore as Shakespeare; but yet, to understand Shakespeare aright, the clue to seize is the morality of Shakespeare. The same with the work of the older French writers, Molière, Montaigne, Rabelais. The master-pressure upon their spirit is the pressure exercised by this same thought: 'Let the good prevail.' And the result is that they deal with the life of all of us—the life of man in its fulness and greatness." It is the master-pressure of Hebraism and the master-pressure of Matthew Arnold, but whether it is the master-pressure of great art is not so certain. To works which he was led to accept as great by his education or personal predilections, Arnold insisted on attributing it whether they had it or not. To works and authors who did not have it and whom he was not obliged to admire, such as Balzac or Flaubert, he seized every excuse for denying greatness. Those which he revered he set up as a standard, as the true signs of the law whereby every other work was to be judged.

Matthew Arnold's first lecture at Oxford, "On the Modern Element in Literature," * was designed "to establish the absolute, the enduring interest of Greek literature, and, above all, of Greek poetry." There he requires of literature that direct criticism of life which is so contrary to the essence of poetry, whose nature is ever by indirections to find directions out; and he demands withal that this criticism be of a certain kind. "Speak ye comfortably unto my people," Matthew Arnold says to the poets. In accordance with this principle, he underrates Lucretius whom he stigmatizes as morbid, and disparages Horace for not having been serious.

> "Damna tamen celeres reparant cœlestia lunæ:
> Nos, ubi decidimus—etc."

he quotes with the comment—"it is exquisite, but it is not interpretative and fortifying." His predominant Hebraism blinded Arnold to the interpretative and fortifying quality of art, apart from what it may be intended to teach. "The grand business of modern poetry," he thought, was "a moral interpretation, from an independent point of view, of man and the world."

Matthew Arnold professed Hellenism with his lips, but he really came near to strangling Hellenism with Hebraism. *Spontaneity of consciousness* suffered greatly from *strictness of conscience* in the intellectual sphere. "Il faut combattre la morale," remarks M. Emile Fauget, "de tout l'amour que l'on sent et que l'on doit sentir pour la force et la beauté."

JAMES BENTLEY ORRICK.

**Essays by Matthew Arnold* (Oxford, 1914).

THE NOVICE

BROTHER MICHAEL started up from the tumbled bedclothes and stared around him into the huge, dim dormitory. He felt the cold perspiration on his forehead and in the palms of his hands; his limbs shook uncontrollably and he was breathing quickly and uttering little cries of distress. For a moment he could not clearly understand. Where was he? How had he come here? And mother? And the Father Socius, scowling?

The Socius—ah, yes! He remembered then, and with a pang of nostalgia sank back on the pillow. He felt his chin cockling and his breath coming in ever sharper snatches, and soon the tears welled through his tightly closed lids and flowed down over his hot cheeks.

He had been dreaming of home: he had been lying on the cushions by the drawing-room hearth stroking Pansy, the cat, and gazing across the firelight to where his mother and sister sat together, sewing and talking under the lamp. How deeply he had been savouring once more the warmth, the gentle kindly company, the soft touch of Pansy's fur, the perfume of the bunch of sweet-pea, the secure quiet, when, as it had seemed, a darkness fell menacingly on the room and there stood the Socius, scowling reproof, shedding desolation as he gravely shook his head and repeated his terrible warning about the loss of vocation and of the soul's eternal salvation. It was then that Michael had started up, terrified—and here he was now, holding the bedclothes over his face to smother a little the sound of his sobbing.

Not for the first time had he waked from such dreams, oppressed with fear for his vocation. Indeed, so frequently had this occurred of late that he was becoming sleepless through dread of the treachery of sleep with its upsurge of the carnal Michael. His waking thoughts and actions he had striven to bend to the yoke of Christ. On them he had kept ever stricter watch, rigorously repressing every inclination to slip into reminiscence. All the irksome tasks of his noviceship he had performed with a sort of holy zeal that sustained him in a state of exaltation not far short of ecstasy. And yet, the more sternly he had striven in waking consciousness for conquest of his emotions, the more triumphantly had they emerged in dreams. Dreams laden with danger to the soul, dreams from which he awoke aching with desire, with a longing to be touched, to be comforted, to hold and be held in a dark, warm embrace.

Overwrought with brooding on this evil, Brother Michael flung himself out of bed, and sinking prostrate on the floor prayed in a panic of contrition. He prayed to be delivered from sins of the imagination, for strength to purge away carnal affection and to mortify his senses into submission, and he renewed his vow to forsake utterly all remem-

brance of home and kindred and the allurements of the world, and to think only of his spiritual home and Holy Mother, the Society of Jesus.

The paroxysm spent itself at last, and Brother Michael gathered himself up and for a while sat on the edge of his bed, with half-comprehension, watching through the tall windows the faint glow of the summer sky. It had crept round from the north to the east. It was growing brighter outside now. Already, perhaps, it was the dawn.

Brother Michael, though utterly weary, was not yet reconciled to sleep. He stole across to the foot of a window, through which the tops of the elms had just appeared, sharp and flat as a paper pattern against the sky, and there he stood gazing out at the strange, silent world. He seemed to be the only thing awake—himself and God.

A blackbird now uttered a first tiny trill. Down in the dew-grey meadows the sleepy river glided on, faintly shining, moving as if enchanted; nearer, Brother Michael could see grey dewy gauze over the hedges and clumps of grass, stretching out of sight as if the whole world were covered under the frail net. Other birds began to twitter. All the birds. A heavy crow flapped uncertainly through the dusk, cawing. Then another crow. Slow troops of crows, cawing. Tiny birds flitted short about the trees. And the trees—Brother Michael wondered what they were waiting for, out there in the dawn.

Suddenly he was aware that it was daylight, that all the sky was delicately flushed and that the tops of the elms were golden brown and green and warm. Down in the dormitory it was still shadowy and cold. How good to steal out very quietly and away, away. . . .

Away—from one's vows, one's vocation! The thought threatened to shatter again the strange, secret peace which had come to him as he looked out into the dawn. He hurried from the window, got back into bed, sighed deeply and was soon asleep.

JOHN W. COULTER.

INLAND VOYAGERS

HOW shall we make ourselves a dream
Of gorgeous ease for idle days,
That yet may seem
Not quite beyond our means and ways?

Let us not speak of lotus flowers.
The lotus does not bloom for us
Whose leisure hours
Are spent in waiting for the 'bus.

The palms that fringe a Latin shore,
The wines that slake a Latin throat
Allure us more,
While quarter day is still remote.

But these are thoughts to make us mad,
Since we must save and stint our wives
To say we've had
A week abroad once in our lives.

A nightmare, not a dream is this,
Always to scrape and save our pence
To taste our bliss
Still in the future perfect tense.

Better to smash our office clocks,
Then go and find among bargees
The paradox
Of work compatible with ease;

Where modest means need never curb
Our liberty to roam at large
Nor our superb
Autocracy upon the barge.

O multiplex ideal of bliss!
Each day to see new sluices foam,
Yet never miss
The comfort of a quiet home.

To feel a merchant skipper's pride,
Yet never know the skipper's doubt
Of wind and tide,
As R. L. S. has pointed out.

To ride the still canals of time,
And watch our unrecorded days
Unmeasured climb
Like smoke into the summer haze.

To think that the eternal laws
Are mute, that in the summer sky
The sun makes pause,
That we shall never need to die;

That one day, gazing on the bank,
We shall not be surprised to see
A sunlit blank
Just where our shadows used to be.

B. J. PENDLEBURY.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

PREFACERS.—I was reading the other day Charles Lamb's essay on *The Barrenness of the Imaginative Faculty in the Productions of Modern Art.* It is one of the few fine essays in which he remains quite serious in expression as well as in intent. Do you remember how neatly he digresses, in the last few paragraphs, into some excellent criticism of *Don Quixote*? What Elia says is so true that his words should be quoted on the flyleaf of any edition of Cervantes' masterpiece. But it would be a surprise to learn that this choice piece of criticism has once been used in this way. In reprinting famous books, publishers too often employ some learned nonentity to write the preface. Such errors of taste should be prevented, for they upset the temper of the intending reader. It is truly exasperating to find a blockhead standing in front of a great man.

In my own small collection of reprints there are many volumes from which I am tempted to tear out the first few offending pages. For example, there is an English translation of Pliny's letters which is spoilt by an introduction that might well be used as a warning example in that most delightful of grammar books, *The King's English.* Pliny, the cultured, the polished, the almost excessively literary Pliny, is introduced to the un-Latined reader by a gentleman who splits his infinitives and whose style is a solid mass of clichés. A journalist in a hurry could be forgiven the use of such stereotyped phrases as, "in the best sense of the term," "graphically described," "prove of the utmost value," "to win his spurs and climb the ladder of distinction," "went from bad to worse," "happy regime," "stood him in good stead," etc. But can we forgive the use of them by a writer who with leisure at his command is introducing us to a classic author of Pliny's distinction? But the clichés I have instanced are but a selection, and although there are no such things as split infinitives in Latin, it is also impossible to forgive this "prefacer" for having made Pliny write: " . . . I should now seem to deliberately seek. . . ."

Then there is a copy of Thoreau's *Essays.* This volume, like the preceding one, belongs to that admirable series of reprints, the Walter Scott Library. The prefatory note in this case is signed by a Mr. Will H. Dircks. Mr. Dircks is also fond of the cliché. In company with the anonymous gentleman who introduced us to Pliny, he is therefore immediately disqualified as a writer. At least, he is not in a position to talk about Thoreau, or about anyone else who can use a pen. For the cliché, of course, is the signal which warns us that here is a man who writes without thinking; and such a one, though his polysyllables be as long as Icknield Street and as numerous as the roads that lead to Rome, will never persuade us that he has anything fresh to say.

But in addition to the stereotyped phrase, there are other things in Mr. Dirck's preface which makes his prose unfit to be bound up with a classic work. For instance, he is one of those people who make a statement and then, instead of proceeding to the next, repeat it over and over again in different words. Thus he does not merely say, "One is impressed by the fundamental quality of Thoreau's mysticism." That would be a plain, if disputable, statement. Mr. Dirck has to write it like this: "One is impressed by the fundamental quality of Thoreau's mysticism, how deeply it was rooted in him, how powerfully and constantly its influence predominated with him." These, as Hamlet said, are "words, words, words." For if Thoreau's mysticism was a fundamental quality, of course it was deeply rooted in him, and, of course, it powerfully and constantly influenced him. In short, what follows the first sentence is redundant, and must to the barber with Polonius's beard.

We have some right to be annoyed at finding this sort of stuff in front of a classic. But, as I have said, Mr. Dirck is not an isolated case. He sins in company. Here is a sentence from the introduction to the Everyman Library edition of *Gulliver's Travels*. "It may seem that his fellow-men sometimes seemed to Swift too much like apes, *or like horses*." (My italics.) We can pass over the clumsiness of construction which makes use of "it may seem" and "sometimes seemed to" in one short sentence. But this "or like horses" is not a mere grammatical error or a slab of poor writing, but a flatly misleading statement. Either the "prefacer" to this volume has not read that part of it which records Gulliver's visit to the Houyhnhmns, or he has forgotten that the satire is based on the very definite implication that in comparison with the noble horse, Man, the Yahoo, is a kind of disreputable, unclean ape.

Every reader who, like myself, is cursed with a conscience and reads prefaces—lucky are those who can happily pass them by—will be able to find a hundred other examples. I should, therefore, like to put forward a suggestion for improvement. As publishers cannot always be trusted, apparently, to find someone worthy to write the foreword to a classic, could they not be persuaded instead to collect all the best things which have been written about it since the first edition, and to use these excerpts as a composite introduction? Such a varied collection of first-rate opinion would enhance considerably the value of a reprint, as well as prevent some fool from rushing in where the angels of criticism have trod with circumspection.—John Shand.

The Critics and Mr. Wells.—Mr. Osbert Sitwell, in the preface to *All at Sea* (Duckworth), says that, as a rule—

> . . . a writer of over fifty-five or sixty years of age who has made a reputation is treated with a sycophance as sickening as the abuse and ridicule with which he was covered as a younger man. Even this belated canonisation, however,

> does not overtake the writer of ideas, as opposed to the writer of style. Thus, Mr. H. G. Wells, whom anyone not entirely without mind must admit is a genius, whose existence does credit (even if he does not wish it) to the country, century and system which have reared him, and who, such is the multiplicity of his ideas, is at the back of every intelligent young man's mind, his ideas part of the knowledge and education of every younger writer, was insulted over his last book, as though he had been a young poet just starting out on his career: the position being in reality that "Meanwhile" is one of the most interesting books Mr. Wells has ever written, but had it been as rotten as the stupidest and most spiteful gossip-writer could have wished, it should have been received with that respect and consideration due to a man of genius who has rendered the reading public for ever his debtors.

One is grateful to him for this finely expressed tribute to Mr. Wells, and, alas, only too well justified criticism of modern literary manners. Since it was written Mr. Wells has given us several new books, and his latest, *Mr. Blettsworthy on Rampole Island* (Benn) has just appeared. It is a fine book and I wish all intending reviewers could be compelled first to read Mr. Sitwell's remarks. Not for Mr. Wells's sake, but for their own, and for the sake of the public self-respect. Actually, a good deal of amusement (of a sort) is to be derived by anyone who follows the correspondence columns of contemporary journals from the spectacle of Mr. Wells good-humouredly, but resoundingly, boxing the ears of some literary causeur or notoriety-seeking anecdotist who has squirted ink at him. But it is not really an edifying spectacle.—R. R.

A Pleasant Invective Against Newspapers.—I dislike newspapers. I dislike their lies; their language; their sentimentality; their preoccupation with women; their sensationalism; their bad taste; their vulgarity; their unhealthy rivalry; their fear of and servility to advertisers; their own blatant self-advertisement; their fickleness towards an opinion—an idea—a man; their frequency; their inexhaustibility; their repetitiveness; their bulk; their habit of coalescing into beastly mongrels; their slavish imitation of each other—hence, their sameness; *and* the very damnable way they remove before publication the best points of any letter I send them.

I dislike newspapers. I find it hard to reconcile this fact with the manifest truth that I shall continue to buy and read them with avidity so long as any remain.—Richard Mallett.

A Confraternity of the Faithless. Christmas was ever a lonely feast for the faithless, and I write this in the hope that among your readers there may be some religious exiles who feel as I do.

Must it always be thus? Must we who love Christ as loyally as any Christian always be shut out from His festival? And yet, if it were just, how could we join them and watch while their priests edit, revise, argue and finally submerge in trumpery and apology that which was once a poem?

Let us rather go apart and found for ourselves what Wilde called a "confraternity of the faithless." Can we not find some dark upper room in London, with a lamp and a cross, and much quietude, by which to remember Him?

It may be that institutional religion is hopeless, and poetry and constitutions irreconcilable, but Jesus asked men and women to go apart together and remember Him. His was so much the way of friendliness that it is hard to honour Him singly, besides it would surely have hurt Him to think that of the millions who called Him "Lord" there were not two or three brave enough to remember Him as He was.

The Christians meet to worship the Jesus they call God. Are we ashamed to honour our own unrisen Christ?

Let us found a brotherhood in which none knows his neighbour, a ritual without creed or prostration, a meeting-place beautiful with peace. The Confraternity of the Faithless need have no constitution, only a common longing to meet and remember Christ. There would be place among them alike for the hopeful and hopeless: for those who believed that upper room held only refreshment, and for those who thought it might some day hold the living presence of Christ.

* * * *

This is only a humble idea, but I submit it in the hope that some readers will honour me with their opinions and suggestions.

—ICONOCLAST.

CONSCIOUSNESS.—It is necessary to distinguish "consciousness" from "the conscious" (and its corollary "the unconscious"); and generally to avoid the particularization of universals (beware of the definite article; *cf.* "imagination" and "the imagination"). Consciousness is simply the point at which life becomes matter (energy becomes form) and as such has not been touched by the Behaviorists, who in their rejection of "consciousness" are really rejecting "the conscious" and are merely concerned with a condition of egocentric sensational awareness which they quite rightly regard as an illusory entity. Real consciousness is not sensational, but intuitive, and such intuition is not simple (or single) but exists in different degrees (which may amount to different kinds) for the planes of sensational (manual), instinctive (visceral), and intellectual (verbal) activity.—HERBERT READ.

NOTES ON SHAKESPEARE

Shakespeare and Order: A Note on Richard II.—On grounds of internal evidence, too minute to be detailed here, I believe that *Richard II.* was written about a year after *Richard III.* and about a year before *King John*. *King John* really is the first of the second group of Shakespeare's historical plays. It is much more strongly linked to *Henry IV.* than to its predecessors; and it marks the beginning of a change in Shakespeare's attitude to history, or at least to historical play-writing. He was thenceforward interested less in history than in men. The character of the Bastard in *King John* completely dominates the historical events, and the Bastard is the lineal ancestor of both Falstaff and Harry Hotspur.

There is no such character, and no such interest in *Richard II.* But, although the character of Richard II. himself does not deserve the praise which has been lavished upon it, the play is of singular importance. It marks the conclusion of the first period of Shakespeare's historical play-writing, chronologically and ideally; under this aspect it should be considered.

Shakespeare had been long engaged in a close sequence of plays dealing with "York and Lancaster's long jars." Whether they were wholly his own is immaterial to this argument. Indisputably, his work as a reviser, if he were a reviser, had been long and exacting. *Richard III.* was wholly his own. In it he had treated the bloody culmination of the Wars of the Roses as spectacular dramatic material; and he had handled it like the master of the theatre he had now become. His art was still formal; but in *Richard III.* it reached a perfection of formality beyond the compass of any of his contemporaries. The material was, however, treated as a mere datum. There is in the drama no trace of any speculation on the causes of things.

Having brought the mere record to this masterly end, having provided Burbage with a star part, and made his own unchallengeable reputation as a master of the historical play—one needs to compare contemporary historical plays to appreciate the virtuoso brilliance of *Richard III.*, dimmed as it is in our minds by the memory of Shakespeare's own subsequent and greater triumphs—Shakespeare turned to the causes of things. *Richard II.* was, I think obviously, conceived as a dramatic exposition of Shakespeare's speculations upon the grounds and motives of the events with which he had been dealing hitherto in a detached, and, as it were, purely professional manner. And Shakespeare, being Shakespeare, has no single solution: his mind, like his own Richard's, is a channel for various and conflicting thoughts. But, again, being Shakespeare, he does not suffer conflict to become confusion.

Richard II. is himself the embodiment of the theory of right divine; he is its spokesman also. But less explicitly than the Bishop of Carlisle.

> My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
> Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
> And if you crown him, let me prophesy
> The blood of English shall manure the ground
> And future ages groan for this foul act;

Peace shall go deep with Turks and infidels
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound;
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this land be called
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
O, if you raise this house against this house
It will the woefullest division prove
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you "Woe!"

The deposition of an anointed king is an offence against Heaven, to be visited unto the third and fourth generation. That *Richard II.* is a vindication of this ancient theory is, indeed, a commonplace of criticism; which has to contort itself round the awkward fact that Shakespeare's company got into trouble with the authorities for reviving it. The fundamental mistake of such criticism is the usual one, namely, to conceive Shakespeare as having a "one-way" mind. Undoubtedly he did put forward, with all the eloquence of which he was then capable, the belief in the divine right of a king. The tremendous consciousness of his royal and divine dignity with which Shakespeare endows Richard corresponds to nothing in Holinshed. It was a deliberate imaginative addition to his historical data.

But Shakespeare does leave the matter there. The long history of bloodshed on which he had been engaged was not simply the history of a crime against Heaven and its subsequent punishment. Shakespeare was far too much of a realist (as opposed to the theocratic philosopher like Bossuet) to think thus of these things. Richard *was* deposed. The thing happened; and with a king like his Richard, "Lord of his presence and no sense beside," the thing was bound to happen. In the king's uncle, York, Shakespeare depicts the attitude of the good man, distraught between ideal royalties and practical necessities. Not Richard's eloquence, but the extraordinary dramatic emphasis upon York's behaviour, is the element in the play on which our curiosity needs to be focused.

York defends Richard to the utmost verge of possibility: he is extreme in his loyalty, even to supplying the wasted revenues from his private purse. But, Richard once deposed, he is equally extreme in his loyalty to Bolingbroke, even to insisting, against Bolingbroke's own inclination to mercy, on the execution of his son Rutland for treason. This striking contrast is of Shakespeare's deliberate invention. He had, indeed, historical warrant for York's action in denouncing his own son's treachery to the new King; but Holinshed makes the action wholly due to the fact that York had personally gone bail for Rutland's good behaviour. This was an honourable, but personal, motive. Shakespeare deliberately lifted it to the plane of impersonal principle. Carlisle is loyal to the divine right of a king; York is loyal to the divine principle of *order*.

York's loyalty (perfect in kind) is to Royalty as the fount of order. When Royalty ceases to be the fount of order, loyalty is necessarily dissolved. For York, no less than Carlisle, there is a religious sanction, but for him Royalty is divine, only so long as it fulfils the Divine purpose. It is not a divine principle in itself, not only a manifestation of the divine principle of Order. Order is God's will; and York's sense of the Divine—more nearly Shakespeare's own, I think—stands against Carlisle's and Richard's.

Had not God, *for some strong purpose*, steeled
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.

It is scarcely necessary to point in Shakespeare's later work to the magnificent vindication of order by Ulysses in *Troilus and Cressida:* or More's argument to the rioters in the famous Shakespearean scene of *Sir Thomas More.*

Grant them removed, and grant that this your noise
Hath chid down all the majesty of England . . .
What had you got? I'll tell you: you had taught
How insolence and strong hand should prevail,
How order should be quelled; and by this pattern
Not one of you should live an aged man
For other ruffians, as their fancies wrought,
With self same hand, self reasons, and self right
Would shark upon you, and men like ravenous fishes
Would feed on one another.

The precariousness of Order, and the necessity of it for the humane life—hese we may guess were truths deeply impressed upon Shakespeare by his ong dramatic apprenticeship to the Wars of the Roses. Not "the article ontaining the deposing of the King" was the cause of that secular misery; ut the refusal of men to acknowledge the divine right of Order.

J. M. Murry.

A New Facsimile of the Folio.—Mr. Dover Wilson and Messrs. Faber nd Gwyer are jointly to be thanked for the very real service they have one the student of Shakespeare by publishing facsimiles of the Folio text f the separate plays at the reasonable price of 6s. each. The first four olumes of the series are *The Tempest*, *Twelfth Night*, *Coriolanus* and *Macbeth.* hose comparatively few fortunate who already possess a Folio Facsimile now how difficult and cumbrous a volume it is to handle: they will be grateful r the new volumes. Those who do not, have now the opportunity of nowing what a Shakespeare play looked like before criticism took it in and. But in the excitement of the first contact they will need, perhaps, be on their guard against the alluring vistas opened in Mr. Dover Wilson's refaces. It is not given to every amateur detective to be a Sherlock Holmes.

THE PURSUIT OF A REASONABLE WORLD

THE INTELLIGENT WOMAN'S GUIDE TO SOCIALISM AND CAPITALISM. By George Bernard Shaw. (Constable). 15s. net.

THE COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE. By Judge Ben B. Lindsey and Wainwright Evans. (Brentano's.) 10s. 6d. net.

The authors of these books—however different—are united not only in the courageous candour with which they express themselves, but by the fact that in their tacit assumptions they raise much the same questions and reveal an acceptance of the same type of values. It is this ethical background that I wish to discuss in this article; but, particularly for those who have not looked them over, I must first say something of the books themselves.

Mr. Shaw's book is primarily on economics. For Socialism as he defines it is nothing more or less than an opinion as to how the world's wealth should be divided. He recognizes seven plans of distribution, of which the last, Socialism, is that every citizen should receive exactly the same. The other six are thus briefly designated: (1) To each what she produces; (2) to each what she deserves; (3) to each what she can grab; (4) oligarchy; (5) distribution by class; (6) *laissez-faire*.

This is a bold and picturesque classification, but something more cautious and methodical is required. For instance, of oligarchy he says:—

> The fourth plan is to take one person in ten (say) and make her rich without working by making the other nine work hard and long every day, giving them only enough of what they make to keep them alive and enable them to bring up families to continue their slavery when they grow old and die. This is roughly what happens at present. . . .

The sixth plan, *laissez-faire*, is, of course, to leave things as they are. But have we here *two* ways of dividing up wealth—the one *oligarchy;* the other *to go on having oligarchy?* This is obviously ridiculous and can only be set down to carelessness.

As a matter of fact, all the six plans which Mr. Shaw would reject are different aspects of the existing scheme of things rather than independent alternative systems. He has, of course, no difficulty in knocking them down in turn. They fail to stand, not merely for the reasons he alleges, but, most of all, for the reason that no very simple system can form the basis of a complicated civilization.

Again, take the third plan: "to each what she can grab." The first paragraph written in the conditional tells us that it "would never do," that we "should get tired of it in no time." The second tells us that in a modified form we have this system now, but that it produces "such bad results that new laws are continually being made to restrain it." Apart from its conflicting with the first, this second argument is surely weak. The fact that laws are being made to check its abuses is as much in its favour as against it. If its abuses were inaccessible to legislation that would be a far more serious matter and a far weightier argument for the abolition of a faulty system.

A man's market price—and that is more or less what he gets to-day—is a combination of many factors. What he produces, what he deserves, what he

can grab, his social status, his capital—all enter into it. And Mr. Shaw has still to show that *this* system taken in its entirety and in all its complexity is incapable of standing. Where he cannot demonstrate the impracticability of a plan he is apt to appeal to abstract justice. The system of grab is finally thrown aside because we have still to find a just datum line to start from. This, the third argument in his chapter, introduces a new element quite alien to the matter in hand. Whether grab is a practicable and righteous system is quite another matter from whether it can be given an ideal start. Whatever plan we are to have must be built on what we have already—Mr. Shaw admits this in another passage. We have not even got a choice in this respect. Fact is the only thing we *can* start from. For even ideal justice, if we could get it, would only be a distillation from existing facts. We are reminded of Anatole France's remark : " When we say life is good, life is evil, we are stating a meaningless proposition . . .—for it is through it, and it alone, we have an idea of good and bad at all." When Mr. Shaw appeals to abstract justice let him pause to inquire where he has learnt justice. Is it not from the modern world in which he was brought up—the capitalist system which he considers at bottom *wholly unjust?*

Mr. Shaw's Socialism has been arrived at by thinking over a great mass of material. He is apt to forget this and to think that any piquant detail can bring his reader to the same view.

> What the prize-fighter got for his six or seven minutes' boxing would pay a judge's salary for two years ; and we are all agreed that nothing could be so ridiculous, and that a system of distributing wealth which leads to such absurdities must be wrong.

We are *not* agreed. In fact, many of us are agreed that nothing is so absurd as to take absurdities to argue from, *unless the importance of those absurdities can also be shown.*

§

These critical remarks neither intend nor pretend to throw Mr. Shaw's book on to the scrap-heap, but to show how much work is still left for its reader. " The Intelligent Woman's Guide " is a very good book, and in one respect particularly it may be called a model text-book. Its author is considering reality, not, as is so usual, other people's estimation of it. It has been objected that much that it contains has long ago passed into general currency among economists. This is very likely true, but it is far from being a valid objection. There are two kinds of originality : one of saying something that has not been said, the other of standing on one's own feet and speaking one's own mind. Mr. Shaw possesses both kinds, but it is this second kind which counts for most not only in his work, but in all creative work. When the landscape painter plants his easel in a field he does not bother to inquire whether he is the first there. He is content that if he sees, feels and paints truly he will be original enough. Mr. Shaw's attitude is the same. His picture is his vision, unencumbered with references and acknowledgments. Like all who have a sense for reality, he does not regard truth as a proprietary article, and as likely as not for the bulk of his ideas he would be hard pressed to tell us whether they were his " own " or not. After all, if truth is anybody's property, it is the property of him who sees it, not him who first saw it.

§

Companionate marriage is legal marriage, with legalized birth control,* and with the right to divorce by mutual consent for childless couples, usually without payment of alimony. Judge Lindsey's book is a plea not only for a change in our marriage code, but still more for legal recognition of changes that are already taking place.

> The point I want to make is this—that people are *doing* these things; and that what they are *doing* constitutes the reality of the matter—not what they profess in order that they may avoid social destruction. If this reasoning is correct, then I believe I have enough evidence to justify the conclusion, not that this change in our sex morals is going to take place at some time in the future, but that it has already largely taken place, and is developing and crystallizing into a tacitly recognized and increasingly tolerated code. . . .
>
> We *have* this thing among us *now*. It can't be stopped. And to me it seems evident that the only course open to persons who are capable of rational thought is to accept the change, help guide it wisely, and transform it into a social asset as quickly as possible.

Though he has practical suggestions to make, the real innovation of Judge Lindsey, it will be seen, is rather in the realm of candour than of fact. In this he has at least our literary sympathy. But from an evolutionary standpoint we may question whether the attitude of society in its "developing and crystallizing, tacitly recognizing and increasingly tolerating," could really be improved upon. As a lawyer Judge Lindsey would probably be quite ready to admit the utility of legal fictions at a certain stage in the development of law, however obnoxious they may be when their day is past. The object of a legal fiction is to avoid the admission that the law is wrong. The social evolutionist may similarly be tempted to defend social fictions whose object is to avoid the admission that our morality is wrong. It is precisely this last admission that the Judge would extort from the society of to-day.

> We ought always to be conscious that mere subjective habit is not genuinely ethical; that it travels in a rut of tradition; *that conduct determined by it is not thought-out conduct.* What it prescribes may, or may not, be wise and expedient; but whichever it is, it involves no moral decision or rational choice.

It is evident from the Judge's remarks in this and other passages that he regards moral decision and rational choice as being pretty much the same thing. Thus his contention is not merely that traditional morality is wrong, but that, inasmuch as it is instructive and unreflecting, *it is not morality at all.* Is it possible to accept so exclusive an interpretation of morality as this? By no means. Morality is in the main a code for human conduct. Reason may enter very largely into that code, but to demand as this writer does that only thought-out conduct is to pass as moral conduct is to demand that every issue in life is to be treated as a problem, is to demand that each individual case be thought out on its own individual merits by the parties concerned. And this applied to sex would be to withdraw sexual relations from the jurisdiction of a code—that is, to remove them from the domain of morality. Where neither questions of property or children are involved it is quite thinkable that sexual relations should be left wholly to private judgment without any rules concerning them being enforced by society. That is really what the Judge is working for, though he seems quite uncon-

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* Much of Judge Lindsey's argument, though interesting to us, is directed primarily at American conditions under which it is illegal to spread knowledge of birth control or sell contraceptives.

scious of the fact. He thinks he is making for new ethical forms, ignoring the fact that form and tradition are almost synonymous.

What the Judge is really doing is to put sex on the same footing as diet. And, for those who would like to misunderstand that, I will add that diet is as far from gluttony as anything could be.

§

These two books are written against a common background. The tacit appeal is in each case for the exercise of reason and for the preparation of a more reasonable world. Judge Lindsey expressly repudiates conduct which is not *thought-out*. In the main Mr. Shaw would agree with him. He appeals to reason at every turn, and when he speaks of righteousness he means something essentially reasonable. His book is addressed not merely to the intelligent person, but to the intelligent woman. This is in itself significant. I have tried elsewhere* to show that reason is a feminine contribution to civilization. And if we investigate a little in this direction we shall see more clearly not only what Shaw and the apostles of reason would choose and would construct, but also what they would reject and even destroy.

An age of reason ? Yes, such a thing is possible, and it is towards it that we are moving to-day. In fact, we are very possibly moving towards a world more intellectual than even the modern rationalist imagines—an age in which reason may take stock of itself and know its limitations. Of these limitations Judge Lindsey seems to have little inkling, and for all his wisdom Mr. Shaw seems to have little more. What they fail to see is that without violence there is no energy, without energy no life. A perfectly reasoned world *without any waste* is what they desire, a world of perfect exchange, of perfect economics and usefulness. And in their instinctive distrust of emotions (perfectly reasonable emotions do not exist) they are most bitter in their attacks on the one emotion most favourable to intelligence—fear. Fear is at the very basis of intelligence. *The burnt child fears the fire*—that is the original recipe for the making of intellect.

For the rationalist everything must be justified by its usefulness, and the word use is gradually absorbing the whole of his ethical evaluations. What he forgets is that civilization is neither *use* nor *energy*, but *use of energy*. Waste he hates, and with it war as the most typically wasteful thing. The Judge says :—

> War on any scale whatever, public or private, is an evil, degrading and needless thing.

Mr. Shaw says of the last war :—

> From a militarist, nationalist or selfishly patriotic point of view such deeds as these may appear glorious exploits ; but from the point of view of any universally valid morality, say from the point of view of a God who is the father of Englishmen and Germans, Frenchmen and Turks alike, they must seem outbursts of the most infernal wickedness.

And what about Mother Nature, the mother of all these and a good many more besides ? Has not she her own version of a universally valid morality—a version which not only allows for, but even insists upon creation and destruction ? The pacifist wants creation *without* destruction. But Nature says no, and she has made him in his own way a destroyer, too.

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* *The Theory of Polarity.* (Putnam.)

§

In a very remarkable book, one which, written at the end of last century, anticipated in many respects the work of Spengler, Brooks Adams divided mankind into two types, the martial and the economic, and sought to show that it was the extermination of the first by the second that was the principal reason for a people's decline. When he speaks of men of the economic cast of mind he is thinking first and foremost of the financier. But the modern socialist and rationalist is no whit less economic than the capitalist he would overthrow. He, no less, is a man of economic cast of mind. Being so, he chooses a world in which this type may prevail. And the strange thing is that, good economist that he is, he is blind to one cardinal fact which is in its way an economic fact—the fact that, like all else, the socialist is paid for, and that his price is paid in blood. The pacifist thinks that in abolishing war he is giving a fair chance to all. He is not. He is giving a " fair " chance, very " fair " indeed, to pacifists, to rational men who under more brutal circumstances would readily succumb, while exterminating those of martial type.

Even the rationalist cannot step out of nature, and though he hates cruelty he has himself only invented a painless form of it; for his flesh is shocked by blood. Though he hates waste he has himself only invented an economic form of it, for in exterminating the strong man he is wasting energy itself

§

So much for the pacifist's war; now for the rationalist's culture. Is it possible to repudiate the emotional and instinctive values of the past and *think out* new values to take their place? That it is, the rationalist seems bent on maintaining. Judge Lindsey thinks that Truth is there for the reasonable man to see if only he will forsake his prejudices. Mr. Shaw thinks that Beauty is there for the leisured citizen to enjoy as soon as he is delivered from his present slavery. But, could they work their problems out to the end, they would be disappointed. For any given truth, though it has undoubtedly a reality-component, rests very largely on dogmatism, the intellectual form of violence. Neither can beauty exist unless some instinct can choose, and the stronger this choosing instinct, the stronger is the rejecting instinct—the sense for ugliness and the desire to destroy.

The rationalist would indeed like to conserve, at least in name, the values of the past, having made them conscious and reasonable. In holding up art, truth and love, he is offering traditional values. But the more intensely the light of reason is turned upon those values the more will they be brought in question. (In matters of value the head questions, the heart affirms.) Judge Lindsey hates jealousy—in this he is in complete accord with Mr. Bertrand Russell—and he thinks that when he has eliminated it he will be left with the pure flame of love. What he will get is a love so little flame-like that it may easily and safely be handled and subordinated to law, reason, convenience or anything else. This is what is quite likely to come, but surely we could be frank enough to call it by its right name—decadence. It must not be thought that I for my part wish to destroy the reason. That is far from being the case. My real complaint is that the rationalist, when he enters the philosophic field, is still so little intellectual. His anti-violent ideas are displayed against a background of such crude and hasty destructiveness as does little credit to his thinking.

§

I wish strongly to insist on the fact that in making these critical observations I do not imagine that I have "disposed" of these two books. We need as much literature about the modern world and its problems as can be produced with sincere conviction. The Judge is a practical man, and nothing I have said in any way discredits the excellent record of his cases in Denver, or the atmosphere of wise tolerance and kindly helpfulness which place him in the front rank of clinical workers.

If Mr. Shaw is not in the same degree a practical man, he is the most practical of thinkers. It is both his limitation and his strength that he is less introspective than other philosophers of his rank. His eye is on the world, and a very shrewd eye it is. If he is often disappointing on the more abstract side of things, he can handle sociological material (and what material more proper for the philosopher?) as no philosopher has yet handled it. He comes nearer than any other thinker to *working a human problem out*.

My object is to encourage the reader to enjoy these books, while making the very necessary reservations, particularly in regard to the spiritual mood which underlies them. Let him keep in his mind the words of the French philosopher, Alain: "We prove what we want to; the real difficulty is to know what we want to prove." That is true, and, even if these works could be regarded as *proofs*, there would still remain the question—why *did* their authors choose just that to believe in?

And, lastly, the reader's choice. Will he himself believe unreservedly in that reasonable world which these two authors desire so ardently and from which they imagine unlimited spiritual values are to be drawn?

GEOFFREY SAINSBURY.

MR. WELLS'S REVOLUTION

THE OPEN CONSPIRACY: BLUE PRINTS FOR A WORLD REVOLUTION. By H. G. Wells. (London: Gollancz.) 5s. net.

Mr. Wells has now published the sketch plan of the world revolution at which he hinted in his recent book of essays: *The Way the World is Going*. To outline a world revolution in less than 160 pages is quick going. The more cautious reader will have his breath taken away by the speed. When, the dizzy journey over, he dismounts and tries to collect his senses, perhaps one word more than any other re-echoes in his brain. The word is "groups." It is the Open Sesame to the newest Utopia.

Nowadays we hear a great deal about "groups." We are scared by communist "groups"; we are enlightened by "study groups." It is only natural that more groups and better groups should be our chief hope of salvation from chaos. After all, a group is only a collection of men and women. It is not likely that humanity will be saved by the act of another species than its own. If salvation is to be, it must necessarily come through groups. Yet in spite of all this common sense, Mr. Wells's addiction to the word arouses in us a mood of weary suspicion. It may simply be that we have grown older in the twenty years since Mr. Wells first published his *New Utopia*. Then his notion of a caste of Platonic guardians of the ideal state to be—his famous Samurai—thrilled us: to-day he says "groups," and we are on our guard.

Possibly, this is a purely personal reaction, probably also an unworthy one. Yet, since it is persistent, it must be registered. Mr. Wells is dealing with a serious and important subject; and, as his candid preface shows, he is himself intensely serious. He says point-blank concerning these 156 pages:

> This is, I declare, the truth and the way of salvation. If I could, I would put this book before every mind in the world. I would say, tell me where this is wrong, or tell me why you do not live after these principles.

To reply to that challenge that "groups" are a weariness would be a heinous flippancy. Yet it would be equally heinous, and indeed equally flippant, to conceal the fact that such was our first, and is a lasting reaction, at least to the machinery of Mr. Wells's world revolution. To feign a false enthusiasm would be altogether more damnable than to confess an unworthy impulse of impatience.

Away with this demon that walketh in noonday, and let us try to answer Mr. Wells. "Tell me where this is wrong," he says. We can answer only that we do not know, because we cannot be sure what "this" is. The concrete and tangible elements in it are few. With those that we can clearly distinguish we are, we think, in hearty agreement. We agree, for instance, that the most definite and desirable step towards the abolition of war would be a solemn undertaking on the part of individuals (not "groups") in every nation to take no part in a war unless their government had previously offered to submit the issue to the judgment of the League of Nations. That seems a practical and obvious step towards a better world than that in which we now live. Likewise we agree that it is desirable that there should be some sort of political and economic unity among the Western nations. But immediately we are in a realm where practical steps are not so obvious; and it is precisely at this point that Mr. Wells's guidance begins to fail us.

If we ask what we are to do to bring this ideal to earth, he has little to tell us. There should be, we gather, some sort of international bureau for collecting information and compiling, as it were, a world map of the economic and political situation at a given moment. But who is to study the map and take action in the best interests of the world at large is not so clear. The obvious answer would seem to be the League of Nations, immeasurably strengthened as it would be by a widespread refusal to make war without a previous appeal to its arbitrament. Yet Mr. Wells does not give this answer. Perhaps it is because he is disappointed with the League. (Disappointment has always come quick to Mr. Wells.) Anyhow, instead of this passably definite solution, we are left unsatisfied with a vague assurance that some instrument of international government will evolve itself.

The effect of this vagueness is a dissipation of the reader's mental energy. He feels that he is required to be passionately enthusiastic and religiously convinced concerning he knows not what. It is a psychological impossibility. Idealistic minds above all others need to be definitely focused upon the next thing to do. By thinking of improving everything, they ameliorate nothing. And as a purely practical criticism, it seems fairly plain that if sufficient support cannot be enlisted for the League of Nations as it is, it is unlikely to be forthcoming for the hypothetical organ of unitary international government of which Mr. Wells has glimpses.

Mr. Wells has anticipated such criticism as this. Indeed, he says that of all criticism this is the most wearisome to him, and he meets it in advance by an amusing parable, to point the moral that " the policy of the whole hog is the best one, the sanest one, and the most helpful one. If sufficient men and women can realize that simple truth and give up their whole lives to it, mankind may yet achieve a civilization and power and fullness of life beyond our present dreams." To give up their whole lives to it—that is the question. Mr. Wells seems to think it rather a simple matter. But, in truth, the causes are few to which men will give up their lives, and the men are few who will give them up. Whether this ideal world of Mr. Wells is such a cause is doubtful. For Mr. Wells it has the sanctity of a religion : he says absolutely that it is, or should be, *the* modern religion. Others will not see it in so warm a light. For it lacks something that is essential to a religion—an intimate appeal to the individual. Even as a practical ideal Plato's Republic is more persuasive than Mr. Wells's New Europe. It has the deep attractiveness of a disciplined asceticism, and is built on the foundations of an individual moral perfection. This moral appeal to the individual, which is lacking from *The Open Conspiracy*, is, we believe, the prime condition of such a world revolution as Mr. Wells desires. It is easier to talk of the duty of men and women to sacrifice their lives to a cause, than it is to inspire men and women with the enthusiasm necessary for such a sacrifice. This inspiration calls, we suspect, for a different kind of thinking from any to which Mr. Wells is accustomed, and for a sense of values different from any he is wont to reveal. Without that leaven to leaven the whole lump, men will regard his proposals, without any of that spiritual conviction he requires of them, simply as a series of political suggestions. They will find some of them practicable, some vague and elusive ; but they will feel—even though the criticism be difficult to put into words—that a world revolution still needs a deeper impulse to set it in motion than enlightened self-interest.

J. M. Murry.

SOCIAL CHRISTIANITY

Civilization Remade by Christ. By F. A. M. Spencer. (Allen and Unwin.) 7s. 6d. net.

There is no more marked feature of contemporary Christian thought than its tendency to extraversion. In the last century religion was primarily a matter of *privata sacra;* it was the business of the Church to assist the individual in establishing a proper relation between himself and God. To-day the function of institutional religion is conceived in a widely different spirit. The modern Christian is exercised before everything with the social gospel of Christ: how can we bring His teachings to bear upon the problem of building up a new social order?

This is the question to which Mr. Spencer attempts to give an answer in this vigorously written essay. What, he enquires, should be our attitude as Christians to such questions as racial eugenics, production and distribution, international relations and penal reform? The task which he has set himself is by no means easy. Leaving aside the problem of *Interimsethik*, the fact remains that it is extremely difficult to bring the dicta of Christ into any sort of vital relation with general social problems. The New Testament contains, unfortunately, no direct references to limited liability companies, workshop regulations or international law. Mr. Spencer is accordingly reduced again and again to speculating as to the attitude which Christ *would* have taken to such questions, had they been presented to Him—an extremely unsatisfactory procedure. In fact, his method reduces itself very largely to pointing out that since such and such a measure must meet with the sympathy of all humanitarian thinkers, it should surely be endorsed by the Christian:—

> It would be natural to associate these holiday camps with the principle of mutual help and the faith in the Heavenly Father revealed in Christ.

The fact is that he has failed to show an adequate appreciation of the proper function of spiritual teaching. We are all anxious to improve the condition of the world, and it does not take very much thought to arrive at the conclusion that it would be much better if employers treated their workmen more kindly, if the dwellings of the poor could be improved, or the danger of war diminished by judicious education. So far, however, we are on the plane of the purely ethical. But when we attempt to put these ideals into practice we find ourselves immediately in difficulties. What exactly ought you and I to do in the matter? It is at this point that we turn naturally for help to the great masters of the spiritual life, who are able to speak to us with authority, not on the material problems which are exercising us, but on those interior spiritual conditions of which they are the ultimate expression. The spiritual teacher is the supreme realist. He is aware that the nature of all external circumstances is determined in the end by internal states of consciousness, and he goes direct to such states in the simplest possible fashion. When, in due course, such interior conditions have brought into being one or other of those "problems" so dear to the scientific type of intelligence, when, that is to say, it is a question of dealing with mechanical consequences, and not with creative forces, he has nothing useful to say

to us, and his teachings, if they are illegitimately applied to such questions, will merely be converted into platitudes. The late F. W. Robertson summed up the situation fairly enough when he wrote that:—

> Christ asserted principles of love, unselfishness, order, which would decide all questions; but the questions themselves He would not decide.

It would be extremely unjust to dismiss Mr. Spencer's stimulating essay as nothing more than a piece of misdirected thinking. The modern effort of the Churches to come to grips with the concrete problems of social life is a hopeful and healthy manifestation. Nevertheless, it is desirable that the progress of the movement should be watched with the greatest care. We must raise, for instance, the question as to whether this new development is not, perhaps, after all to be explained to a large degree by the Churches' consciousness of having failed in their spiritual mission. Is their newly developed devotion to palpable, objective tasks only the expression of an attempt to demonstrate that now, at last, they are doing something *real?* If this is the case, it argues only a still further decline in their spiritual power, for it is precisely the function of all spiritual bodies to insist inflexibly on the fact that it is the invisible and psychological which is the determining cause and the tangible and material which is the passive result. The chain of causes and effects which connects interior states with outer "social conditions" is not to be discerned by the materialistic eye; the orthodox social reformer therefore persists in attacking what are really derivative *problems as if they could be solved by themselves.*

It is the business of those who have faith in spiritual values to counteract this tendency as resolutely as they possibly can. Mr. Spencer, however, although at times he takes his stand manfully enough on purely inspirational ground (as when he pleads for the use of prayer in connection with eugenics), fails us seriously in this respect. He docilely and indiscriminatingly accepts the formulation of the problem as he receives it from the hands of the "social scientist" (his pages are filled with citations from these people's dreary works) and then proceeds to apply spiritual criteria to its solution. Yet it should be apparent to him that both the form and the substance of such "problems" are to a large extent the creation of the rationalistic mind; a truly spiritual school of sociology, if it ever arose, would begin, one may conjecture, by concentrating on a collection of objective facts of a very different order from those which invite the attention of materialistic thought.

L. H.

BELIEFS AND ENQUIRIES

WHAT I BELIEVE—(i.) RELIGION WITHOUT REVELATION. By Professor J. S. Huxley. (Benn.) 8s. 6d. net; (ii.) I BELIEVE IN GOD. By MAUDE ROYDEN. (Benn.) 7s. 6d. net; (iii.) THE BELIEF OF CATHOLICS. By Father Ronald Knox. (Benn.) 7s. 6d. net.

ADVENTURE. By Canon B. H. Streeter and others. (Macmillan.)

Of the first three books mentioned above Professor Huxley's is far the most important. The author's name and its own intrinsic interest are certainly winning for it a wide influence, and it may also be taken as symptomatic of tendencies widespread in contemporary thought. It certainly deserves close attention; but it is no easy book to review, for it moves on two levels at once. The constructive suggestions are admirably written, stimulating, and full of insight, and contain much that the present reviewer has gratefully quoted in the pulpit: in its negative aspects it reduces one to a paralysis of irritation. And it poses us with a problem from the start. For the volume is concerned with revelation—the disclosures of new value and possibility always emerging from the universe—yet, as its title denotes, its primary aim is to deny this fact of revelation. It aims at constructing a better religion than the Christianity which it discards, yet the authentic note of real religion hardly ever sounds in its pages; as may be indicated by its avowed aim "to build a new theology on a foundation of agnosticism, evolutionary natural science and psychology" (page 58). The reader cannot but notice from the outset that the *unum necessarium* is lacking. But the last impression that I should desire to give is lack of appreciation for a study from which all religious people have much to learn. Mr. Huxley himself is no mere iconoclast. In the exceedingly confiding chapter called *Personalia* he traces the influences and tendencies which have shaped his own thought and attitudes. The author is half a Huxley, half an Arnold. On one side he inherits the fine tradition of austere scientific enquiry, on the other the religious intuitions. His is no philosophy of naturalism. For him beauty, love and holiness are the true meaning of human life, and worship he emphatically recognizes as a psychological necessity. Yet most of the traditional theology in which these intuitions have been rationalized, he finds psychologically unsatisfying, and, like all of us in this post-war age, he seeks passionately for a new synthesis. The present situation, he says, is deplorable: the heart of civilization and its mind are being torn in opposite directions, and unless we can find harmony we perish. True, then, to his scientific conscience he proceeds by the method of induction and tries to find out what religion is. Here he is much influenced by Otto and by anthropologists like Dr. Marett, and concludes that the essence of religion lies not in reference to deity, but in what Oman and others call "the sacred." It is the cardinal mistake, he thinks, that this sense of sacredness in life has become attached to the personal deities of primitive, animistic cults; and he attempts, by psychological analysis and a not very profound summary of the findings of comparative religion, to trace the history of this mistake. (One notes that the group-theories of religion put forward by Durkheim and Lévy Bruhl are too uncritically accepted here.) Belief in gods is the *proton pseudos*:

it leads to crude interventionism and unscientific philosophies of nature with their illegitimate transcendental references. The religion of the future must have no God. It will have a theology without theism—if the Greek language will allow it! With theism must vanish revelation, which the author equates with infallible scripture texts and characterizes as "mere prevarication" any proposal to interpret otherwise. It is here, indeed, that we find our main objection to Professor Huxley's sincere and fruitful volume. As with so many of his brother scientists, the "Christianity" that he discards so blandly is not Christianity at all, but the crude popular theology of the last generation but one. He assumes, for example, that a personal God means a God who is a finite person, one person amongst others—an idea which is admittedly nonsensical. Yet to say that God is a person is definitely, from the Christian standpoint, heresy: trinitarianism is meant to rule it out. Again, he assumes that Christianity is pledged to a mechanical theory of the inspiration of the scriptures. But where in any historic Christian creed is any statement, explicit or implicit, committing the Church to this absurdity? It was only a temporary misunderstanding.

But to return to the author's main argument: belief in God has involved theology in a dualistic supernaturalism, which the scientist rightly finds intolerable. The author's own philosophy of nature is closely akin to what Dr. Lloyd Morgan has taught us to call "emergent evolution," and is, like his, "monistic to the core." He conceives of a single process, ever growing in richness and complexity, disclosing ever new facts and values out of its creative generations, immanent in it yet transcending it; and it is in allegiance to these values and the recognition of their sacredness that the religion of the future lies. Theology must surrender the attempt at offering a solution to all problems—in this we heartily agree with him—and be purged by scientific humility. It must be "more limited in its ambition and more catholic in its sweep" (page 306). The sacredness of the universe seen from the religious point of view, and especially of life within it, is what kindles his religious fire. The Son of God is "Life the mediator"; "I believe in the religion of Life."

The book, like the author's career as described in the autobiographical chapter, opens rather weakly and distractedly, and seems to grow in power and concentration. Undoubtedly its finest passages are those towards the end of the volume, in which he gives magnificent expression to the sense of values, hitherto undisclosed, coming forth out of the universe—organic to it, yet transcending it and constituting its ultimate worth and meaning. These, he keeps on saying, are *given*, presents from Life, which we do not deserve. But this for me, writing as an Anglican, is precisely what I mean by revelation: and how we are to retain belief in values, unless ultimately they are grounded in some form of philosophical theism, is a problem which I cannot hope to solve. As soon as we start to ask what values mean we are driven, I think, to take a further step. Mr. John Macmurray's statement in *Adventure* supplies a stimulating antithesis to the main thesis of Professor Huxley:

> There can be no question of an impersonal God. The phrase is a contradiction in terms. The religious assertion of the existence of God is either the assertion that the supreme reality is personal, or it is empty of any specific meaning. It may of course be argued that the supreme reality is not personal; but . . . to do so is to defend an atheistical position and to deny that Religion is objectively true, however essential to human well-being we may admit it to be (p. 183).

Nevertheless, though in the net result Mr. Huxley leaves us feeling hungry, it would be churlish not to express our gratitude for much real insight and fine feeling. Sentimental popular theism cannot have too much scientific medicine. We must start, as von Hügel used to say, from the conception of impersonal law; belief in a personal God must be *earned*. And perhaps it is only our own growth in personal harmony and individuality which makes that faith progressively less impossible. But prayer is the heart of religion: and, although the Professor believes in meditation and the emotional cleansing of worship, there is no real place for religious communion unless in some sense we can say " Thou art my God." In his analysis of religious experience the differentia seems to have evaporated. Indeed, we feel impelled to suggest that the real title of this able book ought to have been *Revelation Without Religion*.

Miss Royden's book in the same series is naturally far less provocative and less radical in its tendency. That is not to say that it is uncritical. It represents, it might be said, that educated and well-read version of Anglican doctrine, by which she has sheppparded so many seekers into religious fellowship at the Guild House, and we are glad to have it in book form.

The change of title in Father Knox's book indicates the inevitable difference in the project followed by the author; for it is not really a personal statement, as is claimed for it on the dust-cover, but advocacy of a brief. The contrast between his mind and Mr. Huxley's, friends and contemporaries at school and Oxford—the scientific mind and the scholastic—is exceedingly instructive. All the world knows that Father Knox has a brilliant and tenacious intellect, but he does not write here at his highest level. There are, indeed, some shrewd thrusts at Protestants, which occasionally seem like special pleading. But his book on the whole does not ring quite convincingly. I say this from no religious bias. At a time like ours, in face of materialism, moral and religious bewilderment and despair, he that is not against us is on our side. The desire for certitude is intense, and, as Father Knox rightly claims, this is the massive appeal of Roman Catholicism. But I gravely doubt if anyone has ever yet been argued into embracing Christianity—in whatever form—by even the best debating.

§

Dr. Streeter has now an established place among the religious thinkers of the world. *Reality* was by common consent one of the great books of recent years, and will perhaps be judged by history as one of those studies that start a new epoch. In his latest volume, *Adventure*, he recurs to the group method of enquiry, with a band of able collaborators. We do not fail to appreciate the rest if we say that Canon Streeter himself, together with Mr. John Macmurray, stand out beyond the other essayists.

Dr. Streeter's chapter on moral adventure is the best piece of Christian apologetic on the ethical side which has been written for years, and the sanest and most constructive treatment of the sex problem which I have yet seen.

It is its strength that it starts not *a priori*, but, like Aristotle in the *Ethics*, from the accepted judgments of mankind, and then asks how the leaven of Christianity affects our judgments and our values. This is indubitably the right method, and all Christian ethical discussion which starts by quoting sayings of Jesus and seeking to " apply them " is mistaken.

Widely different from Canon Streeter's outlook is Mr. Macmurray's striking essay, in which he argues that the objectivity, which is the life-blood of religion, is guaranteed only by an incarnation. "A faith that glories in its subjectivity glories in its shame." A religion is nothing unless it is the focus in which all the activities of spirit meet.

There is no real basis for religious belief except in Universal Personality—if such can anywhere be discovered—as the ground and fulfilment of our finite spirits. In Jesus, the supremely individual, this absolute, Universal Personality which is the divine experience is incarnated. (Better, he says, an anthropomorphic symbolism than a biomorphic or a hylomorphic.) This line of thought seems to invite discussion, and raises at once further-reaching questions than we have left space to consider. But this essay and Mr. Huxley's book, approaching from their two distinctive angles, really complement one another and would well repay study side by side.

F. R. Barry.

THE INTEREST OF THE HELLENISTIC AGE

Hellenistic Civilisation. By W. W. Tarn. (Arnold.)

A History of Egypt under the Ptolemaic Dynasty. By Edwyn Bevan. (Methuen & Co.)

It is to be regretted that the study of Greek history in our schools and universities generally ends with the death of Alexander. The period studied is less interesting than the period neglected. It is one of midget politics, midget wars, "battles of frogs and mice"; while with Alexander commences, for the first time, an age of large-scale empires, which are civilized in the modern sense. With Seleucids and Ptolemies begins that Age of the Dynasts, which, with intermittent periods of peace or anarchy, was to plague mankind for over 2,000 years with jealousies and rivalries, till it merged in the Age of Nationalism, which, more reputable but equally destructive, continued its work of setting the world at variance. Of this Hellenistic prelude to the future Mr. Tarn's book is the only comprehensive record in English. No one in these islands knows more of the period, and though a Frenchman might have shown more power of articulating the subject, defining its problems, and eliciting the general tendencies of the time, we have every reason to be grateful to him for a book packed with information, sane, and, with the above reservations, well-written.

We may indicate a few reasons why this age is of special interest to those who care to illuminate and interpret modern problems by ancient analogies. First comes the political interest. We can observe ideals and methods of autocracy in the statecraft of the Seleucids and the Ptolemies, the ruthless, if unconscious, advance of imperialism in the foreign policy of Rome, faint hints of better things in the arbitration treaties of Greek states and in the Ætolian and Achæan Leagues, anticipations of social revolution in the

3rd and 2nd century struggles of rich and poor. But the most interesting political study is Egypt, whose dry climate has preserved us more intimate details of social life than exist for any period before the Middle Ages. One of Alexander's marshals founded the dynasty of the Ptolemies, a Macedonian-Greek despotism in an Eastern land. The immediate problem is interesting enough—how best can a conqueror govern a people with an ancient culture and history? How can he combine alien civilizations, customs, races? The story is told in Dr. Bevan's book, whose rewriting of Mahaffy's *History of Egypt under the Ptolemaic Dynasty* shows how completely out of date a good history can become in 14 years. The government of the Ptolemies is a great and successful experiment in State Socialism. The King owned all the land of Egypt: he made his profit on everything by tax, tithe or licence: and the modern socialist notes with pleasure that among his thirteen monopolies were banking, mining and timber. But the people had to pay a price. The fellahîn had to sow what they were ordered; they might be compelled to bid for a plot of ground; they were forbidden to leave their plot, but might at any moment be dismissed from it. Their cattle and their own labour might be requisitioned by the State; and while the King taxed their every profit, all losses fell on themselves. An immense and rigid bureaucracy controlled everything. One candidate for a post in the army has successively to approach twenty-three officials; there the records fail us and we do not know if he obtained his desire. The theory of State Socialism may appeal to Europe: its inevitable concomitants will only be tolerated by Oriental or half-Oriental peoples. But this begins, rather than exhausts, the interest of the age, which has all the fascination of a world in process of transformation. Material transformation first, through international commerce. Silk came from China; ivory, gold, ebony, jewels, spices, silks from India; bitumen from Babylonia and the Dead Sea; tin from Cornwall; talc (for windows) from Cappadocia; elephants (for war) from India and the Sudan; pepper from Malabar. Trade brought an immense increase of wealth. "The 2 p.c. land-tax produced about 2·5 drachmas per head, as against 2·75 francs in France in 1908, the purchasing power of the drachma being far greater than that of the franc." "Inspired millionaires," of the American type, gave their communities largesses, free festival tickets, stadia, town halls, temples. The merits of this wealth are seen in cities superbly planned and built—the creation of an age that had both money and public spirit: its defects in vulgar luxury and in the spectacle of unskilled free labour, beaten down by the competition of slave labour, living below the subsistence rate and creating an unrest which sometimes enforced a capital levy, but more often made the fortune of a political adventurer.

But Hellenism was transformed spiritually too. For the first time in history the world was becoming one. Macedonia broke the partition walls which separated city from city, people from people, and prepared the way for the world empire of Rome. For this empire Greece provided a soul; though Greece herself was influenced by the new contacts established with the East. In giving the world a spiritual unity she anticipated by a thousand years the work of the Mediæval Church. Hellenism was modified in the process, and a glance at three of the modifications will show how profoundly important they were. First is a certain liberalising of men's minds. The clash and contrast of customs broke down old taboos. Women were emancipated. Egypt shows a series of masterful Macedonian princesses from Arsinoe to

Cleopatra: there were clubs for women, women magistrates, women philosophers, women poetesses making reciting-tours through Greece. Men's minds were *liberalized in other ways.* "The Greek was as quarrelsome as ever: but he began to doubt whether he ought to be." Hence arbitration treaties: Homonoia or Concord becomes a goddess. Cynics and Stoics refused to recognize a distinction between Greek and barbarian, slave and free. Mr. Tarn quotes from Poseidippus "there are many cities, but they are one Hellas." Later Aristides was to call the Roman Empire "a democracy under one man."

More important still is the birth of three philosophies (they might almost be called churches) which have had a wider practical influence than any others in history. The walls of the *Polis* collapsed before Cosmopolitanism, and left the individual without the spiritual shelter and guidance, which for centuries the City State had given. Educated men felt their creeds crumble and saw the armour of custom stripped from them. They had to find a philosophy to live by; and Epicureanism, Cynicism and Stoicism arose to offer three alternative theories of life and ways of living it, which remain to-day more plausible and practical than any of their successors except Christianity.

Most important of all are the religious developments of the age. Then began that blending of East and West which has issued in modern Christianity, with its Oriental basis and its Greek form. In religion Greece, though great, is incomplete, and the East brought something that she could not give. It came with questionable attendants, superstition, wild emotion, magic, astrology. (Mr. Tarn reminds us how deeply the latter has tinged our vocabulary: mercurial, saturnine, thanking one's stars, the seven ages of man, the seventh heaven, bear witness.) Hellenism partly submitted to these alien elements, partly tried to rationalize them. But what the East brought never completely fused with what the West had. The two have hung, ever since their meeting, in uneasy and unstable equilibrium: and to the failure to reconcile them we owe our gravest religious difficulties and doubts.

Such are some of the living problems and interests to which the books of Mr. Tarn and Dr. Bevan give an admirable introduction.

R. W. Livingstone.

OTHER WORLDS THAN OURS

Blue Trousers. Being the Fourth Part of the "Tale of Genji." By Lady Murasaki. Translated from the Japanese by Arthur Waley. (Allen and Unwin.) 10s. 6d. net.

The Diary of a Communist Schoolboy. By N. Ognyov. (Gollancz.) 7s. 6d. net.

We are at least this much wiser than our ancestors; we have come to see that we have a good deal to learn from other races, not least from those of the Orient. But while we have gone so far, keys to their storehouses remain hard to come by. Religion and philosophy, being abstract, unlinked with the senses, come over to us most easily. But poetry, translated, loses its fine essence from leakage during the process; music demands too exacting a training of the ear and mind for more than the few to have an opportunity of studying it. It is a pity, since with each new language of art or philosophy that we make our own, a wind blows to us from a fresh quarter of the world. Only with pictorial art do we fare better, and so most of us are more familiar with Japanese pictures than with Japanese music or writing; with the pictures we can make direct contact; but we are bound to lose much of their significance through our lack of familiarity with the mode of life which they express. But once we can study the life of a country through two of its arts, we gain a stereoscopic view of it; regard it from two nearby, yet different points. Objects that were unnoticed spring into prominence; the whole takes on depth and solidity, and becomes real, tangible, to us.

It is with such a second eye that Mr. Waley provides us by his translation of this great and immensely long novel. It is a masterpiece of translation; it reads like an original; but not in the least like an English original. It is as if we ourselves were at ease in the Japanese language, and, reading, could forget that it is not our own. He makes us free of a new world: new facts about life, new objects, new light on the art of writing. Lady Murasaki was a novelist of a high order; she was, as a psychologist, both accurate and acute. She was possessed of a very sensitive æsthetic, and equally sensitive moral, sense. Furthermore, she had that wide experience of people and life, together with the ability to extract the last essence from such experience, which alone make a work of fiction on the grand scale possible and homogeneous. She does it all with consummate ease. Our critical sense would be lulled to sleep if it were not constantly roused anew by fresh sensations of truth or beauty. It is difficult to recall any Western writer who is master of his art and himself in quite so comprehensive a way.

The reason of this becomes clear as we read: this is a civilization beside which our own is young and barbarian. None of us can hope to be sophisticated to this degree. It was not possible even in the Middle Ages, when there was more or less of a term to possible science and accomplishment; now that the boundaries of possible knowledge have expanded far beyond the limits of single human capacity, it is for ever out of the question. But in that old Japan sophistication so complete as to be beyond cynicism was possible; and that is what is presented to us in the *Tale of Genji*. These people live under conditions in which everything is known, everything has its ultimate

significance. A perfect appreciation of fine points makes social intercourse a thing not of empty ceremonial, but of absolute mastery of the most delicate nuances, where everyone, being a poet, is sure of being understood in his most elusive shades of meaning. Nothing can be too much trouble, since nothing can be too exact; less than that risks vulgarity, the unforgivable sin. So Prince Sochi, conducting his hopeless wooing of Tamakatsura, sends her a poem:

> The note containing this poem was attached to an ice-cold spray of bamboo, plucked from near the ground, and carried with such care that it was still thickly covered with hoar-frost.

It is small wonder that, born of such race, with such a tradition at her back, Lady Murasaki should have so accurate an eye for every significant, least detail. There is no unwieldy mass of it; all is carefully chosen and subordinated. What is chosen is the essential; leave out the least conspicuous, and a gap would result. She is too fine an artist to include anything superfluous; the reader, coming on her rare descriptions of natural scenes, alive, delicate, with all the vivid, light sureness of a landscape by Hiroshige, is inclined to regret that she did not pause to give more of such pictures:

> Towards sunset a heavy mist began to rise and the hill at the foot of which the house stood now hung above it in dark, featureless bulk; from among the child-flowers growing along the hedge (their colour subdued to a strange greyness by the mist) came unabated the ceaseless murmuring of insects; while from among the wild and tangled plantations sounded, cold and clear, the noise of running water. From time to time a melancholy gust of dank wind swept the hills above, shaking the deep woods; and at intervals there sounded the booming of the gong, which marked the close of one service and the beginning of the next—the new voices striking in almost before the closing notes had died away.

But she is not to be tempted from her path. No matter; all her writing is equally vivid and controlled. When Prince Higekuro visits his wife Makibashira, whose fits of madness are driving him from her, how appealing a figure of grief and dignity do we see:

> Then she sent for her incense burner, poured in fresh perfumes one upon another, and with her own hands scented his great riding-cloak from tip to toe. Her own dress was of a soft yielding stuff, and as she bent over her work this dress fell in loose folds that gave her figure a homely, useful air. But how thin, how frail she had grown! She seemed like some pale phantom flickering across the winter night. Her eyes were swollen with weeping, yet her face, he thought, was beautiful. He felt a sudden tenderness towards her. She had never been to blame. . . .

The emotional balance is perfect; there is no faintest tinge of false sentiment, and yet no shred is lost of the full tone of intense feeling. This quality in her reaches its culmination in her treatment of Genji's relations with Murasaki. All their lives they have been lovers, and at the end of their lives lovers they remain. Many writers have succeeded in portraying the passion of youth, with blood running quickly in its veins; it is a rarer achievement to make felt the quieter strength and steady dignity, the living depth and fullness of such a passion, set with the course of years until it is so closely knit into the being of its hosts as to be an integral part of them. In Murasaki it lives as a single immutable feeling; in Genji, in spite of his many fleeting infidelities (which are clearly a part of his nature, and not merely the fashion of the age) it is none the less his deepest, most abiding part. And through his absorbed

ief during her long illness, his collapse at her death, we come to feel that, ough their love might be her whole life, and of his a part only, yet, in its m, since his is a complex, many-sided nature, it is in him even stronger an in her.

And the writer is no less successful in her minor characters. The old incess, whose death causes the wearing of the blue trousers of mourning m which this section of the *Tale* takes its name; Genji's son Yugiri; the ildish little Nyosan, whom Genji marries to oblige her father, the abdicating iperor; her sad, fate-driven lover Kashiwagi; that odd creature, the lady m Omi, whose abrupt, awkward manners make her such a jarring note, o, actually "hearing her own name uttered, at once replied with a loud oop and came flouncing into the room"; the other lady, from Akashi, erved, sensitive, proud with the finely tempered pride of humility; Higero's small daughter, with her passionate, hardly child-like, attachment her home; the three-year-old Niou, so full of character already, who is a mfort to Murasaki in her last illness; each one, whether introduced often d with detail, or merely sketched in passing, is alive, distinct, memorable. ey stand out clear, and move freely; their creator remains unobtrusively the background, above self-consciousness. At that stage of sophistication ything less would be meaningless, undignified; here there can be no ssibility of a self obtruding to the obscuration of art; it is a reasoned raint, no less than an instinctive one; a completely comprehended subination of the whole being to life, and to art that interprets and expresses . There is no distortion of the picture through vanity, nor yet any out deference to some religious or social code; and this although religious and ial codes play so important a part. But the part of each is so exactly wn, understood, and tacitly assumed, that although it affects and influences course of events, it never biases the judgment of the writer. Is this, rhaps, the fundamental cause of that spirit of mature acceptance of life, it is, which so pervades the whole? Since fever of spiritual doubt, metaysical speculation, rebellion against inevitable fate, restlessness born of instability and elusiveness of an unlimited range of thought, alike are possible. To us it is strange, of course; alien; incredible. Yet, none the s, its singular and satisfying beauty comes over to us, a reminder of a world ewhere.

o pass from the Japan of Genji to Bolshevist Russia is to find oneself aightway in a new world, whole universes from the other. It is evidence the sincerity of the author of this *Diary of a Communist Schoolboy* that the nsition is not an impossible one. He, too, has been fortunate in his nslator. Of course, the two tasks cannot be compared; Mr. Waley is nslating from another epoch as well as from another language; but Mr. erth's translation also reads like an original. He must have enjoyed making for the book is full of interest, humour and vitality. "N. Ognyov" (he ms to have innumerable other pseudonyms) has performed the uncommon of writing a really good school story, and of actually becoming the boy whose person he writes; we never feel that he is the mouthpiece of a grown- Kostya Riabtsov is a genuine boy, getting on for sixteen, honest, with ood conceit of himself, well-meaning, bewildered and distressed at times the changes in his adolescent self; and his school-fellows, boys and girls e, are not less real and alive. Naturally one stumbling-block of the

average school story—lack of incident—is less pronounced in the case of a communist school than of a "bourgeois" one.

> *October 5th.*—Our group was in a rage to-day. This is how it happened. Our new nat-history skworker, Elena Nikitichna Kaurova, known as Elnikitka, arrived. She began handing out tasks, and then said to the whole group: "Children—"
>
> I then got up and said: "We're not children."
>
> She answered: "Of course you are children, and I shan't call you anything else."
>
> Then I answered: "Be good enough to be more polite, or we may send you to the devil."
>
> That was all. The whole group supported me, and Elnikitka grew quite red and said: "In that case, leave the classroom."
>
> "In the first place," I answered, "this isn't a classroom, but a lab, and in any case, you can't chase anyone out."
>
> Then she said: "You're a rude fellow," and I replied: "You're more like a teacher of the old school, and only they were allowed to behave the way you do."
>
> That was all. Elnikitka jumped out of the room as if she'd been burnt. There'll be some fuss now! The pu-council will chip in, and then the skworkers' meeting, and finally the school board. It seems perfect nonsense to me. Elnikitka is simply a damn fool.

A skworker is a school-worker—*i.e.*, teacher, in "bourgeois" talk. The pu-council is the pupil's council; much time is spent in calling meetings to discuss events and policies.

But the main interest of the story is Kostya's friendship with Sylphida Dubinin; and if a good school story is rare, a really convincing, unsentimental account of a boy and girl friendship is rarer still. Kostya begins by disapproving of Sylva; she wears a distinctly bourgeois bow, "like a propeller," at the end of her pig-tail. Also she fidgets, so that

> Several times I told her to go to hell, and she turned round and called me a skunk. I inquired about her social origin, and found that her father was a compositor. It's a nuisance, for if she were a bourgeois, I would just *show* her.

But presently

> It seems Sylva isn't quite such a fool and intellectual as I thought she was. She dislikes dancing, and wears a bow because her mother makes her do it. Yesterday I advised her not to pay any attention to her mother, but she said she loved her and therefore obeyed her. This is something I can't understand—how can one wear a bow against one's convictions. I wouldn't wear one for anything, even though I do love and respect my dad.

Sylva herself is a real and charming creation; maturer than the boy of equal years; her steady good sense and clear-headed, unromantic outlook, which in no way detract from her attractiveness or prevent her from being a perfectly natural sixteen-year-old girl, are precisely what Kostya needs at this stage of rather miserable inability to understand what is happening to him, as the boy merges into the man. She steers him with instinctive wisdom.

> *February 19th.*—It looks as if I shan't be able to speak to Sylva again. I hardly know how to write this down. Sylva and I had been good friends all the time and I still feel the same way towards her; yet to-day I couldn't help doing what I did. . . . I said to her:
>
> "Sylva, would you walk out with me? I'm asking this as a matter of principle."
>
> "What do you mean by walking out? We walk out together, don't we?"
>
> "No, not that way. But in the real sense."
>
> She stopped sewing, and asked: "Why, don't we walk in the real sense?"

"You don't understand," I said, and began to feel very awkward. "I mean like—husband and wife."

I thought she would get angry, but she didn't. She merely cast down her eyes and said: "Why, do you want to marry me? You're far too young for that; and so am I."

"But no, Sylva, you don't understand," I continued, and felt at that moment like taking to my heels. "I don't mean marriage; I mean would you—walk out with me—now—while we're still at school?"

"And how are you going to do it?"

"Well—supposing—I kiss you?"

She thought for a while, and then said: "No, I don't think I can let you do that. But, even if I do allow you, what next?"

"Oh, go to the devil!" I screamed. . . .

But all their squabbles are followed by highly matter-of-fact reconciliations; and the book finishes by Sylva's saving Kostya from expulsion on an unjust charge by acting as his advocate at the inevitable "meeting" before which he is tried, and disposing of the charge in a few minutes by her Portia-like, clear-sighted logic.

It is an illuminating book, for it proves again what we know well enough, yet are apt to forget, that whatever the "system" human nature remains much what it has ever been. And it is worth reading, if only as an antidote to popular conceptions of the power and complete malignity of communism. A "system" which includes Sylvas is not beyond the pale.

M. Robinson.

THE PEACEMAKERS

The Peacemakers. By Alice Ritchie. (The Hogarth Press.) 7s. 6d. net.

Miss Alice Ritchie is a writer to watch. This is her first book, and in it she has produced a piece of work which, though perfectly subdued and balanced, catches the attention at once. She succeeds in a manner attempted by many modern writers; by few successfully. If it were not for those many failures one might be misled by the apparent ease with which she handles her medium; she writes with the sureness consequent on that stable sense of values which is the foundation both of a true sense of humour and the complete mastery of self-conceit. She never poses; if she knows her fellows it is because she has first of all learned to know herself. Her characters, however lightly sketched in, have their independent existences: Captain Creighton-Downes, Mr. and Mrs. Whibley, Brokensha, Quadex—they live and walk.

The heroine is a secretary on the League of Nations office staff. There is no particular plot; she has had a love-affair, which has gone awry, and she is, in consequence, when the book opens, in that state of disintegration in which the inner self is divorced from the outward being, moving in the outward world. Her inner life has only occasional, haphazard contacts with her outer

one. In consequence she watches her fellow-members of the staff from a long way off, *detachedly*. *The story is about them, rather than about her*; the central incident is, perhaps, the death of Flora Fraser, another secretary. Flora is beautiful, vulgar, audacious, the eternal minx, who captures, more or less permanently, the heart of every male; and Flora dies suddenly of appendicitis. Those about her all react in their diverse ways.

> Flora, as she was, apart from what she did, would not provide a moment's conversation. She never had any friends, and never said things-sweet immeditatably and wise to interdict from closure anybody's eyes, except perhaps Quadex's in his shut room. Mr. Yamanaka hung up his fubsy black hat, and greeted his secretary, a young Pole. "They tell me," he said, "that Mr. Calhoun's secretary died in the night."
>
> "No!" exclaimed the young man, who was of the kind which is never told news. "I am sorry."
>
> "I had it from the porter," said Mr. Yamanaka, his face puckered in a hundred wrinkles. Followed by his secretary's sympathetic regard, he pottered to the window making concerned little noises, and stood blinking through his spectacles at the ravaged garden and the tender autumn sky. "She was a most beautiful girl," he said. "It gave me great pleasure, always, to see her."

Mr. Yamanaka, the old Japanese, who only appears on four occasions for a minute or two, is like a tuning fork; by him the accuracy of the pitch is determined; and it holds true. Miss Ritchie's great gift is that she knows by instinct what is relevant and fundamental, and so achieves a perfect economy.

> The shops at Christmas-time have cardboard boxes divided up like egg-trays, and in every division lie brittle shining balls, silver and purple and metallic blue, like frozen bubbles, made of Heaven knows what, to hang on Christmas-trees. Children, seeing them suddenly, catch their breath; last Christmas misted over by the eternity of a year, and this Christmas still hopelessly unattained meet and merge and become simply Christmas, sleet and fire, a glistening ball on a fir branch. They are very cheap; even the chestnut man decorates his booth with them. But they have no substitutes, and nobody can make one in the home.

It is satisfying to watch her unerring sense for the quality that makes a person or thing individual and necessary, the steadiness and equality with which she looks out on life. In daily life tragedy is made bearable by its nearness to comedy, comedy dignified by its nearness to tragedy; it is that balance which she contrives to keep in her picture of it.

M. R.

THREE SHORT STORY WRITERS

Day's End and other Stories. By H. E. Bates. (Cape.) 7s. 6d.
The House with the Echo. By T. F. Powys. (Chatto & Windus.) 7s.
Nightseed. By H. A. Manhood. (Cape.) 7s. 6d. net.

Old Israel set out from his farm one early spring morning to go to the copse not far away, as he wanted to find a young sapling for cutting. ". . . Sunshine flooded everything, the ground was soft and springy, and all over the hill dandelions, celandines and daisies were looking at the sun with tiny yellow and white eyes." But just as he had decided upon a tall young fir tree, he was seized by one of the dreadful "attacks" to which he was subject. He fell on the ground; all was confusion and darkness, until at last he opened his eyes and "saw the fir tree, the axe, the undergrowth, the dark earth dotted a little way off with primrose leaves and primrose buds."

He will not live much longer. Against a series of backgrounds, delicately painted as though with water colour, we watch the old man struggling on till his *Day's End*. His author has not realized him thoroughly; he is not very solid. One feels that, like the greater number of characters in these stories, he should have been matured longer in imagination before being allowed to come to light. But, nevertheless, we do get the impression of a world that is seen through the eyes of someone very old. A softness, a haziness surrounds people and things and events, while sometimes, like bright objects in mist, they assume a queer significance; his worries—the fact that his daughter is not provided for and that the farm which has belonged to him so long must go—fret him, rather as a lumpy mattress frets us when we try to sleep.

And this same half dreaming atmosphere is one of which Mr. Bates makes frequent use in his other and shorter tales. Sometimes it is perfectly apposite, as in the story of a pregnant woman ("Harvest"), where it blends into a whole her perception of the relentless law which she is fulfilling and her sense of the fruitful earth; the trees heavy with apples and plums, the reapers in the field. But often it is detrimental. It is by no means always effective to slip so softly from one thought or happening to another that there is little or no sense of shock. Over-indulged, the method results in a loss of vitality and definiteness. It is as though Mr. Bates had seized on a certain part of Tchehov's technique and, feeling that it solved many problems for him, used it to solve them all. Sometimes his stories are not only insufficiently thought out, but written with a facility which does not help to enrich them. As an example, however, of what he can do at his best there is a beautiful little story called *Holiday*. It is individual and the characters are exquisitely drawn. Having it in mind, one hopes that before publishing again he will take Keats's advice to Shelley and "load every rift with ore."

But if Mr. Bates's characters are often unsubstantial, there can be no doubt that good red blood moves, if at rather a sluggish pace, along the veins of Mr. Powys's folk. Their solidity is surprisingly well conveyed in the very short compass of these stories. We can almost hear the plodding of clumpetty boots down lanes that seem more often than not to be muddy.

But we tire of simple-mindedness, for not only do many of these people belong to the very simplest possible type of country bumpkin that ever contrived to guide a plough; but those who might have conveyed an impression of greater intelligence hardly succeed. They are compelled to keep to the level of Mr. Powys's studied simplicity of language and action. We should have appreciated more variety of tone. Even a clever undercurrent of irony and more than a dash of humour do not make us very sorry to put the book down and take up another.

Nightseed and the stories which follow it make rather tough reading. Some of the author's almost physical effort is communicated to the reader. His pages are over-crowded with detail. He has a loving knowledge of the country and of birds and wild animals; but when he describes them it is too much like reading a catalogue of facts interspersed with simile. And, as a rule, these last do not help to illustrate his point. Instead, like heavy embroidery, they thicken the already closely woven net hung between us and his picture. Sometimes we peer through, feeling sure it would be worth our while to discover what is behind. But at other times one would rather turn away. Too often Mr. Manhood is under the spell of a nightmare he cannot forget. Ugliness was his nightmare. At present it has for him a more positive reality than beauty, though he tries to make an intellectual balance between the two. But perhaps, like most unpleasant memories, it will become more dim with time. In the final story *Fear* Mr. Manhood shows an unusual and sombre power of phantasmagoric invention. There is a promise of a writer in him.

MARY ARDEN.

E. A. ROBINSON AND HIS "TRISTRAM"

In America Edwin Arlington Robinson has at last received due recognition; in England his work is not yet widely known. The slothfulness of critics on both sides of the ocean to acknowledge him reminds one of the inscription to Molière in the French Academy: "Nothing was lacking to his honour; he was lacking to ours." With judgment quite devoid of provincial vaunt I should maintain that Mr. Robinson is as important as Mr. Masefield; that he is, perhaps, the best poet since Tennyson.

He was long neglected in America because since Whitman a misguided nationalism (and conscious nationalism in the arts is always misguided) has demanded the creation of an American, as distinct from an English, poetry. There is even an attempt to set up an American language, though there is probably less difference, in general, between speech in England and America than there is between the speech of Dorset and London, of Boston and South Carolina. An American poetry would have to employ a new language, for our verse is fixed, after a thousand years of experiment, by the genius of the idiom. It is vain to call on Whitman. We might as well cite the Ossianic poems or the "prophetic" septenaries of William Blake. These are sports, not the main stem. The truth is that very few critics either in England or

America have any perspective of literary history. They crowd their columns with talk about "immortals" who will trip over their own names and stumble into the grave. They see a ripple on the waters, and proclaiming a new Gulf Stream, set sail upon it to be becalmed before sundown. Mr. Robinson, writing in the English tradition, equipped with patience and scholarship as well as sensitiveness and intuition, was neglected in his own country for years. At long last that neglect has been remedied.

In England he is still neglected. Most of the English literary world took seriously the "American tradition" swept into being by our journalists and demanded at least a family resemblance to Whitman. Without some sort of barbaric yawp, the American poet was not heeded. Thus comparatively second-rate men like Joachim Miller and Vachel Lindsay were successful in London, and Mr. Robinson came and went, no man being the wiser. He does not conform to what an American poet should be.

Of a truth, he himself would be the last to relish adulation. He has always hidden himself, quietly devoted to his thoughts and his work. From his undergraduate days at Harvard to the present, through long failure and sudden success, he has never been seen or heard except through his poetry. President Roosevelt, one of his earliest admirers, gave him a sinecure in the government, but he soon found this compromise unendurable. At another time, it is said, he held a position in the subways of New York, but, being discovered by reporters eager to fill a column with the tale of a poet-guard, he fled the post. He is unchangeably of New England, and the reticence of that north-easterly country holds him aloof from the clatter of the literary market. At a dinner for notables, a poetess of conscious allure attempted to charm him with her frolic. The tall, angular man shrank farther and farther into the corner of the room, she pursuing with smirks and coquetry. Suddenly he was not there. Since no door, window, or chimney was at hand, he must have gently let himself into the wall-paper.

His early work shows how severe was his apprenticeship. There is scarcely a set form or metrical experiment which he has not tried, yet with his first published poems the medium has yielded to him and become the natural expression of his thought. Not even Mr. Frost has given us a starker picture of a New England ruin than his villanelle called "The House on the Hill." The ballade becomes flexible to his ideas. And in the sonnet he has wrought some of his finest poems. The influence of this form appears in a characteristic stanza of eight lines divided into two parts. Often he compresses a poem into a single octave, as in "Boston" or "The Dark Hills":

Dark hills at evening in the west,
  Where sunset hovers like a sound
Of golden horns that sang to rest
  Old bones of warriors under ground,
Far now from all the bannered ways
  Where flash the legions of the sun,
You fade—as if the last of days
  Were fading, and all wars were done.

Consistency is the keynote of Mr. Robinson's career as craftsman. He develops but does not change. We find him employing the same forms in his latest works that he employed in his earliest, because, choosing carefully at the start, he has not been called upon to reject. While ephemeral schools have risen and sunk, and the Imagists, Vers Librists, Chicagoans, and the

rest have succeeded each other in kaleidoscopic haste, the five or six makers, of whom Mr. Robinson must stand as the most powerful, have quietly come into their own.

His thought has developed with equal consistency. From the beginning he has had but one object of contemplation : human life. At first he preferred the more dramatic aspects of people, and in a number of character sketches, of which "Richard Corey" and "Flammonde" are typical, he showed action without direct commenting upon it. When, very occasionally, he entered the picture, he came, like Thomas Hardy, as one who pities. He was thus in "Veteran Sirens":

> The ghost of Ninon would be sorry now
>   To laugh at them were she to see them here,
> So brave and so alert for learning how
>   To fence with reason for another year.
>
> Age offers a far comelier diadem
>   Than theirs ; but anguish has no eye for grace,
> When time's malicious mercy cautions them
>   To think awhile of number and of space.
>
> The burning hope, the worn expectancy,
>   The martyred humor, and the maimed allure,
> Cry out for time to end his levity,
>   And age to soften its investiture ;
>
> But they, though others fade and still are fair,
>   Defy their fairness and are unsubdued ;
> Although they suffer, they may not forswear
>   The patient ardor of the unpursued.
>
> Poor flesh, to fight the calendar so long ;
>   Poor vanity, so quaint and yet so brave ;
> Poor folly, so deceived and yet so strong,
>   So far from Ninon and so near the grave.

From these objective character sketches, the poet proceeded to dramatic monologues or dialogues—one step nearer, it will be noted, to that substitution of identity which marks the completed humanist. The best known of the works in this vein is "Ben Jonson Entertains a Man from Stratford," wherein we find less of the speaker than of his subject, Shakespeare. As in the later poem, "Rembrandt to Rembrandt," here is a report on that human dilemma —the man who is also the artist :

> . . . The coming on of his old monster Time
> Has made him a still man ; and he has dreams
> Were fair to think on once, and all found hollow.
> He knows how much of what men paint themselves
> Would blister in the light of what they are ;
> He sees how much of what was great now shares
> An eminence transformed and ordinary ;
> He knows too much of what the world has hushed
> In others, to be loud now for himself. . . .

An excellent philosophical poem, "The Man Against the Sky" (1916) stands between the works we have mentioned and the three Arthurian poems of which *Tristram* (Gollancz, 6s.) is the latest and the best. Here he deliberately turns back to well-worn narrative material that he may be free to devote himself to the analysis of emotion.

It is a long poem in ten parts, written in blank verse. The rhythms are

conversational but never slip-shod, swinging in full-toned, masculine speech from idea to idea. Single lines are lost in the whole passage, and therefore quotations would generally be misleading. This poet conceives his work in the large rather than in the particular: first the work as a whole, then the episode, then the passage. Few isolated lines stand out either as music or as epigrams; he neither writes nor thinks jerkily, but rather in the long, sustained rise to a climax which in itself receives emphasis slowly.

The first part, dealing with Isolt of Brittany, opens thus:

Isolt of the white hands, in Brittany,
Could see no longer northward anywhere
A picture more alive or less familiar
Than a blank ocean and the same white birds
Flying, and always flying, and still flying,
Yet never bringing any news of him
That she remembered . . . . .

The story runs its course, and at the end, when everything is effaced, she is still there watching:

. . . It was like that
For women, sometimes, and might be so too often
For women like her. She hoped there were not many
Of them, or many of them to be, not knowing
More about that than about waves and foam,
And white birds everywhere, flying, and flying;
Alone, with her white face and her gray eyes,
She watched them there till even her thoughts were white
And there was nothing alive but white birds flying,
Flying, and always flying, and still flying,
And the white sunlight flashing on the sea.

The story is not important except as the cause for human actions. The attention of the reader is to be engaged only by the workings of the minds and hearts of these characters symbolic of us all. The settings, remote in time and space, at once provide the grey background and spare the poet unnecessary digressions into "realism." All his best powers of observation are reserved for that higher realism which seeks faithfully to portray the most secret motives of the human mind.

Tristram, the two-fold lover, torn between desire and compassion, Isolt the desirable, and Isolt the pitiful, are symbolic figures set against the background of nature and of time. So does this poet always regard humanity, as a man against the sky, intense and minimuscular against the indifferent void. There is always something of Keats's "And they are gone, ay ages long ago" in Mr. Robinson's contemplation of his fellows. He is the poet of Afterward, brooding on a race long since departed from its fiery and defeated course. Time and space are the flint and steel; the sparks between them, how bright—but how soon extinguished.

This poet is, therefore, no mystic. His time is very long, his space large, but they still bind him. He is too heartily interested in the creatures of this world to regard them as offspring or parents of another. However philosophic his natural temper, his mind is stubbornly analytical—almost scientific. Wherever his work falls below excellence (and even the most sympathetic reader must admit that the love scenes in *Tristram* are too discursive for emotional effect) he over-indulges his taste for analysis. Some poets, Swinburne, for example, become prolix through the delight for phrasing. Mr. Robinson over-writes when he is ridden by his ideas.

Another weakness, cousin to that one, is the misty outline of his people. We know their minds and sometimes their hearts, but we can scarcely see them. Of the two realisms, certainly the interior is the more important, yet the poet's consistent denial of the senses in *Tristram*, as in all his work, is an obstacle to understanding.

Without further comment, we recommend this poem. It is the finest achievement of a great writer, and must surely live on in the tradition of the English language, which belongs neither to England nor America, but to the poets themselves.

ROBERT HILLYER.

MR. BLUNDEN'S NEW POEMS

RETREAT. By Edmund Blunden. (Cobden-Sanderson.) 6s. net.

Mr. Blunden has lately returned to England after three years teaching English in Tokio ; during this time most of the poems in his new volume were written. They show plainly that one of Mr. Blunden's chief consolations in exile has been the reading of Shakespeare. Shakespeare, notoriously, is a dangerous physic for a poet to jump his body with. The present volume reveals Mr. Blunden, as we might expect, turmoiled and uneasy after the injection of a new vocabulary. No doubt, when his native strength has assimilated the invasive words—when, if they come to his mind at all, they come to it naturally as the leaves to a tree—then strength will be stronger, and his richness enriched. But for the moment he gives us surprises rather than satisfactions. Words stick out of his poems like unruly briars and entangle us in memories. "Dislimn," "oeillade," "bisson" simply distract us from a texture into which they are only half-incorporate.

It would be an exaggeration to say that Mr. Blunden's borrowings are the most interesting element in his new volume. What is most interesting is what is best in it; for instance, the lovely and satisfying expression of emotion in the sonnet on the death of a little child : "For there is no help in them." Or, perhaps, more significant, and certainly in the rugged context of the whole more striking, the clarity and simplicity of two lines in "Resignation," where, after a description of an ideal country beauty (marred by a metrical incongruity in the stanza shape, against which Shakespeare's influence should have guarded him) ring out these two startling and lovely lines :—

> This was my country, and it may be yet ;
> But something flew between me and the sun.

They ring out, and they echo on. Their restrained emotional intensity comes to us without any check from the diction. In the same kind, simple and searching, though less perfect, is the last verse of "Voices by a River" :—

> Turn thy dear brow
> Full towards me, with thy young strong arm ;
> For I am trapped, on a sudden made centuries old;
> Warm me a little, the mist clings deadly cold
> That veils me now.

Here, again, Mr. Blunden's metrical pattern, though it is less positively distracting than in "Resignation," is not quite convincing. His sense of the larger rhythm of a poetic period is weak, so that many of his poems produce a mosaic and disjointed impression.

His simplest effects are his best. Some would say that this is inevitable as cause and effect. Far otherwise; and Mr. Blunden is absolutely right in seeking as diligently as he does for opulence of diction. His borrowings, according to the critic's temper, will be called flagrant or frank. Frank is what they are; and that is the next best thing to being successful, which they are not yet. Not many living English poets would dare to borrow the striking and curious words of Shakespeare's we have already mentioned; or—even more courageous—to take "upbubbles" from Keats's sonnet on Leander, and "dear God!" from Wordsworth's sonnet on Westminster Bridge. If they borrowed such things as these, they would be careful to do it with a knowing wink, by transplanting them into a totally different emotional soil. Mr. Blunden is forthright; he takes, so to speak, a goodly lump of their native earth with them. Consciously or unconsciously, he thus pits himself against the masters. The effort is not successful; but, more important for our estimate of Mr. Blunden's potentialities, it is not ludicrous.

But let us be quite clear on one point. He has, as yet, no real control of his diction, and no instinctive mastery of rhythm. As in his previous volumes, his simplest verse patterns are the most successful. Anything approaching a full Spenserian stanza is generally too much for him. It is on this side, we believe, that he has to meet his most serious difficulties. It is a feeling for the poetic period alone which really keeps language obedient to the higher "naturalness" of fine poetry. One can swallow—yes, and even take delight in swallowing—such adjectives as "prismy" and "nymphal" (in each of which Mr. Blunden twice indulges in this slender book) if they have their place in a weighty rhythmical pattern which keeps them subordinate. But where the pattern is meagre, they are almost as shocking as a string of pearls on a gaunt neck and withered skin.

J. M. M.

MARY CHOLMONDELEY

Mary Cholmondeley: A Sketch from Memory. By Percy Lubbock. With a photograph. (Cape.) 8s. 6d.

One's primary pleasure in this book is, perhaps, a satisfaction with a thing complete and lovely in itself, small, certainly, but perfectly done. Mr. Lubbock portrays in scarcely seventy pages of actual print an individual, a life, and an atmosphere, yet at the end nothing more, one feels, need to be said. "No biography, a rapid and informal sketch," he is pleased to call it, but rapid is a purely relative term, and, however else he might describe his careful and deliberate prose, informal it is not:

> The daughter of her race Mary Cholmondeley was indeed to the core of her being. She belonged, never ceased to belong, to her stock, her county, her England—an England of the English, far beyond earshot of the many strange accents in our hearing to-day. This tall, grave lady, plain-faced, delicately robed, with her thin hands and angular movements, England had made her and had taken long to make her; she had a quality, native, ancestral, that is not to be improvised in brief time. There was nothing in her imported from without, nothing detachable from its roots in the past; she was part of a continuity that stretched out of sight behind her.

Thus she appears in Mr. Lubbock's opening sketch of her, as woman and as writer, in the later years of their acquaintance. He shows her then in the "smart and base" Knightsbridge setting ("this was no place for the Cholmondeleys") in which he first knew her at the time of the success of *Red Pottage*, among her sisters and friends. Here he breaks off to recall one of that company, "our ever-memorable Rhoda" Broughton, in conflict with Henry James,

> massive in the centre, his great head thrown back, his wide and steady eye fixed upon the twining of his thought, as he slowly uncoils it; his voice breaking out in sonority as his phrase is amplified, qualified, left suspended for an interlude, recovered and again developed; slowly, deliberately the argument is built and adorned; and you see the climax looming, you wait and wonder how he will shape its last enrichment.

Again we see Mary Cholmondeley in more suitable surroundings in Kensington, a writer now of established reputation, "seriously and gratefully recognizing her talent," and enjoying the fruits of companionship and comfort it brought her. We see her, too, in her country cottage, discussing her work with her greatest friend and severest critic, Howard Sturgis. Only at the very end does Mr. Lubbock turn to her journals, to reveal in a few pages of quotation all that curiosity can seek to know of those early unhappy years in a Shropshire vicarage which, she herself realized, made her what, as a writer, she was. He says little about her books, but on page 50 will be found a critical estimate which is wholly just and adequate.

It is all singularly satisfyingly done. Mary Cholmondeley never came near to being a great writer, but she was a genuinely individual one. She was, he says,

> proud of her talent, as she might have been proud of a present sent to her from strange lands and far seas; you do not make light of such a gift because it might be ten times as rare and valuable as it is; she bore it proudly, never belittling or misprizing the present, what it was. And so I can imagine how she would listen and assent, and be glad to think it fitting that some image of her should have its place in the gallery of literature.

There, precisely, and beyond doubt, Mr. Lubbock has placed it.

GEOFFREY WEST.

ADEL

ITED BY

OHN MIDDLETON MURRY

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS.

ANNOUNCEMENT

OPINION ON CONTRIBUTIONS

MANY manuscripts are being submitted to the Editor of this Magazine with requests that, in addition to considering them for publication, he should offer an opinion on their merits. It is impossible for the Editor to do this, if only because his time is very fully occupied with other things. But to be of help as far as possible, he is willing to ask a professional reader, in whose judgment he has confidence, to give a frank opinion on the work of contributors who will pay the reader's fee. This is at the rate of half-a-guinea per thousand words; minimum one guinea, maximum three. MSS. submitted for opinion in this way should be accompanied by a crossed remittance made payable to "Adelphi Reader." These MSS., where suitable, will be considered for inclusion in the Magazine. But it must be understood the Editor has no interest in this scheme other than that of putting contributors in touch with his reader, at their request.

Communications for the Editor and MSS. should be accompanied by stamped envelope and addressed to The Editor, THE NEW ADELPHI, 9-11, *Cursitor Street, E.C.4. Advertisement copy and all communications relating to the advertising pages, to Advertisement Manager,* THE NEW ADELPHI, 19-19*a*, *Cursitor Street, London, E.C.4.*

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fifteen

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THE
NEW ADELPHI

VOL. II. No. 2. DECEMBER, 1928—FEBRUARY, 1929

NOTES AND COMMENTS

TO OUR READERS.—This number of THE NEW ADELPHI should have contained, and indeed did contain, two principal contributions which do not appear. The first was an examination into the complex issues raised by the recent condemnation of "The Well of Loneliness." We are advised that this examination, which formed the substance of our "Notes and Comments," would, if published, be in contempt of court. The second, a satirical fantasy by Mr. Hugh Kingsmill, entitled "Lord Birkenhead," might, in the view of the legal advisers of the printers, give ground as excuse for a libel action. Both had to be withdrawn. Thus, at the moment of going to press, roughly one-third of the matter arranged for the present issue had to be deleted, and the space filled as best we could. We ask for more than the usual forbearance from our readers.

We hope that, when our next number is published, the case of "The Well of Loneliness" will no longer be *sub judice*, in which event our comments on the subject will appear. We regret that there is no hope that Mr. Kingsmill's fantasy will be published, though we ourselves are convinced that no portion of it was other than fair, and good-humoured, comment upon a conspicuous public figure.

"THE OPEN CONSPIRACY."—A correspondent, Mr. E. M. Wishart, writes:

> In his article, *Mr. Wells's Revolution*, Mr. Murry seems to have missed the essential significance of *The Open Conspiracy*. He states that the moral appeal necessary to bring about a world revolution is absent from the book, and that the power of inspiring men to sacrifice themselves for a cause calls for a different type of thinking from any to which Mr. Wells appears to be accustomed. The first statement is true, the second may be, but both are beside the point. Mr. Murry has allowed himself to be side-tracked by the evangelical note of the introduction, which is certainly misleading.
>
> The scope of the work is more correctly described in Chapter IV in these words:
>
> "The modern religious life like all forms of religious life must needs have its own subtle and deep inner activities, its meditations, its self-confrontations, its phases of stress and search and appeal, its serene and prayerful moods, *but these inward aspects do not come into the scope of this present inquiry*, which is concerned

entirely with the outward shape, the directness and the organization of modern religious effort, with the question of what, *given religious devotion*, we have to do and how that has to be done."

It is plain that Mr. Wells is not seeking to make converts, he is discussing a plan of campaign with the converted.

The chief feature of the book that appears to call for criticism is the assumption on which the "Blue Prints" have been drawn up, that the religious man of to-day and to-morrow will desire to express his faith primarily in politics, and not as in the past in literature or in the church. Mr. Wells does not give his reasons for thinking so, but many spiritually enlightened persons will agree with him. In this respect, readers of Spengler will welcome *The Open Conspiracy* as warmly as disciples of Einstein welcomed the observations of the perihelion of Mercury.

It is to be remembered that the association of religion with literature and the other arts is only a phase. The Church was once the focus of religious life, and we must not shrink from anticipating a world governed by a hierarchy of saints whose theology is efficiency in social and economic organization. It may be difficult for a literary man to contemplate a devoted soul finding God in organizing the disposal of a country's sewage, but would not Thomas Aquinas have experienced the same difficulty in contemplating Keats finding God in the song of a nightingale?

Mr. Wishart's letter calls for no direct criticism. It is a valuable corrective of what may well have been a one-sided interpretation of Mr. Wells's book. But the letter contains implications which need to be met. It appears to assume that we believe that the religious impulse must necessarily find expression in "religion" or in "literature." We have no such belief. Nor on the other hand do we hold that the religious impulse must necessarily be expressed in social or political action. In action of some kind, of course. But to attempt to specify beforehand what kind of action, as Spengler and Mr. Wells do, seems to us mistaken.

At the present moment, as we see the situation, the need is not for this or that type of action, but for the preliminary adjustment, or regeneration, of the individual. Individuals need to learn that religion is not "religion" or "literature" or "politics," but primarily a life to be lived. It is the patient achievement of some sort of inward harmony, through a responsiveness to deeper impulses and a recognition of the deeper dissatisfactions which beset us. We may crusade, violently, for this or that political or social end; and we may call these ends more "universal" than the small and imperceptible adjustment of ourselves to our own deepest capacities: but that is only a self-delusion. The most "universal" end for which we can strive, in the present circumstances of the world, is the simple and difficult regeneration of ourselves. We shall not build the new Jersualem, unless we first rebuild ourselves. When we are conscious that we have attained some internal security, then we can act positively. But until then all spectacular "action" is only a thickening of the veil of self-delusion.

"The Learned Knife."—A book has just been published which duly emphasizes "the one thing needful." *The Learned Knife*, by Mr. Laurence Hyde (Gerald Howe, 12s. 6d. net), is a thorough-going

and even elaborate examination of the assumptions which underlie much of the modern "social" thinking to which, when it claims a self-sufficiency, we are opposed. The title is aptly taken from a remark of Dostoevsky:

> "Social and civic ideals, in so far as they are not organically connected with moral ideas, but exist by themselves like a separate half cut off from the whole by your learned knife . . . neither have, nor have had, nor ever could have, any existence at all."

Existence, of a sort, of course they have, but no validity: and it is to the exposure of their invalidity that Mr. Hyde applies himself, in what is—taken as a whole—a brilliant and valuable book.

But it has one obvious weakness: it is too long. Half its size would have made it twice as good. Mr. Hyde is too valuable a polemist to waste his powder in fireworks. Further, he is at times less than just to what he opposes. For example, he says of the psycho-analysts:

> There is, perhaps, no feature of the psycho-analytic outlook which is responsible for greater confusion than the tacit assumption that it is always the individual who is maladjusted and never his environment.

In the first place, this neglects the fact that psycho-analysis came into existence as a branch of medicine. Medicine, as such, is bound to take the environment as a datum. Its business, as medicine, is to cure rickets, not to reform the monstrous conditions of underpayment, malnutrition, and lack of sunlight which cause rickets. That is not the doctor's affair, *qua* doctor. Secondly, Mr. Hyde neglects the fact that there are some psycho-analysts who are as acutely aware as himself that in many cases the environment needs to be changed quite as much as the individual. There is a profound difference in this respect between Freud, on the one hand, and Jung and Adler on the other. Not that Adler's purely social solution is likely to be more palatable to Mr. Hyde than it is to ourselves; but Adler may fairly claim to be aware of the problem; and Jung at least to approach it in a way very like Mr. Hyde's.

What is required, we grow more and more convinced, is more of that tolerance, understanding, and co-operation for which Mr. Wells pleaded in *The Open Conspiracy*. We need to have in mind—at least as an ideal—an organization comparable for elasticity and comprehensiveness with the Catholic Church: an organization which insists at one and the same time on the need for individual discipline and corporate action. A non-dogmatic and (apparently) non-religious Catholicism may sound a little absurd; and certainly we shall have to wait for it. But no good is done in the interim by alienating those who are disquieted by, and eager for, much the same things as we ourselves.

THE EDITOR.

TRISTRAM CRAZED

He strode across the room and flung
The letter at her feet: "Now tell
Your treachery, harlot!" He was gone
Ere Iseult fainting fell.

He rode out from Tintagel gate,
He heard his charger slowly pace,
And ever hung a cloud of gnats
Three feet before his face.

At a wood's border he turned round,
And saw the distant castle side;
Iseult looking towards the wood,
Mark's window gaping wide.

He turned again and slowly rode
Into the forest's flickering shade,
And now as sunk in waters green
Were armour, helm and blade.

First he woke with night around
And heard the wind, and woke again
At noon within a ring of hills,
At sunset on a plain.

And now he saw a tower, and now
Slow moving past a spectral brake,
Amid black hills a gleaming swan
Upon an ebon lake.

And hill and plain and wood and tower
Passed on and on and turning came
Back to him, tower and wood and hill,
Now different, now the same.

There was a castle by a lake.
The castle doubled in the mere
Confused him, his uncertain eye
Wavered from there to here.

One window on the wall had held
Iseult upon a summer's day,
While he and Palomide below
Circled in deadly fray.

But now he searched the towers, the sward,
And struggled something to recall,
A stone, a shadow. Blank the lake,
And empty every wall!

He freed his horse, doffed sword and mail,
And went into the woods and tore
The branches from the tossing trees
Until his rage was o'er.

And now he wandered on the hills
In peace. Among the shepherd's flocks
Often he lay so long, he seemed
As rooted as the rocks.

The shepherds called and made him run
Like a tame cur to round the sheep.
At night he lay among the dogs
Beside a well to sleep.

And he forgot Iseult and all.
Dagonet once and two came by,
Like tall escutcheoned animals
With antlers towering high.

He snapped their spears, rove off their helms,
And soused them in the well, and sent
Them onward with a bitter heart,
But knew not where they went.

They came to Mark and told him how
A madman ruled the hinds and kept
The sheep; Mark sent and haled him to
Tintagel while he slept.

He saw Mark sitting down at chess,
And Iseult with her maids at play,
The arras where the scarlet knights
And ladies stood all day.

None knew him. In the garden once
Iseult walked in the afternoon;
Her hound leapt up and licked his face;
Iseult fell in a swoon.

There as he leaned the misted grass
Cleared blade by blade below his face,
The round walls hardened as he looked,
And he was in his place.

EDWIN MUIR.

CHRISTMAS EVE

A Sketch of 1899.

DOROTHY flattened her broad forehead and her nose against the cool glass of the train window and stared out at the country white with snow. Golden brown hair, cut like a boy's, curled over her head. She swung her feet or, at times, rested them on the steam pipes which ran along the side of the car, until the soles began to burn and her rubbers to emit an acrid, scorched smell.

This was the first time she had ever travelled by herself. She was going to spend Christmas with her great-aunt Harriet and her great-uncle James. Her mother had put her on the train at the dreary country station, and Uncle James was to meet her in New York. Of course her mother was to follow the next day, Christmas Eve, but for the present she was alone, responsible only to herself. It made her feel important, grown up. With aloof dignity she chilled the advances of the grey-haired woman across the aisle.

Whenever the door was opened, it let in a cold, raw smell of snow, the taint of coal gas. Dorothy felt faintly sick at her stomach, and pressed her lips into a thin hard line. She would not let herself feel cold, little, miserable. She made her thoughts dwell on what was to come—Christmas! The spicy odour of fir needles. A dark green tree pointed and crowned with a star. Tinsel. Silver-sprinkled snow. Blossoms of gold, green and red balls. Candy. Toys. A new fairy book.

The train quivered through the black roar of a tunnel. Dorothy gathered up her bag and small paper parcel, ready to follow the crowd. When she stepped down from the car to the narrow platform leading to the station, she saw that the snow, here, had melted or been trampled away. The planks with wide cracks between were darkly wet and slippery. They gave out a dank breath.

Uncle James met her at the exit gate. He bent from his height to kiss her, his face hidden behind a curly white beard. The tickling roughness of so much hair against her mouth and cheeks gave Dorothy a curious sensation. She looked up at her uncle in awe. Only his bulbous red nose and crinkled eyes and the crimson line of his lips were visible. Her small hand grasped in his great one, she walked proudly by his side.

The moment they left the station they were assailed by pushing figures, cries, beckoning gestures.

"Cab!" "Cab!" "Cabby!" "Cab, Sir!"

Uncle James went stiffly by as if he did not see or hear the yelping

men. But an expression of annoyance spread over his ruddy, bearded face. Dorothy held her head high. She knew that the carriage waited for them, the bay horses pawing, John the coachman high on his box.

Inside, the atmosphere was close with leather and the stable. The marvels that Dorothy remembered awaited her—the black silk window-shades which ran up and down along cords, the mysterious pockets, the rack with its two silver-stoppered bottles and the flat square mirror which slipped behind them. She and Uncle James played with all these on the way to the house.

The carriage drew up to the curb with a flourish. Dorothy waited while Uncle James gave John his orders. Then they climbed the brown sandstone steps and passed through the vestibule, cold and narrow, with swinging glass doors.

Great-aunt Harriet came to welcome them in the hall, bright with gas-lit imitation candles in brackets of scrolled brass. She was short and plump, and scarcely had to stoop to kiss Dorothy's small drooping mouth. Her hair, twisted and curled, rose in a white dome above her pink and white snub-nosed face. Dorothy remembered how Aunt Harriet slipped this hair off at night, how smooth and shiny her bulging forehead appeared underneath.

The grand rooms, the walls hidden under gold-framed pictures, the furniture of gilt or polished wood, made Dorothy feel that she ought to be uncomfortably good, stiff. Her feet sank into the bright flowers and arabesques of the carpet. She could not see the bare floor anywhere. Statues. Vases. Ormolu cabinets of curios.

She liked best of all the life-size bronze Indian paddling a canoe, or, perhaps, the white marble woman bent under a pack of Cupids and roses. On the parlour mantel-shelf stood a flower-wreathed porcelain chariot in which sat half-draped figures. Dorothy was not shocked at their nakedness ; she had been told they were gods and goddesses.

With great solemnity old Peter ushered her upstairs to a room all her own. She loved Peter's broad black face, the flashing whites of his eyes, his mouth very red inside. The nails were pinkish brown on his twisted hands. His voice was low and mournfully caressing.

She did not want him to go and leave her alone in this gloomy red-curtained room. The air was hot and steamy. In a dark corner loomed the carved wooden bed, so large that it might conceal anything. Dorothy was afraid, although she would not admit it.

She turned her back to the bed and began to dress for supper, slowly, fumblingly. She wished more than ever that her mother had allowed her to bring a book. Then she might have lost her sense of a menacing presence behind her. She reasoned with herself, scolded herself. In half mumbling tones she tried to repeat the last poem she had memorized.

With the desperate fascination of terror, she walked over to the shadowed bed. It was empty ! Smooth and untouched lay the spread,

a filigree of white crochet over a background of red. Dorothy was almost disappointed. Did nothing exciting or terrible ever happen?

§

Christmas Eve. Aunt Harriet's. Mother is coming soon, thought Dorothy, waking from a nap. But it all seemed unreal—yesterday and home so far away!

Through the lace curtains and between the heavy folds of the red hangings, only a narrow beam of light could slip. It fell in a white, cold bar across the pink and crimson roses of the carpet and touched the blue basin and pitcher on the other side of the bedroom.

Dorothy approached and gazed dreamily at this wash-stand set. Upon its ultramarine surface was painted, in shades of yellow, a hero nakedly astride a rearing horse. With spear of flaming orange he forever transfixed a tawny lion. But Dorothy preferred to imagine that he was Saint George slaying the dragon. Whenever, at home, she wanted to recall Aunt Harriet's house, it was this picture that she saw. It gave her a sense of tingling warmth. With it blended the dusty smell of draperies and thick carpets, of unaired rooms, the sound of muffled city streets.

"Time to dress, Dorothy. You've dreamed long enough," said a high, peremptory voice.

Aunt Harriet had entered the room, the sound of her approach deadened in the thick wool underfoot. A rhinestone comb shone in the mass of her bluish white hair. The fingers of her pale square hands were weighted down with rings.

"I want you to be ready by the time your mother comes," she commanded Dorothy again.

Then she turned and moved away with quick short jerks. Her feet, shod in tiny white kid shoes, appeared too small for her stout body.

Dorothy remained awkwardly motionless. She felt as if she had been discoverd in some misdeed. The blood rose and burned in her cheeks and forehead. Aunt Harriet had no right to come sneaking up on her like that. Tears of anger gathered in her brown eyes, and the turned-down corners of her mouth quivered. She could not speak.

With resentful slowness she put on her old-rose dress. She tried not to like it because Aunt Harriet had given it to her. But it was her favourite colour, and it had come from Paris! She admired the dull gold buckle. She closed her eyes and smoothed the supple cloth with the tips of her fingers. This made her feel beautiful—a fairy or a princess.

Dorothy slipped down the back stairs and into the yellow and brown library. From under the tall glass bookcase she drew a large flat book, red with gold letters: *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. She hunched over it on the floor and turned the pages, allured and terrified, as ever, by the evil glamour of its pictures—the ship sloping and driven before

the wind through monstrous waves, or threatened by mast-high bergs of ice; snakes coiling about in becalmed and oily water; gaunt-eyed corpses working the ship's ropes. But there was one picture that, with a shudder, Dorothy always tried to skip. In it, Death, a shrouded skeleton, and Life in Death, a bloodless woman with streaming hair and malevolent mad eyes, cast dice for the mariner's soul.

The slam of the front door, Uncle James's cheerful voice in the hall. Dorothy jumped up and ran to meet him. She wanted to hug him boisterously, but was overawed by his tallness and his stately beard. Instead she looked up at him, appeal in her eyes, her face puckered into a wistful smile. She tugged at his blue-veined knotted hand.

"Please tell me some poetry, Uncle James!"

He answered with a smile, a twinkle in his blue eyes. In spite of the admonition of his wife's compressed lips, he followed Dorothy back into the library. He sat in the Gothic chair behind the flat mahogany desk and took Dorothy upon his knees.

Sniffing the red carnation in his buttonhole, she rested her brown cropped head upon his shoulder and closed her eyes. She lost herself in the sonorous rhythm. Horatius at the Bridge. The Battle of Killiecrankie. Dorothy shivered. She knew the next would be the ballad that told of the drowned lover's return.

Aunt Harriet came in and stood by the door, waiting for Uncle James to finish. A frown gathered on her forehead, a wearied expression in her clear azure eyes.

"Your mother's here, Dorothy," she said at last, shortly. "And, James, the others will come any minute."

"All right!"

He rose and kissed Aunt Harriet's cheek gallantly. Her short mouth curved down like Dorothy's. She pushed him away with such force that she tottered on her diminutive feet.

"Please be careful, James!"

At that moment Dorothy's mother entered with a Christmas greeting and a kiss for each of them. Others followed—uncles, cousins, aunts. Everyone kissed everyone else dutifully.

Dorothy liked some of her relatives and was indifferent to others, but she wished they would all stop kissing and talking, talking, talking. Her ears ached from the shrill chatter.

At last the family had assembled and Great-uncle James presided from behind the polished surface of his desk. His red mouth, white-bearded, broadened into a smile as he lifted a china bank the shape of a yellow cat. He explained how, every year, he saved to spend on Christmas Eve, how he put aside a little each week—a bill, a quarter, or an unexpected gold piece. Then he raised a twisted silver paper-knife in his sinewy hand, ready to crash in the poor cat's head.

"How much do you say?" he asked.

Each one named some figure as Uncle James let fall the heavy knife.

Pieces of silver, of gold, green and yellow bills burst out in all directions. Uncle James smiled again. There was always more than the biggest guess, and everyone prepared to gasp in amazement. It was part of the ritual.

Uncle James counted every dollar with impressiveness, then presented one to each person, even to Dorothy. To Uncle Dick, who had made the closest guess, he gave five more.

This was the first year Dorothy had been considered old enough to come to the Christmas Eve ceremonies. She was excited and completely charmed. She crumpled the green bill tight in her palm and did not want her mother to put it away for her.

" It's a present," she argued.

" Is everybody ready ? " inquired Aunt Harriet.

She was in her element, bustling about, arranging the whole party.

" We're going 'way down town, farther than you've ever been before," Uncle James told Dorothy.

There was a scurry for hats and coats. Then they were all marched out into a waiting omnibus. The inside was dark and cold. Dorothy squeezed against Uncle James and held his warm, comforting hand as they rumbled and shook over tracks and cobble-stones.

Through the narrow jerking door, she could look out at streets of grey distorted shadows, at wavering circles of light thrown by tall street lamps. Horse cars jangled by. An elevated train roared overhead. They stopped, at last, before a store with a brilliant window.

Enthralled, Dorothy stared through the plate glass at a ruddy brown boar's head with snarling tusks, an apple clenched between his rigid jaws. On a platter to one side lay a little pig, his skin delicate pink, his feet curled under him. He sucked at a tiny orange and his eyes were two scarlet berries. Dorothy could scarcely be drawn inside, where the clean moist smell of sawdust mingled with that of spices and of garlic, where under glass counters were displayed all kinds of jellied meats and preserved delicacies.

Here she peered happily about, while the older members of the party discussed and made purchases. They even sampled bits of chicken in aspic, black glossy olives, slices of livid white sausage. Uncle James bought Dorothy a box of guava jelly and promised that, some day, she might taste everything.

With ostentation he drew out his wallet to pay the bill. Each housewife in the family had made her selection and spent a certain share. Each man was given five dollars " to buy a new silk hat." Then they issued out into the dark again, under the mighty interlaced columns of an elevated station.

In spite of her mother's remonstrances, Dorothy insisted on taking Uncle James's hand.

" Let the child alone," he said at last. " She isn't bothering me."

They walked a short distance, then turned sharply to the right. A

ide, better illuminated street under the cold open sky. But Dorothy uld not see the stars. A glow flared upward only to be lost in black nptiness. This was an enchanted city, not the New York of every y. Peddlers held out blue, yellow and purple balloons and streamers. thers blew ear-piercing whistles. Old women made mechanical imals walk along the pavement.

Uncle James bought from all. He presented toys to the street boys 10 gathered around, until even his Fortunatus purse had grown flat. ien he beckoned the omnibus that had been following at a discreet stance, and they all climbed in.

Dorothy dozed shakily until they stopped again, this time before the izing entrance to a great restaurant. White crowded tables. Crystal andeliers. Black-coated waiters, bowing and scurrying. She iagined she was a fairy princess, this her palace, these her subjects. ie smiled with charming condescensions.

She found herself seated at a large table covered with dishes and iknown shining utensils. Strange fish and meats were placed before :, whisked away again. Uncle James overruled her mother's objecons. This was his party and no one was to be denied.

But Dorothy was too tired to enjoy even food. Her efforts were infully concentrated on keeping awake. She stared at a light until it ew small and black circles swirled around it, closer. The ray pierced : as she was about to slip away into nothingness. In terror she iched her hand and forced herself to move.

At last the torturing meal was over. The waiters beamed slavishly Uncle James as he passed out.

Dorothy surrendered herself to the jolting blackness. The rumble of e omnibus turned to roaring—sough of wind through the terrible rest. From behind trees grinning peddlers thrust at her with glitter; knives. Fat sausage balloons burst and scattered money. A ering, abased waiter—Uncle James.

GLADYS EDGERTON.

SYLVESTER UNFROCKED

(To his Aunt Philippa who had paid his college expenses.)

DEAR AUNT PHIL,

This must seem a tremendous let-down to you after all you have done for me, and I feel I owe you the fullest explanation. I am particularly anxious you should have it before you read of the affair in the papers; I have been surly to interviewers, and no doubt they will take their revenge. But you and I have always understood each other, and I am counting on your continued sympathy and advice, if not on your approval. First of all, I want to say that I have been treated with the utmost consideration and leniency. The Bishop has been supremely kind and did all he could to save me. Every door was left ajar, every line of retreat left open, had I been able to avail myself of it. There has been no question of intolerance. Neither have I met with any hostility in my parish; my people have stood by me with touching loyalty, and I never knew I had so many friends. W——, my colleague over at H——, wanted to burn his boats and cast in his lot with mine, but I begged him not to, as I felt sure it was friendship for me rather than overwhelming conviction that was actuating him.

You will understand, better than most people, that my rash act was the result of long conflict. But I must tell you exactly what happened. On that Whit Sunday, when I recited the Creed, I paused after the words "born of the Virgin Mary" and added "in holy wedlock." How shall I explain my crude action or account for the crisis that overtook me? It was certainly not a sudden, freakish impulse, yet I had not made up my mind what I was going to say when I began the service. I was rather in a state of suspense, knowing there would be some culmination to the long tension of the preceding weeks. For it had become increasingly clear to me that every time I recited the Creed I was breathing on the silver mirror of Truth; perhaps not tarnishing it, but dimming it for the moment, and if you do this habitually, it is bound to tarnish in the end. For here am I, making a definite statement of what I believe, in most particular terms, which were certainly not intended to be merely symbolic by those who put them together, neither are understood as such by the man in the street, however much I may interpret them symbolically in my own mind. Let me say clearly at the outset that I have no desire to throw the Creed overboard wholesale. Apart from my deep reverence for ancient and beautiful things, it does as a whole embody Truth for me, as far as human words can approximate to the ineffable. I just shy at certain phrases, particularly those implying the Virgin Birth. I do not deny the Virgin Birth, I have an open mind about it, but this does

justify me in declaring that I believe in it as a fundamental of ristian doctrine. The evidence is admittedly exiguous to a degree, d the doctrine probably only maintains itself because it does symlize a real spiritual truth that appeals to the heart.

Well, you might have supposed there would be a sensation, but there s none. People say the Creed so mechanically, I doubt if anyone iced my interpolation except the schoolmaster, who is very wide ake and a great pal of mine. Of course, my back was turned to the gregation, but there was certainly no scene. Then in the sermon oke about "conceived of the Holy Ghost." These words are to the key of the problem. What does the Holy Ghost conceive: xed cells or spiritual forces? I was very outspoken. These country ple are at grips with Nature and quite realistic. I felt I carried my gregation with me. I spoke as plainly as I could of what Christ ant to me. I said that my last sleeping thoughts and my first king thoughts were Christ's, and that every decision I took was mitted to His judgment; and that, not merely to His memory, but His actual living spiritual presence. That is what Christ's divinity me. It is a forward view, confirmed by daily practical experience, l quite independent of doctrinal definitions. Yet I cannot throw rboard all historical considerations; I must justify my faith against charge of caprice or mere emotionalism. Let me then put the quesn baldly. Does disbelief in a supernatural birth and bodily resurtion mean disbelief in Christ's divinity? Clearly, if you hold that soul is merely the child of its parents' soul, this would follow ically, and Jesus is the same as any other man. But if the soul is -existent and temporarily inhabits the physical and mental property en it at birth, then the body is only the machine and its fate of but sing importance. If Jesus was conceived of the Holy Ghost, what you really suppose the Holy Ghost does conceive, a mixed cell or a ritual entity? Quite possibly both, but where does the emphasis ? If the Holy Spirit raised Christ from the dead, what was it that se? Personally, the physical resurrection of Christ does not present me the same difficulties as the supernatural birth, as it seems to me irely reasonable that the corporal body might be transmuted into rit. The empty tomb is not a necessity to my faith, but there is hing in me that boggles over it.

But surely what matters is the spirit in which we contemplate these nts. If it is the spirit that mistook Christ's words about the leaven a rebuke to slackness in doing the household shopping, can we hope nter at all into their spiritual significance? If you hold materialistic ws about your own make-up and deny the predominance of the ritual there, will not the Son of Man be to you either a mere enlarged y of what you conceive yourself to be, or else so remote a presentment absolute Deity as to be out of all relation with the humanity he came express? But if you believe in the indwelling Spirit, and in yourself

as in some measure conceived by the Holy Ghost, you recognize the divinity of its supreme manifestation in Jesus as kindred to the eternal Spirit manifested in all humanity. You see that its uniqueness does not depend on external phenomena, but on the creative quality of its original impetus.

There is a poem by Victor Hugo describing a sunset of great magnificence, the sun sinking in a sea of gorgeous clouds and spreading great rays of light: and a daisy contemplating this glory and saying to itself with happy contentment, "*J'ai aussi des rayons.*" Shall we not look thus upon Christ? No daisy in its senses would claim equality with the life-giving sun, but it is love's intuition that recognizes and seizes the fundamental likeness beneath the overawing difference. And so love answers love. "*J'ai aussi des rayons*"—may the sin-stricken soul make such a claim? Let us say boldly that it may, because He has made us in His image.

After the service several people came up and shook hands with me. I walked home with the schoolmaster and we had a talk, and that would have been the end of it, but, of course, I felt bound to report to the Bishop. In the interviews that followed I was impressed with his wisdom and true saintliness. He certainly made me feel very raw and young, and if I had ever thought I had been at all interesting or original, I should have had no such illusions left. "You have just chosen a rather crude and showy way of airing a difficulty that nine men out of ten in the Church have to face." He spoke to me about universality and how individual predilections are sunk in the larger issue: the particular, he said, must give way to the universal. I agreed, but said it was just the particular that I was shying at. "You should be too absorbed in the universal aspect to be put out by the particular," he said, and he spoke about scruples, how they usually derived from weakness and a lack of sense of proportion, rather than from an unusual respect for truth. A broader outlook would lift me above the pettiness of literalism. You should fix your eyes on the horizon and let your feet take care of themselves.

He was so kind to me, he called me "my dear boy," and said some things I won't repeat, but which I shall always remember gratefully. I did not feel at all proud of myself, I assure you, but I was unable to take the line of apology and retreat that wisdom pointed out. It seemed to me like the advice given to naval officers to keep silent about abuses for the sake of the Service. I cannot see things that way. Those who do, I am convinced, are right in holding on, and I do not think it is fair to accuse them of any lack of sincerity. There is one thing I should indeed like to apologize for: the implied reproach in my action to those who are still able to carry on in the Church. My worst sufferings now are caused by those who welcome me as an opponent of orthodoxy. If they only knew how I hate this and how I love the Church I am leaving!

I had seriously thought of entering the ministry of the Free Churches, but last week I had a letter from Lavrock inviting me to work under him. Lavrock, you know, runs a clinic in the East End on very modern lines; he deals largely with drink cases. I have always felt that the future is going to produce a cross between the doctor and the priest, and that Lavrock is that type of man. I know no one I should so much like to work under. Fortunately I did psychology during my last two years and have kept up to date in my reading, but it will no doubt mean some preliminary training. If you had ambitions for me, dear Aunt Phil—as indeed I had for myself—this must seem a very tame ending. But I am not at all worried about my own future, and I hope you won't be.

As for the future of the Anglican Church, who shall say? Clearly we are going into the melting-pot, whether we come out in recognizable form or must undergo a complete transformation. (You see I cannot help saying "we"!) For my part, I pray it may be the former. Well I remember the day when I was told to wipe my slate clear of sums in compound division and turn to algebra, and the sense of expansion that, even then, came to me. Years later, I used to delight in this passage from *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*: "We are mere operatives, empirics and egotists, until we learn to think in letters instead of figures." It is this transition from arithmetic to algebra that I feel the Church has got to make. It is not that the old reckoning was wrong or will be superseded, but that we have reached a point in our education when we must move on to wider conceptions.

"Launch out into the deep," our Lord's words to Simon, keep ringing in my ears. I believe that following Christ is bound to take us out into the deep. He walks on the sea when we would nervously prefer to keep to land. He upsets the money-changers' tables in our hearts and breaks the meshes of our little nets. He has no use for the spices that pious hands prepare to embalm this body; He cannot be held in the buildings we dedicate to His name. And He makes all things new. In this hope, one's little individual fate seems negligible.

Whenever you can take me in, I should like to come down to Cherry Orchard and talk things over.

Your grateful nephew,
Sylvester Mayne.

M. B.

FIFTY YEARS OF BRITISH IDEALISM*

AFTER fifty years, an old milestone in the path of philosophy, Bradley's *Ethical Studies*, has been set up again, as if to mark the distance which English opinion has traversed in the interval. It has passed from insular dogmatism to universal bewilderment; and a chief agent in the change has been Bradley himself, with his scornful and delicate intellect, his wit, his candour, his persistence, and the baffling futility of his conclusions. In this early book we see him coming forth like a young David against every clumsy champion of utilitarianism, hedonism, positivism, or empiricism. And how smooth and polished were the little stones in his sling! How fatally they would have lodged in the forehead of that composite monster, if only it had had a forehead! Some of them might even have done murderous execution in Bradley's own camp: for instance, this pebble cast playfully at the metaphysical idol called "Law": "It is *always* wet on half-holidays because of the Law of Raininess, but *sometimes* it is *not* wet, because of the Supplementary Law of Sunshine."

Bradley and his friends achieved a notable victory in the academic field: philosophic authority and influence passed largely into their hands in all English-speaking universities. But it was not exactly from these seats of learning that naturalism and utilitarianism needed to be dislodged; like the corresponding radicalisms of our day, these doctrines prevailed rather in certain political and intellectual circles outside, consciously revolutionary and often half-educated; and I am afraid that the braggart Goliaths of to-day need chastening at least as much as those of fifty years ago. In a country officially Christian, and especially in Oxford, it is natural and fitting that academic authority should belong to orthodox tradition, theological, Platonic, and Aristotelian. Bradley, save for a few learned quotations, strangely ignored this orthodoxy entrenched behind his back. In contrast with it he was himself a heretic, with first principles devastating every settled belief: and it was really this venerable silent partner at home that his victory superseded, at least in appearance and for a season. David did not slay Goliath, but he dethroned Saul. Saul was indeed already under a cloud, and all in David's heart was not unkindness in that direction. Bradley might almost be called an unbelieving Newman; time, especially, seems to have brought his suffering and refined spirit into greater sympathy with ancient sanctities. Originally, for instance, venting the hearty Protestant sentiment that only the

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***Ethical Studies*, by F. H. Bradley, O.M., LL.D. (Glasgow), Late Fellow of Merton College, Oxford; second edition revised, with additional notes by the author. Oxford, The Clarendon Press, 1927.*

Christianity of laymen is sound, he had written: "I am happy to say that 'religieux' has no English equivalent." But a later note says: "This is not true except of Modern English only. And, in any case it won't do, and was wrong and due to ignorance. However secluded the religious life, it may be practical indirectly *if* through the unity of the spiritual body it can be taken as vicarious." The "*if*" here saves the principle that all values must be social, and that the social organism is the sole moral reality: yet how near this bubble comes to being pricked! We seem clearly to feel that the question is not whether spiritual life subserves animal society, but whether animal society ever is stirred and hallowed into spiritual life.

All this, however, in that age of progress, was regarded as obsolete: there was no longer to be any spirit except the spirit of the times. True, the ritualists might be striving to revive the latent energies of religious devotion, with some dubious help from æstheticism: but against the rising tide of mechanical progress and romantic anarchy, and against the mania for rewriting history, traditional philosophy then seemed helpless and afraid to defend itself: it is only now beginning to recover its intellectual courage. For the moment, speculative radicals saw light in a different quarter. German idealism was nothing if not self-confident; it was relatively new; it was encyclopædic in its display of knowledge, which it could manipulate dialectically with dazzling, if not stable, results; it was Protestant in temper and autonomous in principle; and altogether it seemed a sovereign and providential means of suddenly turning the tables on the threatened naturalism. By developing romantic intuition from within and packing all knowledge into one picture, the universe might be shown to be, like intuition itself, thoroughly spiritual, personal, and subjective.

The fundamental axiom of the new logic was that the only possible reality was consciousness. "People find," writes Bradley, "a subject and an object correlated in consciousness. . . . To go out of that unity is for us literally to go out of our minds . . . When mind is made only a part of the whole, there is a question which *must* be answered. . . . If about any matter we know nothing whatsoever, can we say anything about it? Can we even say that it is? And if it is not in consciousness, how can we know it? . . . And conversely, if we know it, it cannot be not mind." Bradley challenged his contemporaries to refute this argument; and not being able to do so, many of them felt constrained to accept it, perhaps not without grave misgivings. For was it not always a rooted conviction of the British mind that knowledge brings material power, and that any figments of consciousness (in religion, for instance) not bringing material power are dangerous bewitchments, and not properly knowledge? Yet it is no less characteristic of the British mind to yield occasionally, up to a certain point, to some such enthusiastic fancy, provided that its incompatibility with honest action may be denied or ignored. So in this

case British idealists, in the act of defining knowledge idealistically, as the presence to consciousness of its own phenomena, never really ceased to assume transcendent knowledge of a self-existing world, social and psychological, if not material: and they continued scrupulously to readjust their ideas to those dark facts, often more faithfully than the avowed positivists or scientific psychologists.

What could ethics properly be to a philosopher who on principle might not trespass beyond the limits of consciousness? Only ethical sentiment. Bradley was satisfied to appeal to the moral consciousness of his day, without seeking to transform it. The most intentionally eloquent passage in his book describes war-fever unifying and carrying away a whole people: that was the summit of moral consciousness and of mystic virtue. His aim, even in ethics, was avowedly to describe that which exists, to describe moral experience, without proposing a different form for it. A man must be a man of his own time, or nothing; to set up to be better than the world was the beginning of immorality; and virtue lay in accepting one's station and its duties. The moralist should fill his mind with a concrete picture of the task and standards of his age and nation, and should graft his own ideals upon that tree; which need not prevent moral consciousness from including a decided esteem for non-political excellences like health, beauty, or intelligence, which are not ordinarily called virtues by modern moralists. Yet they were undeniably good; better, perhaps, than any painful and laborious dutifulness; so that the strictly moral consciousness might run over, and presently lose itself in "something higher." Indeed, even health, beauty, and intelligence, which seemed at first so clearly good, might lose their sharpness on a wider view. In the panorama that would ultimately fill the mind these so-called goods and virtues could not be conceived without their complementary vices and evils. Thus all moral consciousness, and even all vital preference, might ultimately be superseded: they might appear to have belonged to a partial and rather low stage in the self-development of consciousness.

With this dissolution of his moral judgments always in prospect, why should Bradley, or any idealist, have pursued ethical studies at all? Since all phases of life were equally necessary to enrich an infinite consciousness, which must know both good and evil in order to merge and to transcend them, he could hardly nurse any intense enthusiasm for a different complexion to be given to the lives of men. His moral passion—for he had it, caustic and burning clear—was purely intellectual: it was shame that in England the moral consciousness should have been expressed in systems dialectically so primitive as those of the positivists and utilitarians. He acknowledged, somewhat superciliously, that their hearts were in the right place; yet, if we are to have ethics at all, were not their thoughts in the right place also? They were concerned not with analysis of the moral consciousness but

with the conduct of affairs and the reform of institutions. The spectacle of human wretchedness profoundly moved them; their minds were bent on transforming society, so that a man's station and its duties might cease to be what a decayed feudal organisation and an inhuman industrialism had made of them. They revolted against the miserable condition of the masses of mankind, and against the miserable consolations which official religion, or a philosophy like Bradley's, offered them in their misery. The utilitarians were at least intent on existence and on the course of events; they wished to transform institutions to fit human nature better, and to educate human nature by those new institutions so that it might better realize its latent capacities. These are matters which a man may modify by his acts and they are therefore the proper concern of the moralist. Were they much to blame if they neglected to define pleasure or happiness and used catch-words, dialectically vague, to indicate a direction of effort politically quite unmistakable? Doubtless their political action, like their philosophical nomenclature, was revolutionary and relied too much on wayward feelings ignorant of their own causes. Revolution, no less than tradition, is but a casual and clumsy expression of human nature in contact with circumstances; yet pain and pleasure and spontaneous hopes, however foolish, are direct expressions of that contact, and speak for the soul; whereas a man's station and its duties are purely conventional, and may altogether misrepresent his native capacities. The protest of human nature against the world and its oppressions is the strong side of every rebellion; it was the *moral* side of utilitarianism, of the rebellion against irrational morality.

Unfortunately the English reformers were themselves idealists of a sort, entangled in the vehicles of perception, and talking about sensations and ideas, pleasures and pains, as if these had been the elements of human nature, or even of nature at large: and only the most meagre of verbal systems, and the most artificial, can be constructed out of such materials. Moreover, they spoke a great deal of pleasure and happiness, and hardly at all of misery and pain: whereas it would have been wiser, and truer to their real inspiration, to have laid all the emphasis on evils to be abated, leaving the good to shape itself in freedom. Suffering is the instant and obvious sign of some outrage done to human nature; without this natural recoil, actual or imminent, no morality would have any sanction, and no precept would be imperative. What silliness to command me to pursue pleasure, or to avoid it, if in any case everything would be well! Save for some shadow of dire repentance looming in the distance, I am deeply free to walk as I will. The choice of pleasure for a principle of morals was particularly unfortunate in the British utilitarians; it lent them an air of frivolity absurdly contrary to their true character. Pleasure might have been a fit enough word in the mouth of Aristippus, a semi-oriental untouched by the least sense of responsibility, or even on the

lips of humanists in the eighteenth century, who, however sordid their lives may sometimes have been, could still move in imagination to the music of Mozart, in the landscape of Watteau or of Fragonard. But in the land and age of Dickens the moral ideal was not so much pleasure as kindness: this tenderer word not only expresses better the motive at work, but it points to the distressing presence of misery in the world, to make natural kindness laborious and earnest, and turn it into a legislative system.

Bradley's hostility to pleasure was not fanatical: one's station and its duties might have their agreeable side. "It is probably good for you," he tells us, "to have, say, not less than two glasses of wine after dinner. Six on ordinary occasions is perhaps too many; but as to three or four, they are neither one way nor the other." If the voluptuary was condemned, it was for the commonplace reason which a hedonist, too, might invoke, that a life of pleasure soon palls and becomes unpleasant. Bradley's objection to pleasure was merely speculative: he found it too "abstract." To call a pleasure when actually felt an abstraction is an exquisite absurdity: but pleasure, in its absolute essence, is certainly simple and indefinable. If instead of enjoying it on the wing, and as an earnest of the soul's momentary harmony, we attempt to arrest and observe it, we find it strangely dumb; we are not informed by it concerning its occasion, nor carried from it by any logical implication to the natural object in which it might be found. A pure hedonist ought therefore to be rather relieved if all images lapsed from his consciousness and he could luxuriate in sheer pleasure, dark and overwhelming. True, such bliss would be rather inhuman, and of the sort which we rashly assign to the oyster: but why should a radical and intrepid philosopher be ashamed of that? The condition of Bradley's Absolute—feeling in which all distinctions are transcended and merged—seems to be something of that kind; but there would be a strange irony in attributing this mystical and rapturous ideal to such ponderous worthies as Mill and Spencer, whose minds were nothing if not anxious, perturbed, instrumental, and full of respect for variegated facts, and who were probably incapable of tasting pure pleasure at all.

But if pleasure, in its pure essence, might really be the highest good for a mystic who should be lost in it, it would be no guide to a moralist wishing to control events, and to distribute particular pleasures or series of pleasures as richly as possible in the world. For this purpose he would need to understand human nature and its variable functions, in which different persons and peoples may find their sincere pleasures; and this knowledge would first lend to his general love of pleasure any point of application in the governance of life or in benevolent legislation. Some concrete image of a happy human world would take the place of the futile truism that pleasure is good and pain evil. This is, of course, what utilitarian moralists meant to do, and actually did, in so far as

their human sympathies extended, which was not to the highest things; but it was not what they said, and Bradley had a clear advantage over them in the war of words. A pleasure is not a programme: it exists here and not there, for me and for no one else, once and never again. When past, it leaves the will as empty and as devoid of allegiance as if it had never existed; pleasure is sand, though it have the colour of gold. But this is evidently true of all existence. Each living moment, each dead man, each cycle of the universe leaves nothing behind it but a void which perhaps something kindred may refill. A Hegel, after identifying himself for a moment with the Absolute Idea, is in his existence no less subject to sleepiness, irritation, and death than if he had been modestly satisfied with the joys of an oyster. It is only their common form, or their common worship, that can give to the quick moments of life any mutual relevance or sympathy; and existence would not come at all within sight of a good, either momentary or final, if it were not inwardly directed upon realizing some definite essence. For the rest this essence may be as simple as you will, if the nature directed upon it is unified and simple; and it would be mere intellectual snobbery to condemn pleasure because it has not so many subdivisions in it as an encyclopædia of the sciences. For the moralist pleasure and pain may even be the better guides, because they express more directly and boldly the instinctive direction of animal life, and thereby mark more clearly the genuine difference between good and evil.

We may well say with Bradley that the good is self-realization; but what is the self? Certainly not the feeling or consciousness of the moment, nor the life of the world, nor pure spirit. The self that can systematically distinguish good from evil is an animal soul. It grows from a seed; its potentiality is definite and its fate precarious; and in man it requires society to rear it and tradition to educate it. The good is accordingly social, in so far as the soul demands society; but it is the nature of the individual that determines the kind and degree of sociability that is good for him, and draws the line between society that is a benefit and society that is a nuisance. To subordinate the soul fundamentally to society or the individual to the state is sheer barbarism: the Greeks, sometimes invoked to support this form of idolatry, were never guilty of it; on the contrary, their law-givers were always reforming and planning the state so that the soul might be perfect in it. Discipline is a help to the spirit: but even social relations, when like love, friendship, or sport they are spontaneous and good in themselves, retire as far as possible from the pressure of the world, and build their paradise apart, simple, and hidden in the wilderness; while all the ultimate hopes and assurances of the spirit escape altogether into the silent society of nature, of truth, of essence, far from those fatuous worldly conventions which hardly make up for their tyranny by their instability: for the prevalent moral fashion is always growing

old, and human nature is always becoming young again. World-worship is the expedient of those who, having lost the soul that is in them, look for it in things external, where there is no soul: and by a curious recoil, it is also the expedient of those who seek their lost soul in actual consciousness, where it also is not: for sensations and ideas are not the soul but only passing and partial products of its profound animal life. Moral consciousness in particular would never have arisen and would be gratuitous, save for the ferocious bias of a natural living creature, defending itself against its thousand enemies.

Nor would knowledge in its turn be knowledge if it were merely intuition of essence, such as the sensualist, the poet, or the dialectician may rest in. If the imagery of logic or passion ever comes to convey *knowledge*, it does so by virtue of a concomitant physical adjustment to external things; for the nerve of real or transcendent knowledge is the notice which one part of the world may take of another part; and it is this momentous cognizance, no matter what intangible feelings may supply terms for its prosody, that enlarges the mind to some practical purpose and informs it about the world. Consciousness then ceases to be passive sense or idle ideation and becomes belief and intelligence. Then the essences which form the "content of consciousness" may be vivified and trippingly run over, like the syllables of a familiar word, in the active recognition of things and people and of all the ominous or pliable forces of nature. For essences, being eternal and non-existent in themselves, cannot come to consciousness of their own initiative, but only as occasion and the subtle movements of the soul may evoke their forms; so that the fact that they are given to consciousness has a natural status and setting in the material world, and is part of the same natural event as the movement of the soul and body which support that consciousness.

There is therefore no need of refuting idealism, which is an honest examination of conscience in a reflective mind. Refutations and proofs depend on pregnant meanings assigned to terms, meanings first rendered explicit and unambiguous by those very proofs or refutations. On any different acceptation of those terms, these proofs and refutations fall to the ground; and it remains a question for good sense, not for logic at all, how far the terms in either case describe anything existent. If by "knowledge" we understand intuition of essences, idealism follows; but it follows only in respect to essences given in intuition: nothing follows concerning the seat, origin, conditions, or symptomatic value of such intuition, nor even that such intuition ever actually occurs. Idealism, therefore, without being refuted, may be hemmed in and humanized by natural knowledge about it and about its place in human speculation; the most recalcitrant materialist (like myself) might see its plausibility during a somewhat adolescent phase of self-consciousness. Consciousness itself he might accept and relish as the natural spiritual resonance of action and passion, recognizing it in its

oud isolation and specious autonomy, like the mountain republics Andorra and San Marino.

German idealism is a mighty pose, an attitude always possible to a -conscious and reflective being: but it is hardly a system, since it ntradicts beliefs which in action are inevitable; it may therefore readily swallowed, but it can never be digested. Neither of its two redients—romantic scepticism and romantic superstition—agrees ticularly with the British stomach. Not romantic scepticism: for England an instinctive distrust of too much clearness and logic, a fficulty in drawing all the consequences of any principle, soon gave this most radical of philosophies a prim and religious air: its purity s alloyed with all sorts of conventions: so much so that we find itish Hegelians often deeply engaged in psychology, cosmology, or igion, as if they took their idealism for a kind of physics, and wished erely to reinterpret the facts of nature in an edifying way, without rooting them from their natural places. This has been made easier giving idealism an objective, non-psychological turn: events, and ecially feelings and ideas, will then be swallowed up in the essences ich they display. Thus Bradley maintained that two thoughts, matter how remote from each other in time or space, were identically e same, and not merely similar, if only they contemplated the same ea. Mind itself ceased in this way to mean a series of existing feelings d was identified with intelligence; and intelligence in its turn was entified with the Idea or Logos which might be the ultimate theme intelligence. There could be only one mind, so conceived, since ere could be only one total system in the universe visible to niscience.

As to romantic superstition, we may see by contrast what it would be, en left to itself, if we consider those lucid Italians who have taken their idealism late and with open eyes. In Croce and Gentile the anscendental attitude is kept pure: for them there is really no iverse save spirit creating its experience; and if we ask whence or what principle occasions arise for all this compulsory fiction, we are minded that this question, with any answer which spirit might invent it, belongs not to philosophy but to some special science like ysiology, itself, of course, only a particular product of creative ought. Thus the more impetuously the inquisitive squirrel would sh from his cage, the faster and faster he causes the cage to whirl out his ears. He has not the remotest chance of reaching his aginary bait—God, nature, or truth: for to seek such things is to suppose them, and to presuppose anything, if spirit be absolute, to invent it. Even those philosophies of history which the idealist y for some secret reason be impelled to construct would be superious, according to his own principles, if he took them for more than tic fictions of the historian; so that in the study of history, as in ry other study, all the diligence and sober learning which the

philosopher may possess are non-philosophical, since they presuppose independent events and material documents. Thus perfect idealism turns out to be pure literary sport, like lyric poetry, in which no truth is conveyed save the miscellaneous truths taken over from common sense or the special sciences; and the gay spirit, supposed to be living and shining of its own sweet will, can find nothing to live or shine upon save the common natural world.

Such at least would be the case if romantic superstition did not supervene, demanding that the spirit should impose some arbitrary rhythm or destiny on the world which it creates: but this side of idealism has been cultivated chiefly by the intrepid Germans: some of them, like Spengler and Keyserling, still thrive and grow famous on it without a blush. The modest English in these matters take shelter under the wing of science speculatively extended, or traditional religion prudently rationalized: the scope of the spirit, like its psychological distribution, is conceived realistically. It might almost prove an euthanasia for British idealism to lose itself in the new metaphysics of nature which the mathematicians are evolving; and since this metaphysics, though materialistic in effect, is more subtle and abstruse than popular materialism, British idealism might perhaps be said to survive in it, having now passed victoriously into its opposite, and being merged in something higher.

GEORGE SANTAYANA.

FINALITY

THIS weary dream will end, the stars above will perish,
The worm will die, and Time will fall away.
The great unhappy few, the noble cause we cherish,
The common sights and sounds of every day,
All these we shall deny, and in our time forsake,
And men of guile may do their little will.
We shall not rise to fight, nor, sleeping, wish to wake.
Unquiet love will be for ever still.

What matter for a space, my friend, a little wrong.
All will be quiet for a little while.
We shall not hate their triumph when the night is long,
But to our darkness turn again and smile.

R. S. CHALMERS-HUNT.

ART AND SOCIETY

IN a famous lecture given at the Sorbonne and called *Democracy Under Revision*, Mr. H. G. Wells did once again what he has done so often and so well, namely, to forecast the immediate future of Western civilization. He sees signs of a possible renascence of the collective idea and the collective ideal; a check, he thinks, has been given to the individualism *à outrance* which has prevailed since the Renaissance and produced the incoherent democratic system of to-day. Mr. Wells is, of course, primarily concerned with political possibilities; but his eager and comprehensive mind keeps art also within its view. He notes that the same extreme individualism, which he hopes may be superseded in politics, has prevailed in literature and in the fine arts. In this province also, he thinks, the epoch of Modern Democracy reveals itself as "a phase of immense dissolution."*

"If we turn" (he says) "to painting or to music we find all over this period the same effect of release—if you like—detachment, anyhow, from broad constructive conceptions and any sort of synthesis. There was very little detached painting in the old world. It was part of something else. It decorated a building, it subserved a religious or political as well as a decorative purpose. If paintings were ever detachable, it was that they might be carried from a studio to an altar or a palace elsewhere. But with the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries painting became more and more liberated, said good-bye to the altar-piece and the palace, and set out on a life of its own. Now our painters are pure anarchists. They paint what pleases them for the sake of painting. They paint with a total disregard of any collective reality, and they are extremely offended when we build our houses with insufficient accommodation for their bright irrelevant observations on the beauty of this and that."

No matter how great may be one's enthusiasm for art, and the autonomy of art, one cannot help feeling some sympathy with Mr. Wells's dissatisfaction. However difficult it may be to *realize* imaginatively that "collective reality" to which, in Mr. Wells's view, the arts should again willingly subordinate themselves as they did in the past, his accusation arouses some stings of conscience. Whether or not modern art is really as irrelevant as he believes to what should be the main concerns of humanity, there is no getting over what is at least an appearance of anarchy in the world of art.

Undoubtedly, even within the last hundred years, a very remarkable (though not very often remarked) change has come over the artist's conception of his art. Let a modern painter read C. R. Leslie's admir-

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* *The Way the World is Going.* By H. G. Wells. Page 56.

able *Life of Constable*, and he will be astonished, perhaps even impatient, at the humility with which that great painter accepted an obvious social function. He was regarded, and was perfectly content to regard himself, as a craftsman working to order. He was given commissions —not too many of them—for paintings of which the size was fixed to a half inch either way, and he executed them as faithfully as he could. A contemporary cabinet-maker could not have been more modest in accepting instructions or more sedulous in obeying them. The great Constable was, in his own eyes at least, a craftsman who took orders for his work. No doubt he was, in his own eyes, something else besides —something less unlike that curious blend of the acolyte and the *bon viveur* that is ordinarily connoted by the name of " artist " to-day— but he was the " artist " within the limits of his obvious social function of a craftsman, who painted portraits which had to be like the sitters or made decorations for houses which had to suit the rooms and please the owners.

If we consider the art of painting alone, it would probably be no exaggeration to say that the most potent single influence in liberating the artist—the word " liberating " begs a large question—from his simple and commonplace social function was the invention of photography. Almost immediately after the popularization of the daguerreotype, the majority of travelling journeymen portrait-painters who perpetuated the features of our great-grandfathers necessarily went out of business. They went either into the tin-type trade themselves, or into the workhouse. At about the same time, with the adaptation of the photographic process to block-making, the journeymen engravers on steel and wood likewise faded out of existence, or lived precariously on a trade in visiting cards and coats-of-arms. The effect was obvious. The centre of gravity in the art and craft of painting shifted within a single generation from the craft to the art. The large democratic majority of journeymen, between whom and the famous artist there had been only those imperceptible degrees of difference which separate the unsuccessful, the moderately successful, and the completely successful craftsman, melted away; and painting became less a craft than a liberal profession. An interesting document of the late transition period is R. L. Stevenson's novel *The Wrecker*, with its picture of the Paris studios in the early 'eighties. Pinkerton leaves the tin-type trade in America for " art " in Paris: he represents the old journeyman. Loudon Dodd is the young man of means, so familiar in the modern art-world, who is attracted to the profession of painter by a combination of artistic taste and æsthetic snobbery. Corporal John, " the young master " (whose likeness is said to have been caught from Sargent) is the genuine painter—the man who would have been at the top of the tree under the old order, as he was under the new, but would probably have painted even better in a society that regarded him, as it regarded Constable, as a craftsman rather than a demi-god.

The foregoing claims to be nothing more than an arbitrarily simplified account—from the point of view of what is called "historical materialism"—of the evolution of the status of the painter during the nineteenth century. Parallel to it ran a development, no less important, of the philosophy of art. The Romantic conception of art attained a full self-consciousness. The artist was no longer simply a maker of beautiful objects; he was a hierophant of the mysteries of nature. In the traditional language of æsthetic theory his function was no longer "to imitate," but to reveal. What it was that he revealed was generally admitted to be indefinable; but it was ultimate. It might, according to temperament, be called Nature, Beauty, Truth, or even the Divine. Naturally, the perfection of the mechanical process of imitating objects by photography, by making palpable the difference between an exact imitation and an artistic presentation, placed a necessary emphasis on the mystery of art; and simultaneously, the tremendous developments of mechanical civilization (of which the invention of photography was a single instance) increased the artist's sense of alienation from contemporary society. He represented a different order of consciousness, a different relation to reality, from that which underlay industrial progress. He was the priest of a religion in a non-religious age.

There was quite enough truth in this romantic conception of art to secure it against cynical criticism. No impartial observer of the nineteenth century could refuse to admit that, despite all appearance of local revival, the active virtue had departed from institutional religion. The élite of Europe had become indifferent to it; and there is no doubt that one of the most favoured and most satisfactory substitutes for the finer emotions which institutional religion had fostered were the emotions aroused by art. To a certain extent art really proved to be what some of the chief Romantic artists had conceived it to be, namely, a non-dogmatic religion. But religion is not, as some maintain, simply and solely an affair of the individual. Besides arousing and satisfying the finer emotions of the individual, the Christian religion, in its distant hey-day, had been a social act. It had also involved consequences in practical morality. These last are not very important, for the practical morality of Christianity had been fully absorbed into the general consciousness by the nineteenth century. A man no longer needed to be a Christian in order to be generous, charitable and tolerant; and the Christian virtues appear to have flourished better, if anything, outside the Christian Churches than within them. The fact that Art could not supply a religious morality was therefore irrelevant; it did not need to. That it could not take the place of religion as a corporate satisfaction was more serious. It is at this point that we rejoin the criticism of Mr. Wells.

Mr. Wells's real grievance is not against modern art, but against a condition of civilization which no longer has a corporate ideal, a corporate symbol, and a corporate worship, to all of which modern art

might reasonably be subservient. Not even the most fanatical Christian to-day can dream that institutional religion will ever regain the corporate significance it once possessed. All religion is now sectarian; and even the great word Catholic is, to the eye of the unbiased historian, only a sectarian epithet. The corporate satisfactions of modern humanity are differentiated to an extreme. Some still find them in religion; but just as many in a Cup-tie: and very few of the latter body belong to the former. The theatre and the cinema have likewise their devotees. The nearest thing that exists in modern conditions to a corporate ideal of the kind that Mr. Wells is looking for is the idea of the nation, incorporate in the King and symbolized by the flag. To that idea, in this country at least, for the last three hundred and fifty years religion itself has been subordinated. That is the meaning of the Establishment. But, though the sentiment of patriotism is real enough, it is certainly not exalted or universal enough to supply a point of focus for the aspirations which once found satisfaction in religion, as a synthesis of the arts and the sciences, and in recent times more precariously, in the arts, or the sciences separately, or in a religion largely divorced from both.

If we regard the situation from this angle, it seems inevitable that the artist should, during the nineteenth century, have come to refuse to acquiesce in the social function which even a Constable willingly accepted. As soon as the veneer of taste which mitigated the eighteenth century oligarchy began to wear thin, that is, as soon as the oligarchy began to be replaced by an industrial plutocracy, the artist was bound to ask himself *why* he should accept an inferior function in such a society. There was indeed no reason at all save that of economic necessity. It was one thing for the artist to accept subordination in a society which was based on a religious principle—it was quite another to knuckle under to mere money-bags. When Emperors went to Canossa, the craftsman could be content to do his work *ad majorem gloriam Dei*: under the new conditions, he was justifiably recalcitrant. He felt that he represented a principle altogether more exalted than the patrons who employed him, and he became positively fierce about taking orders from them. Their business was to take what he gave.

One can admit that it is an unsatisfactory situation; one can deplore, with Mr. Wells, the immense dispersion of effort which it involves. In a case where an artist, like Mr. Wyndham Lewis, has an unusual capacity for thought, the effort now demanded of him is nothing less than to think out a political philosophy and a metaphysic for himself. That other artists are not similarly engaged seems to me to depend rather upon a lack of capacity to see what the situation demands than upon any undue freakishness in Mr. Lewis. Mr. Lewis is just as conscious as Mr. Wells himself of the "bright irrelevance" of modern art, though he would probably not share Mr. Wells's implicit expectation that a painter ought to make his work relevant to the architecture of

aston Glebe. That, itself, is just as irrelevant as the paintings which not suit it. The relevance for which the mind of Mr. Lewis is npatiently searching is a relevance to something more important ıan the comfort of the upper middle-class.

And Mr. Wells's search is of the same order, really. He cannot help ıving his little fling against the painters; but he knows perfectly ell that their refusal to accept a subordinate function in modern ıciety is due to precisely the same sort of discontent with it as Mr. Vells himself so genuinely feels. It seems to him messy, incompetent, ısordered, and incredibly complacent. He compares it with the dered world of science, and finds it intolerably mean. It is easy to y that Mr. Wells is romantic about Science. He is. But a man has be romantic about something; for that is only a particular way of ying that an idealist must have some symbol of his ideal. The part ıat Science plays in Mr. Wells's ideology corresponds to the part ayed by Philosophy in Plato's Republic. It is an ideal standard of ference—a type of order, lucidity and harmony. Like Plato, Mr. Vells seems often to confuse this ideal Science with actual scientists, o as a tribe are just as mean and just as generous as the rest of ucated humanity. A scientist represents Science in precisely the ıme way as a priest represents Religion or an artist Art: some few present it well, most badly, while in a century there are a handful men who appear to have made their lives completely congruous with e ideal they served. The idea, to which Mr. Wells seems to incline, ıat modern society would be any better if the scientists had the running it, is fantastic: it might just as well be run by the artists or the priests -or even by the politicians.

Mr. Wells and Mr. Lewis are both busy, in their different ways, with e problem of how to re-create a collective idea and a corporate unity. o me the problem, if stated in these terms, seems insoluble. One n only imagine the future according to one's interpretation of the ıst; and my reading of history is that collective ideas, like poets, are orn and not made. Though it is pleasant enough to let one's mind ay about with the notion of a new unity of European civilization, it no better than a kind of day-dreaming. Mr. Wells has a leaning wards the foundation of an organized and disciplined minority working ith a sort of religious fervour for the overthrow of the present demoatic system. This done, the modern world will be governed effiently. But to be governed efficiently is not the same as to be governed ell. Efficiency applies to means not ends. Fascism and Bolshevism oth appear to be efficient methods of government; but that does not ake them desirable. As ever in questions of political philosophy, e need some sort of agreement about the right ends of human life. en find it easy to agree that railways should be run economically and inctually; but a slightly more complicated issue will set them by the ırs. Is it desirable, for instance, that a newspaper should "give the

public what it wants "? The answer to that simple question would rend the educated world in half to-day, the believers in individual liberty on the one side, the believers in benevolent despotism on the other. When we come to the subtler problems of education and sex-relation, the division of opinion and conviction is insuperable. Mr. Wells is a believer in benevolent despotism. Perhaps, if he failed to secure a place among the despots—and, alas, the chances are that he would fail—he would sing another tune.

Mr. Wells's dream of violent change by a minority seems the dream of a nobly impatient mind. I see no reason to believe that in a country in which a certain minimum of material efficiency has been achieved, such a revolution would change anything for the better. It might unify the nation, but in pursuit of ends less elevated than those which it pursues already. That is to say, we must resign ourselves to the absence of the collective idea, and resign ourselves willingly because we realize that the only collective idea of which modern society would be capable would be inferior to the ideas and ideals of the finest individuals within it.

Does it then follow that we must also resign ourselves to the "irrelevance" of art? Relevant, in the sense that they were once relevant to the Christian religion, or in still earlier times to the religion of Greece, the arts will not easily become. For the only idea to which they could be ancillary would be a universal religious idea. There is none such, nor is there likely to be for generations to come. The very notion of religion is in a state of transition. The dogmatics and ritual which are still understood by the word have become an anachronism for intelligent minds. All that remains of the *Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus* of the old Catholic ideal is an undiminished sense of awe and wonder before the immensity of the universe and the inscrutability of nature. Probably that has been the essential of the religions in all times and all places; and what has changed is the modality of our awareness of it. Miracles are not miraculous to modern minds, they are merely stupid; what is miraculous is the gradual eliciting of a harmony out of the chaos of the natural world. To this process which is generally called science, the arts have their affinity. They also elicit harmony out of chaos. And in so far as Christianity (in its highest forms) can be regarded as a species of poetry, of which the central theme is the inevitable tragedy of a noble nature in a less than noble world, it also is essentially the eliciting of a mysterious harmony out of the chaos of human experience: it is a religion of tragic satisfaction. Under such a conception of the arts, the sciences can be brought into potential harmony with what remains specifically valid of religion. We can see how of the old composite called religion the ritual has developed into the autonomous arts, and the dogmatic philosophy into the sciences. What still remains of it is half psychology and half poetry—something that will not easily reduce either into science or art at any rate, as these

e now understood; that is why it might, like medicine itself, be called ndifferently a science or an art. It is indeed like medicine, only it is he art or science of revivifying not the body, but the soul.

To this science or art, if one day it is wholly purified, as it surely will e, from the accretions of superstition and false philosophy, the separate rts and sciences will be completely relevant. The arts would be its acraments, and the sciences its knowledge. In such a synthesis the rtist would have his social function once again. This does not mean hat it is easy to foresee a condition of society which should be based pon such a synthesis; nor is it necessary (or even desirable) that nyone should possess this prophetic power. It is enough to foresee e possibility of synthesis, and to be convinced that it will not be stablished within from the outside, but grow outwards from within. The social organism is, after all, an organism and not a construction. t will not be renewed by a reshuffling of its parts, but by the creation ithin it of a nucleus of new individuals. Those who can achieve for hemselves some semblance of a synthesis will by this individual action lone become the instruments of a more comprehensive and visible ynthesis in years to come. The only way to make the arts truly relevant to some future condition of society is to make them truly relevant ourselves. If they are merely decorative accidents to us individually, hey will never be more to society; if they have a profound meaning or us, and if we set ourselves to reconcile that significance with the ther significant elements of our experience, then we may be pretty onfident that sooner or later—and time in these matters should robably be reckoned in centuries—a congruous society will arise, in hich the arts will have for the many the significance that they now ossess for the few.

J. M. Murry.

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD

F*AR from the Madding Crowd* is the first of Thomas Hardy's "Wessex" novels, the first in which he adopted the name of an old Anglo-Saxon kingdom for the region of Dorsetshire and its surrounding counties seen by the novelist himself in a semblance half-fabulous and half-real, but now boldly identified by the tourist as the "Hardy" country, even to its minutest details. In his preface written for the "Wessex" edition of this novel, Hardy is constrained to point out how much of building, character and local custom has vanished since the days which he chose to describe, and he gives in a few words the fundamental reason for the passing away of picturesque local features:

> The change at the root of this has been the recent supplanting of the class of stationary cottagers, who carried on the local traditions and humours, by a population of more or less migratory labourers, which has led to a break of continuity in local history, more fatal than any other thing to the preservation of legend, folk-lore, close inter-social relations, and eccentric individualities. For these the indispensable conditions of existence are attachment to the soil of one particular spot by generation after generation.

One of the disabilities under which the minds of men labour to-day is that, in order to keep intellectually abreast of their time, they must obtain so much knowledge at second hand in proportion to that which they gain from direct observation. It is direct observation that enables us to mark accurately the changes wrought by passing time, as Hardy's own work consummately proves. His warning just quoted would be unnecessary for anybody who had known an English village intimately for a stretch of years, but it is salutary enough for those—and they are not a few—whose ideas of life are mainly nourished on novels. Hardly a feature of the indigenous rural life depicted in Hardy's novels exists to-day, though the underlying rhythm is still to be heard; and yet these works of art are exceedingly alive. Time's way of eluding all but the vigilant eye is illustrated by the difficulty we have in realizing that *Far from the Madding Crowd* was published in 1874, more than fifty years ago. The "Wessex" novels—a wonderful whole born of a single creative impulse—fresh in their beauty and their humour, impressive in their tragic force, vigorous in their work upon the mind, seem to bear the stamp of a more modern generation. Though this is but another common illusion with which the aspect of an older art, when it is great, affects us, it is not without an effort that we measure the difference of mental and moral outlook, even the diversity of experience, between our generation and that to whose attention the story was first directed.

However, if its place in the time-series is a good reason for dwelling with appreciation on this novel, which bears the authentic stamp of

Hardy's maturity in imaginative prose, there are other reasons too. If it is not the greatest of Hardy's novels, it is certainly one of the most perfect. No doubt, in estimating Hardy's greatness as a novelist, a preponderant regard must be paid to his handling of the tragic element. Tess, Jude and the Mayor of Casterbridge rise and forbid us to ignore them. On the other hand, while Hardy's power of presenting a critical dramatic situation so as to waste no drop of its essential tragedy is one of his most striking qualities, he sometimes weakens and lames his tragic conception by an ill-digested, or imperfectly considered, philosophy upon which, with a persistence that surprises, he will at times importunately harp. We accept these undigested passages that occur with increasing frequency in the later novels, but we judge them as imperfections. The very names of Jude and Angel Clare call up memories of them. Moreover, while the ironic comparison of man's hot desire and avid ambition with the indifference of cosmic process is a legitimate theme of modern tragedy, it is occasionally forced by Hardy to the point where what should have appeared inevitable seems arbitrary, even perverse.

Far from the Madding Crowd is marred by nothing undigested or arbitrary; it is carried along with an athletic rhythm, too lively for tragedy to play in it more than an inner part, and too steady to be checked by a sudden access of brooding. It contains implicitly everything in the way of artistic performance and individual quality with which Hardy is identified—the revelation of rugged, staunch and deeply passionate natures in the central characters, a web of human relations strangely diversified in the weft of the incalculable and the ironic, an accompaniment of rustic humour and commentary exquisitely contrived, a use of natural scenery to heighten the emotional stresses which, being a poet's, never fails, and a rich, musical prose, only rarely marred by the squeak of a pedantry, always adequate and, at its great moments, rising to an austere majesty which enchants the sense and transports the mind.

Whatever we may think of the theme, it is questionable whether any of Hardy's characters are finer creations than Bathsheba Everdene and Gabriel Oak, the latter as solid as his patronymic with a touch of practical genius to justify his Christian name, and she "of the stuff of which great men's mothers are made . . . indispensable to high generation, hated at tea-parties, feared in shops, and loved at crises." The strange and sensual Sergeant Troy, the pathetic wraith of Fanny Robins and Farmer Boldwood, the cold man suddenly inflamed to madness, come not far behind them in effectiveness; while the rich, digressive dialogue of the ancient maltster and the other hinds of Weatherbury Farm supplies a chorus which Hardy never surpassed. The ironies, though not over-laboured, do their work here convincingly. Gabriel Oak, like to become a prosperous sheep-farmer, woos Bathsheba, a penniless girl, and enchants her, though she refuses him, with

the material prospects of marriage; yet in a few months she is the assured owner of a large farm and he, now the penniless one, sues her for a shepherd's place: Fanny mistook the church in which she was to be married, and the Sergeant would not wait again, yet for so slight an error she paid with her life: and Bathsheba, when she gave orders for Fanny's funeral, did not know that in the coffin she would find her husband's mistress and his child. As for Nature, there is no Egdon Heath here, it is true, but the passage of the seasons that accompanies the story is a pageant as magnificent as any devised by this sombre artist, beginning as it does with that description of a December night upon Norcombe Hill in which Hardy touches heights that, in prose, are rarely reached. It continues through the rural calendar of works and days with a graphic appropriateness and profundity of understanding only gained by long and loving observation.

Indeed, this work illustrates as well as any other of Hardy's his peculiar gift of using every aspect and movement of a familiar countryside as a counterpoint to human themes or processes. It is not merely an æsthetic ecstasy that moves him, nor a draughtsman's technique that guides his strokes, nor merely a long and intimate knowledge of agriculture that makes his pictures of sheep-dipping, harvesting, shearing and the like so impressive; it is rather that he seems to have lived with his ear pressed to the heart of his native countryside and to record, in sympathetic memory, its remotest vibrations. I find it difficult, without excessive quotation, to convey this sense of Hardy's privileged intimacy with the face and features of the earth, with her stony silences and her sudden expansions, with her exigences and her indulgences, her threats and her rewards; but, perhaps, a near comparison might be suggested between this relation and that of Joseph Conrad to the sea. Hardy makes the earth, as Joseph Conrad the sea, not just a background for human action but a framework, itself incessantly changing in accordance with laws not human, which enriches the experience, points out the duty, inspires the actions, and mysteriously influences the souls of the human characters working within it. *Far from the Madding Crowd*, comedy though we must call it, throbs with this deep intimacy, which is never sentimentalized or exaggerated into an act of idolatry, as it sometimes was by George Meredith, who knew nature much less profoundly; and by it this admirable novel is knitted into a well-proportioned whole, just as, in a different way, George Eliot's response to nature knits together *Adam Bede*.

The title of this story tells us nothing, but only reminds us that its author chose to look for human nature in a lovely backwater where no continual ebb and flow of herd-like humanity had chafed away the quaint angles of personality. Two main themes run through it, merging finally in a peaceful, happy close. One theme is that of a man's stolid but inexhaustible courage and loyalty; Gabriel Oak is slow of impulse, but magnificent in action and unswerving in devotion to a somewhat

asperating mistress. The other is that of Bathsheba, a great and ep female nature, not yet firmly rooted and, therefore, at the mercy youthful impulses, swayed by vanity, sheer playfulness, momentary ssion and jealousy, yet never quite overbalanced and at the supreme ment of trial revealing itself a fit complement to that of Gabriel. r quality is first shown in that delightful early scene where she runs athlessly after her wooer to tell him that her aunt had spoken truly in attributing to her many sweethearts, because she hated to thought "men's property" in that way: and she then rebuffs the nple swain when he concludes that she is going to accept him. When promises to love and keep wanting her till he dies, she counters h the words: "It wouldn't do, Mr. Oak. I want somebody to tame ; I am too independent; and you would never be able to, I know." is prelude sums up the whole of the coming action. Oak, in cir- nstances of which he does not then dream, is true to his promise, Bathsheba is tamed by passions, regrets, lessons of experience and, illy, by the very staunchness of Oak, yet in a way that increases stature and enhances her dignity.

The main story begins when Oak, ruined by the destruction of his ck, owning nothing but his clothes, his flute, and his shepherd's l, has wandered in search of hire to Weatherbury Farm, saved the ks from burning, and entered the service of the girl who would not rry him. It is a slender, though not at all a flimsy, thread holding ether a chaplet of episodes. Bathsheba, in a moment of sportive- s, has sent an anonymous valentine to Farmer Boldwood, who is uted never to have looked favourably at a woman. The effect of coquetry is unexpected, and Bathsheba is smitten with self- roach at finding herself responsible for attracting the passionate e of a man whom she does not want. Then she herself is caught in toils of the cavalry sergeant Troy, a man who lived for the moment instinctively responded to a woman's half-innocent coquetry by allantry that was far from innocent. That Boldwood's shy nature uld have suddenly blazed up so fiercely and that Troy's rather chanical flatteries should so rapidly have subjugated a woman of hsheba's strong character are propositions that we have to accept n the author, even if we silently protest. Troy, especially, with his uliar, stilted manner of diction and his bravura of swordplay round hsheba in the hollow—in a scene which has a rather false glamour— difficult morsel to swallow whole. However, in judging his uliarities, one has to take into account that this character—a ture of headstrong wilfulness and cold *insouciance*, at once heartless passionate, reckless and calculating—has relationships in other els of Hardy's. He has an affinity with the Mayor of Casterbridge, h the Trumpet-major's brother, and even with Alec D'Urberville. y all bear witness to the presence in Hardy's imagination of some nge type of human character that is incalculable and often destruc-

tive, like the wind : it is a type to which, perhaps, he never succeede in giving a wholly convincing artistic form. In any case, Bathsheba' explanation of her sudden marriage to Troy is convincing enough She had rushed through the night to find him at Bath in genuine fea lest he should return to encounter Boldwood's jealous violence, an she married him then and there, partly out of helplessness, partly ou of jealousy. She finds him out fast enough, but she is lucky to get ri of him so soon. The tense scene where he finds his wife in the presenc of his dead, forsaken mistress and her dead child, his sudden passion tenderness for his lost love, and his fierce revulsion from Bathsheb bring what might be called the third act to an extremely moving curtain The remainder of the story never quite recovers its gait after thi tremendous climax. In spite of the masterly description of the sheep fair on the downs, Troy's disappearance, his reappearance, and the fina tragedy that removes both him and Boldwood are things related little too much with the desultory air of an epilogue, as if the event had passed outside of the author's imaginative structure and its sever inner necessity, and had to be finished off with an effort. The last te chapters proceed spasmodically, now fast, now slow, as if Hardy ha been unable to determine exactly at what pace he should approach th foreseen happy ending of Gabriel Oak rewarded for his long devotio and of Bathsheba leaning at last, though shorn of no greatness, upo an arm that will never fail her.

Compared with some other of the "Wessex" novels, this is not very desperate coil, but the charm and excellence of the story lie les in the coil than in what it binds together—the pastoral scenes whicl run through a year of nature. *Far from the Madding Crowd* is a bool which, at every return, one will open at the familiar places. Oal tending his sheep on the windy hill at midnight in December, th burning rick at Weatherbury, and the subsequent gathering round th old maltster's fire, the frosty morning at the malthouse when Oak bring in his lambs and shows his fist, the sheep-dipping, Bathsheba askin Oak's opinion of her conduct as she helps him sharpen the shears, th epic disaster of the sick ewes, the chase of Oak and Coggan through th night, Oak's reading of nature's omens before the storm, his thatchin of the ricks while the lightning flashes round him, and the progress c Fanny's coffin through the first mist of autumn—these are the passage that arrest the reader's eye and compel it to travel slowly over th words so that no delight be lost. And this delight is due not only t the eloquence of the descriptions, but to the skill with which, at eacl of these moments, Hardy had blended the pastoral event, the humour and comments of his village worthies and the motions of his leadin characters into a dramatic whole, which lifts the action appreciabl forward, as by the thrust of a powerful wave. And Hardy's wave have a motion that is all their own, now tense and stiff like the wave that precede a storm, now bland and broad like the roll of a calm

ean: the march of his vision and his thought, even where the thing presented can be paralleled from many another writer, remains and ows itself in such passages as these a unique and remarkable function the imagination.

> To persons standing alone on a hill during a clear midnight such as this the roll of the world eastward is almost a palpable movement. The sensation may be caused by the panoramic glide of the stars past earthly objects, which is perceptible in a few minutes of stillness, or by the better outlook upon space that a hill affords, or by the wind, or by the solitude; but whatever be its origin, the impression of riding along is vivid and abiding. The poetry of motion is a phrase much in use, and to enjoy the epic form of that gratification it is necessary to stand on a hill at a small hour of the night, and, having first expanded with a sense of difference from the mass of civilized mankind, who are dream-wrapt and disregardful of all such proceedings at this time, long and quietly watch your stately progress through the stars. After such a nocturnal reconnoitre it is hard to get back to earth, and to believe that the consciousness of such majestic speeding is derived from a tiny human frame.
>
> Suddenly an unexpected series of sounds began to be heard in this place up against the sky. They had a clearness which was to be found nowhere in the wind, and a sequence which was to be found nowhere in Nature. They were the notes of Farmer Oak's flute.

Hardy sounds this deep note of his, which has a not unpleasing rshness in some of its overtones, thus from the beginning. Yet he lows human things, here symbolized by Oak's flute, to break in upon e diapason of the universe, as the piercing cry of the oboe, at the ginning of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, rises above the storm the strings. Thus, again, at a later stage of the story, Bathsheba's ubled spirit blinds her eyes to the splendour of the sunset:

> Above the dark margin of the earth appeared foreshores and promontories of coppery cloud, bounding a green and pellucid expanse in the western sky. Amaranthine glosses came over them then, and the unresting world wheeled her round to a contrasting prospect eastward, in the shape of indecisive and palpitating stars. She gazed upon their silent throes amid the shades of space, but realized none at all. Her troubled spirit was far away with Troy.

This rhythmic solemnity which haunts the cadences of Hardy's ose is one of its most typical elements. We find it giving a peculiar nge even to the less portentous periods. Thus, when Bathsheba kes the handle of the grindstone to give herself a countenance before ing Gabriel an awkward question, Hardy interrupts the dialogue th a paragraph beginning: "The peculiar motion involved in turning wheel has a wonderful tendency to benumb the mind." Something Hardy's unique quality is isolated when one observes, first, how he es this solemn rhythm to preface a lively scene of comedy and tulance, and, secondly, with what exquisite skill he makes the actions grinding—Bathsheba changing places with Gabriel, his long clasp her wrists to show her the manner of holding the shears, and the ect of turning the stone upon Gabriel's tactless utterances—blend th the human emotions and reactions.

For those who enjoy tracking such a style down to its elements, ere is another interesting light to be gained from the beginning of apter IX, which describes the aspect of Weatherbury Farm, if this

passage be contrasted with Chapter IX of *Adam Bede*, where the reader is introduced to the Hall Farm. Both farms were manor-houses in decline, their fronts asleep and their focus of life at the back. George Eliot's description is charming, absolutely her own and a woman's. "Evidently the gate never opened," it begins. She describes the stone lionesses on the pillars, the heavy gate once opened by footmen, the half-weaned calves, the spinning-wheel and other encumbrances of the deserted drawing-room, the bustle of the yard behind, and the brightness and polish of Mrs. Poyser's kitchen. She goes on:

> The history of the house is plain now. It was once the residence of a country squire, whose family, probably dwindling down to mere spinsterhood, got merged in the more territorial name of Donnithorne. It was once the Hall; it is now the Hall Farm. Like the life in some coast town that was once a watering place and is now a port, where the genteel streets are silent and grass-grown, and the docks and warehouses busy and resonant, the life at the Hall has changed its focus, and no longer radiates from the parlour, but from the kitchen and the farmyard.

How does Hardy say almost exactly the same thing?

> Soft brown mosses, like faded velveteen, formed cushions upon the stone tiling, and tufts of the houseleek or sengreen sprouted from the eaves of the low surrounding buildings. A gravel walk leading from the door to the road in front was encrusted at the sides with more moss—here it was a silver-green variety, the nut-brown of the gravel being visible to the width of only a foot or two in the centre. This circumstance, and the generally sleepy air of the whole prospect, together with the animated and contrasting state of the reverse façade, suggested to the imagination that on the adaptation of the building for farming purposes the vital principle of the house had turned round inside its body to face the other way. Reversals of this kind, strange deformities, tremendous paralyses, are often seen to be inflicted by trade upon edifices—either individual or in the aggregate as streets and towns—which were originally planned for pleasure alone.

It would be superfluous to point out here the words and turns of phrase in which especially dwell the spirit of Hardy. The last sentence is inimitably his own, no less than one which occurs a little later in the same description:

> Every window replied by a clang to the opening and shutting of every door, a tremble followed every bustling movement, and a creak accompanied a walker about the house, like a spirit, wherever he went.

The two splendid chapters which set in the midst of the sheep-shearing and the shearing supper Bathsheba's all-but surrender to Boldwood's importunity, and emphasize Oak's helpless inferiority in the lists of love, are also plainly marked with Hardy's individuality. The preceding chapter, quite unsurpassed in any of his novels as a piece of vigorous and dramatic narrative, has told how Gabriel, having been dismissed in pique by Bathsheba, has to be fetched to save from death the ewes all swollen with clover. He has brought his proud mistress to her knees, come valiantly to the rescue with his skill, and promised to stay in her employ. Yet the next chapter typically begins:

> Men thin away to insignificance and oblivion quite as often by not making the most of good spirits when they have them as by lacking good spirits when they are indispensable. Gabriel lately, for the first time since his prostration

by misfortune, had been independent in thought and vigorous in action to a marked extent. . . . But this incurable loitering beside Bathsheba Everdene stole his time ruinously.

And then, after a few beautiful lines describing the landscape in early June and before his picture of Gabriel's humiliation at the shearing and Boldwood's apparent triumph that culiminates at the pastoral supper, Hardy lifts up his voice in a grave, impassioned celebration of the old barn where the shearing took place.

> Standing before this abraded pile, the eye regarded its present usage, the mind dwelt upon its past history, with a satisfied sense of functional continuity throughout—a feeling almost of gratitude, and quite of pride, at the permanence of the idea which had heaped it up. The fact that four centuries had neither proved it to be founded on a mistake, inspired any hatred of its purpose, nor given rise to any reaction that had battered it down, invested this simple grey effort of old minds with a repose, if not a grandeur, which a too curious reflection was apt to disturb in its ecclesiastical and military compeers. For once mediævalism and modernism had a common standpoint. The lanceolate windows, the time-eaten arch-stones and chamfers, the orientation of the axis, the misty chestnut work of the rafters, referred to no exploded fortifying art or worn-out religious creed. The defence and salvation of the body by daily bread is still a study, a religion, and a desire.

This sudden combativeness in the argument and the sharp precision of the architectural terms, blending in a presentation of complete pictorial beauty, are characteristic of contending processes in the author's mind, no less than the rather painful intrusions of Greek and Latin words into the harmonious English beauty of other scenes in this novel. The charming scene of Bathsheba paying her hands their wages is jarred at its ending by the words : " Then this small thesmothete stepped from the table," and the suspension of Bathsheba's faculties by the dramatic irruption of the supposedly dead Troy into Boldwood's festivity is not well put in the phrase : " she was in a state of mental *gutta serena*." These are outcrops of a certain hard, rocky intellectualism which Hardy never quite succeeds in enveloping with the rich growths of his artistic imagination, but which gives a very distinct feature to his poetic landscape, both in his prose and in his verse.

Yet there are whole tracks in his work from which the presence of this granitic element would never be suspected. Such is the sheer sensuous loveliness of the shearing supper in this novel where, after the humour of the rustic ballad-singing, Bathsheba, presiding with patriarchal simplicity over the company of her workers, seems almost to be transfigured and to become the evocation of a remote golden age.

> It was still the beaming time of the evening, though night was stealthily making itself visible low down upon the ground, the western lines of light raking the earth without alighting upon it to any extent, or illuminating the dead levels at all. The sun had crept round the tree as a last effort before death, and then began to sink, the shearers' lower parts becoming steeped in embrowning twilight, whilst their heads and shoulders were still enjoying day, touched with a yellow of self-sustained brilliancy that seemed inherent rather than acquired.
>
> The sun went down in an ochreous mist ; but they sat, and talked on, and grew as merry as the gods in Homer's heaven. Bathsheba still remained enthroned inside the window, and occupied herself in knitting, from which she

sometimes looked up to view the fading scene outside. The slow twilight expanded and enveloped them completely before the signs of moving were shown.

Liddy the maid brings candles to the back part of the room where her mistress is sitting at the window overlooking the supper-table on the lawn; her form is thrown into distinctness between this light and the eyes of her guests; she is asked to sing, and beckoning to Gabriel to stand and flute at her side, she stands up in the open window and sings "The Banks of Allan Water," while "the shearers reclined against each other as at suppers in the earlier ages of the world."

Hardy's power of expressing the full plastic beauty of such a scene —the soft scent and hush of a long June dusk in southern England, the marvellous grouping of the figures—without any strained luxuriousness of diction is extraordinary, and bears witness to the intensity of his imaginative vision. Indeed, the combination of this wonderfully limpid and expressive draughtsmanship with a sombre, and rather troubled yet proud reflectiveness is, perhaps, the most striking feature of Hardy's prose in general. Of these two qualities, his vein of reflectiveness, shot with irony and agnosticism—his whole line of argument, in fact —is, no doubt, the one more easily characterized. The philosophy which tinges the presentation of human developments and mischances is something unique in our imaginative literature: we notice it here in the fate of poor Fanny, in Bathsheba's opening of Fanny's coffin, and in the virile words that Hardy puts into her mouth when, as Troy's wife, she determines to return and stand her ground:

Liddy, if ever you marry—God forbid that you ever should!—you'll find yourself in a fearful situation; but mind this, don't you flinch. Stand your ground, and be cut to pieces. That's what I'm going to do.

We find it, too, in Bathsheba's courageous fulfilment of the last offices to her murdered husband, and in her last words before she falls into a swoon: "the heart of a wife merely." It is the inspiration, throughout his work, of his faith in the power of worthy natures to rise to the height of great moral necessities without any supernatural assistance but by their own innate, human fineness. Yet, if these things are more easily marked off as symptomatic, they are only complete when seen in relation to the workings of his wonderful plastic power. Our conception of Tess is conditioned not only by her most tragic passages, but also by such a scene as that where Angel Clare surprises her at Talbothays one summer afternoon, in all the soft, surrendering beauty of drowsiness, just as our conception of Bathsheba is compounded of the womanly and the heroic, combining the image of her singing to the shearers in the dusk or passionately clinging to Troy beside the open coffin with that other image of her holding out the reeds to Oak as he thatches without flinching from the lightning. Hardy's mastery of pictorial beauty is, indeed, a dominant characteristic. His sense of composition, his magnificent grouping of the great scenes, his use of atmosphere and light and shade, and his adaptation of nature's

moods as backgrounds to human junctures and crises do not fall short of genius. If George Eliot could rightly compare the scenes that delighted her mind's eye to the serene and homely canvases of the Dutch painters, Hardy's compositions recall at times those vast and arresting paintings of Tintoretto which, by the mysterious alchemy of great art, transform the impressions of a delighted eye into an interpretation of drama that satisfies and subjugates the perceiving mind.

There is, however, one other element in Hardy's novels common, not to Tintoretto, but certainly to George Eliot. It is his humorous use of rustic character and quaintness of speech. Having dwelt among his originals from early youth and observed them with affection, he has attained an absolute truth and naturalness in his delineation of them. In none of his novels is this element more admirably used than in *Far from the Madding Crowd*, in none is there a greater variety of sharply contrasted comic types, and in none does the utterance of the countryfolk more rise above the merely decorative and amusing to become, as it often becomes in Shakespeare's plays, an utterance impressive in itself—a disinterested commentary upon all life so finely phrased as to transcend laughter and take on the authority of true poetry. The hinds of Weatherbury Farm, whom Gabriel first comes to know in Warren's malthouse the night of the rick-fire—Mark Clark, the merry companion, Jan Coggan, "a crimson man, with a spacious countenance," the bitter and sententious "Henery" Fray, the blushful Joseph Poorgrass, the much-married Laban Tall, and the gnarled old maltster himself—generate among themselves a shrewd, racy and digressive dialogue which forms a perfect preamble, settling Gabriel Oak comfortably in the circumstances and surroundings that are to control his future. We see them again gathered round Bathsheba's pay-table and again at the malthouse in the red and orange light of a frosty dawn, when Henery Fray's comic spite against his mistress is subdued by the energetic display of Gabriel's beefy fist. At the foundering of the ewes these retainers form an amusingly distracted chorus, whose helplessness accentuates the shepherd's position among them as a "clever man in talents," and throws Bathsheba, to her annoyance, into a humble posture before him. After the comic ballads of the shearing and the restful beauty of the shearing supper, this rustic chorus is kept tactfully in the background while the gallantry of Troy and the coquetry of Bathsheba breed mutual inflammation, and only Jan Coggan appears to accompany Gabriel in that duet of splendid energy when, galloping bareback, they track through the night the hoof-marks of Dainty, the mare. But Bathsheba's marriage to Troy is admirably made a point of rest that finds the whole company in the hayfield, and brings to them Cainy Ball, the boy, comically to choke out the news of what he saw in Bath upon his holiday. In the muddled question and comment of this truly comic scene, the talk of the rustics begins to take on the true Dogberry quality, an expression

of the portentous seriousness of the rustic mind formed only by intercourse with countryfolk and nature, by the words of the Bible and by long rumination over rhythmical labour in the field. This expression Hardy here brings to its climax in the magnificent chapter in which Joseph Poorgrass, driving Fanny's flower-strewn coffin home in the waggon, is overtaken by the first mist of autumn and cajoled into prolonging his halt at the Buck's Head by Jan Coggan and Mark Clark. At the outset Hardy marks the silent pathos of the event in brief and powerful strokes—the coffin passing out of the upper door of the workhouse, the legend scrawled upon it in chalk, the blue spring waggon creeping down the hill, and Poorgrass walking pensive by its side. Then, as the mist rolls up from the sea, the rhythm of his prose grows solemn and muffled like a funeral march:

> The air was as an eye suddenly struck blind. The waggon and its load rolled no longer on the horizontal division between clearness and opacity. They were imbedded in an elastic body of a monotonous pallor throughout. There was no perceptible motion in the air, not a visible drop of water fell upon a leaf of the beeches, birches and firs composing the wood on either side. The trees stood in an attitude of intentness, as if they waited longingly for a wind to come and rock them. A startling quiet overhung all surrounding things—so completely, that the crunching of the waggon-wheels was as a great noise, and small rustles, which had never obtained a hearing except by night, were distinctly individualized. . . . The fog had by this time saturated the trees, and this was the first dropping of water from the overbrimming leaves. The hollow echo of its fall reminded the waggoner painfully of the grim Leveller. Then hard by came down another drop, then two or three. Presently there was a continual tapping of these heavy drops upon the dead leaves, the road, and the travellers. The nearer boughs were beaded with the mist to the greyness of aged men, and the rusty-red leaves of the beeches were hung with similar drops, like diamonds on auburn hair.

But when the depressed waggoner descends for comfort at the decayed coaching inn, Hardy works up that tremendous colloquy between Jan Coggan, Mark Clark and Poorgrass which seems to epitomize the reflection that neither the mist of autumn nor the thought of decay can damp the desires nor extinguish the cheerfulness of simple, living humanity which, in the persons of these three, rises upon fumes of cider to a philosophy of life and death. The coffin waiting outside in the wet dwindles from a portentous fact into an argument for taking comfort where it is offered, and for enjoying life while it is in the body. Jan Coggan is the chief orator, and it was a triumph of invention on the author's part to steer the talk of these worthies up to Coggan's tribute to church as against chapel:

> "Chapel folk be more hand-in-glove with them above than we," said Joseph, thoughtfully.
>
> "Yes," said Coggan. "We know very well that if anybody do go to heaven, they will. They've worked hard for it, and they deserve to have it, such as 'tis. I baint such a fool as to pretend that we who stick to the Church have the same chance as they, because we know we have not. But I hate the feller who'll change his old ancient doctrines for the sake of getting to heaven. I'd as soon turn King's-evidence for the few pounds you get. Why, neighbours, when every one of my taties were frosted, our Pa'son Thirdly were the man who gave me a sack for seed, though he hardly had one for his own use, and no

money to buy 'em. If it hadn't been for him, I shouldn't hae had a tatie to put in my garden. D'ye think I'd turn after that? No, I'll stick to my side; and if we be in the wrong, so be it; I'll fall with the fallen!"

The downrightness of this speech is Shakespearian, and the suggestion that an honest man, out of moral gratitude, should stick to a creed which, while it countenances cheerfulness, is inferior as a way of salvation, goes to the roots of English character. Jan Coggan follows it up with an eloquent defence of toping, even with a coffin waiting.

"If she'd been alive I would have been the first to help her. If she now wanted victuals or drink, I'd pay for it, money down. But she's dead, and no speed of ours will bring her to life. The woman's past us—time spent upon her is throwed away: why should we hurry to do what's not required? Drink, shepherd, and be friends, for to-morrow we may be like her."

And a last comic touch is given by the collapse of Joseph Poorgrass in maudlin dignity under the scolding of Gabriel.

"Have I ever allowed the toe of pride to be lifted against my hinder parts without groaning manfully that I question the right to do so? I enquire that query boldly."

"We can't say that you have, Hero Poorgrass," admitted Jan.

"Never have I allowed such treatment to pass unquestioned! Yet the shepherd says in the face of that rich testimony that I be not a man of spirit! Well, let it pass by, and death is a real release!"

Here, at the word "death" uttered in self-pity by a drunken man, we leave the revellers and follow the dead woman whom they have ceased to pity back to Weatherbury with Gabriel. This philosophic pause, devised by a poet who can fashion comedy to be a true counterpart to tragedy, refreshes and prepares us for Bathsheba's discovery and the passionate rupture that follows it. Rustic wit, the poor man's wisdom, has had its great scene, and in it Hardy, without seeking falsely to ennoble what is ignoble, has used for an effective contrast with death in misery the sensual stoicism of the country that is rooted in life, the dynamic principle of an agricultural community. By these uses of his humorous observation Hardy seems to achieve far more than certain more drably realistic novelists of the countryside, who love to harp upon dungheaps and depravity, dowering nature with all nobility and man with none. In this, contrasted with Hardy, they prove themselves but poor little poets beside a great one who, though he may sometimes err in his estimates of immaterial or intellectual things, never speaks falsely of those that can be touched and heard and seen; but, judging rightly the mixture in all that is earthly, irradiates the lower with humour and lifts up the higher as an encouragement to the lonely souls of men.

ORLO WILLIAMS.

THE MILL

THE cobbled yard; the horn blaring; the last of the stream of shawled workers hurrying in through the slowly-closing gates. Dust, heat, a dry smell of tow in your nostrils. The mill wall rises sheer, a cliff of red brick pierced by rows of windows—dingy greenish panes of ribbed glass behind which obscure wheels whirr and great masses of machinery hum incessantly. Standing at the base of the huge chimney you bend back your head till you feel ready to topple, and gaze vertically up the diminishing brick-and-mortar perspective of the shaft. At a terrifying height black smoke goes billowing away across the blue.

The door of the weaving shed opens, emitting a deafening roar. You enter and find yourself peering through a dense iron jungle—rows and rows of iron columns—gleaming steel rods, shafts and crank-wheels revolving, tappets oscillating, innumerable belts flapping, flapping, round and round interminably. Spirts of steam everywhere hiss into an atmosphere in which already the wet-bulb thermometer registers 72° of humid heat. You fight against impending faintness. You are confused and deafened.

For though you expected noise, you had not imagined *such* noise. It is almost palpable; it is tyrannical, inescapable. Your brain pulses and aches as if being split asunder. Yet the puzzling thing is that the women bending over the thousand shuttles which crash to and fro, each with the loudness of a pistol shot, seem not even aware of this appalling noise. How is it, you wonder, that they are not all stone-deaf?

On the contrary. The two women at your side converse without difficulty while you, strain how you can, hear not a word. It is weird and a little alarming to watch the intelligent exchanges of their eyes and the play of their facial muscles while the lips move in rapid articulation which you cannot hear—as in a cinema. Or are they adepts at lip-reading? You shout a question at your guide, rasping your throat hoarse in desperate combat with the overwhelming din; he smiles and nods and seems to be explaining something. You cannot hear; he begins to gesticulate, but as you are no wiser he leans close and discharges into your ear the tiny explosions of each shouted syllable.

You leave the sheds and enter a corridor, and for a moment enjoy the oasis of quiet. But again the noise, and in addition, overpowering heat and a sickening stench. "This is the dressing shop," you are told. You watch the beams of yarn being unwound and drawn through troughs of boiling size and tallow. The air itself seems to boil. You become conscious in millions of pores. It amazes and faintly irritates you to see some workmen talking and smiling while the sweat glistens and trickles down their half-naked pelts. But this is their everyday life, from boyhood to old age. Incredible! Distressing! But they go on laughing and talking.

Suddenly and urgently you have an impulse to fly, to run run with your hands over your ears and not once looking back till you reach some place of cool green quiet under the sky. Irrational! You steady yourself and go on, through shop after shop, fascinated and vaguely frightened by this monstrous, complex machine of steel and concrete and human nerve and sinew. You watch it, by a miracle of ingenuity manifested in a score of intricate processes, turning fibre into thread and thread into cloth. Testing your admiration, you say, "There was Athens; Renaissance Italy; pre-revolution France: here is the contribution of our century."

And then with traitorous sadness you peer through a steamy window at the water of the dam lying stale and vaporous under the sun. Out of the dull glare two swans emerge, floating languidly toward the trodden banks, their plumage that was white and beautiful fouled by the surface scums and the soot.

JOHN W. COULTER.

AIAS IN HADES

(*See the Odyssey, Book XI.*)

WHEN down into the under world
Odysseus went to learn his fate,
And saw the shades of heroes, hurl'd
Eretime by death from kingly state,
Among the mighty, Aias came,
Anger aflush upon his cheek;
And though Odysseus call'd his name,
He turn'd away, and would not speak.

For dead Achilles' armour these
Wrestled on earth, and Aias fell:
The anger and the agonies
Of that defeat he keeps in Hell;
And though Odysseus' eye is dim
For friendship, and his strong heart weak,
Aias, great Aias, frowns on him,
And passes on, and will not speak.

Many in this wide world have met
In unwill'd battle, led of fate;
And bonds are broken, and regret
And the heart-yearning come too late;
One bears the anger, one the pain;
One all averse, one fain to seek;
And maybe many times again
They meet, but Aias will not speak.

H. BARBER.

IS THERE A "PURE POETRY"?

POETRY, born of speech, betrays both in evolution and in the transformations of language the two elements which enter into its composition: the biological and the intellectual elements. The language which, as a modulated cry, is simply an extension into the sphere of sound of a nervous vibration is a strictly *biological* phenomenon, and at this stage poetry is not yet born. It is in virtue of a biological advance that primitive language succeeds in exteriorizing the emotion, or nervous vibration, beyond the limits of the individual organism. Thus the emotion liberates the organism and is delivered of itself. I have written elsewhere: "This primitive form of language must have been for men at once a perfect means of discharging the violence of the emotive current and also a method of direct communication." At this period, "without the aid of any convention or consciously selected code, man conveyed to man perfectly adequately a state of sensibility which was reconstituted in its own likeness in every similar organism." Such is the biological fact. It is in no way indebted to mind, but is shared by the other higher animals as well as man.

Are we to call this "pure poetry"? This primitive onomatopœia which exteriorizes the nervous vibrations by means of the vocal cords and reconstitutes in the sphere of sound the precise diagram of the vibration as it developed in the physiological sphere in a series of discontinuous and soundless movements? Admittedly, with this phenomenon, the cry, we touch one of the most important events in biology. Moreover, if we were obliged tc designate a thing according to the element which is most important in its composition, we should have to choose the biological element, which does stand for what is "pure", in poetry. But the fact remains that, reduced to this pure element, poetry disappears altogether. What we mean by poetry in this discussion is an art, an art of which words are the means of expression. But in primitive speech the word does not yet exist. The word is a mental element and its meaning is in a certain measure determined by convention. *Mens mentiri*, as Nietszche put it in one of the profoundest of his aphorisms. To make use of the intellect and to lie are synonymous. But a cry cannot lie. For that the word is needed. With the word the era of mind commences and it becomes possible to express a state of sensibility which is untrue to the real state of the organism.

With the birth of the word a terrible cleavage has taken place. The word is formed at the expense of the great primitive onomatopœia, which was the release of the physiological emotion. Words, charged with conventional meanings, are crystallized out of the flux of onomato-

poeic rhapsody. This violation of the onomatopœic innocence is surely the true meaning of the myth of the rending of Orpheus by the Mænads. Almost dismembered by the keen knife of the consonant—the new biological device of which the separative spirit of cognition has availed itself—the elemental unison of the onomatopœia is left, like Orpheus' body, bleeding from countless wounds. The primal continuity of the nervous rhythm, which the vocal cords transformed into waves of sound, has now been broken up at intervals by the non-conducting laconic medium of the word. Unable to bridge the fatal gaps, the rhythmic nervous current either flows back into the organism, which is wounded by the shock, or else spends itself in the void.

§

The process results, therefore, both in a gain and in a loss for life. It seems that this must always happen; this balanced rhythm seems implicit in the essential movement of evolution. Every transformation, however much it may enrich life, is balanced by some loss or diminution of energy, and thus a new device is called for by which life will try to make up for the loss. This tendency I call the "rhythm of recovery."

The "rhythm of recovery" is not a regression; it is by no means a reaction away from an advance that life has just achieved. It does not imply the surrender of one fraction of the newly acquired intellectual power, but, on the contrary, the strengthening of the new acquisition by restoring to it a part of the primitive energy dissipated in the process of transformation. The "rhythm of recovery" represents an advance, but obviously from the circumstances in which it originates it is made up of two components. And in that "rhythm of recovery" which is poetry these two components are (1) the abstract language which mind has constructed out of the ruins of the primal onomatopœic expression, and (2) all the blood or essence of emotional content which has flowed from the "body of Orpheus" after the aggression of mental activity—and been wasted. The use of abstract language is to convey ideas, information, and even descriptions of states of mind from one man to another, and it is the task of poetry to find the means of enriching this language by restoring to it at least a part of the power of direct emotional expression of the primitive onomatopœia. This is why two elements are implicit in poetry.

And this is why there can be no "pure poetry." The mental element in poetry is language which, by the use of words whose meanings are conventional and of abstract terms, describes the conditions of an emotion and even names and evokes the emotion itself; and the biological element is derived from the original onomatopœia and has the same purpose, namely, to exteriorize the actual emotion itself and to call it into being in all corresponding organisms. Could we arrive at "pure poetry" by merely depriving words of the conventional meanings assigned to them when they were wrenched from the body of sound

expression? Can poetry be reduced to music? Not at all; music has its own rules in which convention plays a part. Not in music shall we find an identical repetition of the primitive melodies.

Indeed, any identical repetition is obviously impossible. There is a law of irreversibility in the realm of values which is analogous to Carnot's axiom in physics, namely, that *no return is possible from the abstract to the biological.* What is possible is to enrich the new mode with a part of what was valuable in the old by making use of the material that was lost in the process of transformation; thus the new mode partakes of both the ancient biological heritage and the newly acquired intellectual faculty. It includes inspiration and also contrivance in the sense of art and artifice.

Poetry therefore depends upon an essentially "human" compromise, a kind of artificial synthesis. To that extent it is an approximation; there is no such thing as "pure poetry." But nevertheless poetry is a creative synthesis because it finds expression for that trembling insecurity, which is both agony and joy, through which human activity is delivered from mechanism and chaos to find a foothold—safe above the phenomenal world—in Thought, that wonderful and terrible privilege which for Pascal constituted the dignity of the human "reed," and which is indeed for human beings the highest value in the Universe.

Nothing is absolute and nothing is "pure." This law is the condition of all life and of everything that exists, that is, of everything that can be perceived by a mind. But when we have dismissed "pure poetry," there remains poetry. Or shall we then be asked to extract the biological element from the synthesis, thus depriving words of their meaning, in order to achieve "pure poetry"? Will the attempt be made to create new sound-associations with syllables, vowels and diphthongs—eliminating or partially suppressing the consonants? And will it be "pure poetry" that will result from this process? Not so, but only one of the elements of poetry. Supposing the attempt could be successful at all, it would merely restore a primitive biological function, no longer adequate to its purpose. Why? Because mind has to some extent superseded the biological element, sensibility has been influenced and modified by all the rich nuances acquired by thought, and onomatopœic speech would certainly be inadequate to exteriorize this more complex form of emotion.

Supposing "pure poetry" did succeed, by a sort of counter-revolution, in banishing the word from language and in restoring to the biological element its ancient supremacy, the result would be that, on the one hand, poetry, which is a compromise between two elements, would be suppressed, and, on the other, the original power now reinstated would be inoperative in regard to everything that had undergone modification.

As it is, poetry tends towards a partial reconstitution of the biological within the mental, without attempting to violate the law of irrever-

sibility. It succeeds in so far as, submitting to the necessity of using words as conventional symbols, it arranges them in such a way that the ancient rhythms may ring through the words and intensify their life. And these archetypal rhythms have the same potency which formerly projected the nervous vibration beyond the limits of the organism and so mirrored in the external world the emotion which arose in the internal world of individual sensibility. "It is to meet this need," I have written elsewhere, "that the whole armoury of poetic methods exists. These methods are in immediate relation with physiology and are designed to act upon it, as one organ upon another. Poetry therefore acts in the following way: by means of rhyme and cæsura—the latter, like musical punctuation, determining the position and duration of the intervals—it compels the voice to mark certain repetitions, it fixes the pauses, it swells or reduces the volume, and it controls the action of the lungs, regulating in this way the flow of the blood in the arteries and slowing down or intensifying the heart-beats; thus it produces a calculated effect upon the organism of the reciter, namely, a state corresponding to that which arose spontaneously in the soul of the poet." I have elsewhere emphasized the importance of technique in the matter of poetry so much that it is unnecessary to say more about it here. I will merely repeat, happy to find myself in agreement on this point with Rémy de Gourmont, that it is the business of verse to take words and, while preserving the definite sound configurations imposed on them by the ruthless Mænads, to link them again into a continuity so that the separate words are fused together as it were into a single vocable. "And that is what verse is: a word," said de Gourmont. Exactly so, a word. A word which restores the primitive phrase, but which respects the established facts of the mental evolution. The primitive phrase is an onomatopœia such as we hear in the cries of animals, some of them so rich in nuances. The chief features of this onomatopœia are: first, the vocal appeal varies in intensity, thus distinguishing the phases of the wordless discourse; second, the periodicity determines its duration in time; and third, the sound substance of vowels and diphthongs is homogeneous, its parts being only very slightly differentiated. Now, it would appear that the cæsura and the number of feet or syllables in the metre of the verse represent the first two features, while the rhyme or assonance (rhyme is merely an arbitrarily selected form of assonance) corresponds more particularly to the third of the primitive features.

§

The essential thing in poetry, I maintain in spite of considerable objections, is the technique of verse, the whole armoury of poetic devices. This it is that represents the great work achieved by the earliest poets, unconsciously and in the manner of seers, of grafting the biological upon the mental; thus saving one of the treasures of the soul's activity,

namely, its power of investing outside things with the overflow of its own emotion and so informing nature with human vitality. There is virtue, there is biological value, in what is called the "sing-song" of verse. When recited verse seems to merit this derogatory epithet, I think that the blame should be attached not to the poetic form itself but to the error of the poet in using an inappropriate mode of expression for the given material.

It is a grave abuse, whether intentional or not, when good poets make use of the lyric instrument, with its power of making bosoms heave, hearts beat and pulses stir, for descriptions and arguments which do not require these physiological responses and would even be prejudiced by them. If my definition of the lyric function is correct, there can be no worse blemish in a poem than to set in action the poetic apparatus for the sake of an object which does not justify in the poet those violent emotions whose strength is discharged through abstract words, as through a sieve. It is the worst sort of poetic betrayal to allow a discrepancy between those emotional and mental elements whose harmonious combination is the secret of every valuable poem. Even the greatest poets have sinned in this way. They have done so, wittingly or unwittingly, every time they have employed a rhyme or rhythm that was not dictated to them by the stress of a genuine emotion.

§

Is there such a thing as emotive memory? Ribot and M. Paulhan have raised the question, employing the more philosophical term "affective memory." They have concluded that such a memory does exist. There seems no doubt that it is to be found in animals, and I do not think it can be excluded from man's psychic activity. Probably it plays an important role there, only it is difficult to define its character. The cause of this difficulty can be illustrated by taking an example from the sphere of visual perceptions. One has only to make this experiment: walk along a road and glance rapidly at the scenery, and then, looking away, try to call to mind without the aid of words the simple image of the sensation produced by direct vision. The difficulty is, not to recall the image, but to prevent words from attaching themselves to the things recalled. What is difficult is to see the green of the fields and the contour and foliage of the willows along the stream and to prevent words from intervening, as they do now in my writing, among the sensations evoked; the fact that a word has a general and not a particular significance, the fact that it has associations with other words, causes it to distort and destroy the uniqueness of the pure sensation to which it attaches itself. It is almost impossible to *see* the things that memory parades before our mind's eye without simultaneously *naming* them. It is the same in poetry. At the moment of its being experienced, how far and in what proportions can an emotion avail itself of intellectual concepts, images, general ideas, and concomitant

perceptions? In the memory of it how much remains that is authentic? Of course, individuals differ in this respect. But perhaps we may take it that the more a man's brain is filled with ideas, which thrust themselves forward and attach themselves and penetrate wherever they can, the less capable he becomes of registering a pure emotion and of fulfilling the necessary conditions for being a poet. Only one thing is required of a poet—his emotion; and what constitutes the value of that emotion is precisely its *un*originality, its age-old character, the fact that it has been repeatedly experienced through thousands of years. The emotional side of life has its origin so far in the past that it goes beyond the memory of the race, and fuses with pre-human, animal experience; hence its primacy among the modes of human activity. The fact of repetition establishes it as the dominant function of the organism, from which all the other functions derive. That poetry is great in which the poet succeeds in expressing the oldest emotions and the thoughts which come nearest to the most profound feeling, those which no doubt came to birth most spontaneously in the earliest periods of language. In those palæologic periods consciousness was enriched by the use of new words and by the greater clarity thus available for its concepts, and so the reverberations of man's agony under the burden of his exquisite nervous system were more distinctly heard. Then it was that the power of imagination, which had lain secret within the brain of the higher animals until the birth of language, developed so richly in man. The power of man to evoke the past and the future and thus charge the present moment with deeper significance has the effect of dramatizing and exalting the great emotions, joy and suffering, and above all, the passion of love and the anguish of death. Love, the climax of life's power, when life overflows and shatters itself to make new lives, and death, when life resolves itself back into simpler forms and disappears into the mysterious void whence it arose, these are the two fountain-heads of biological emotion. From these two motifs man, possessing the instrument of words, constructed his life as a political and social animal, and from them also he developed the themes of his philosophies and religions. The poet taps these two currents of biological emotion near their source, while still animated by the pulse of the primordial rhythm, and it is his aim to make a true echo of them in the sound-substance of words. Of such stuff is great poetry made, and it was for this purpose that the earliest poets contrived the classical poetic forms and inserted them in the logical framework of the various linguistic idioms.

§

If that poetry which is nearest to "pure poetry"—the latter term being regarded simply as a metaphor—be defined as the expression in prosody and metre of the most primordial human emotions, the fact remains that as the result of the development of conventional language

these primal emotions have become involved with new kinds of emotion derived from *mental* processes. Intelligence and the expansion of consciousness have given rise to a new world which inspires in man emotions that were unknown to primitive men—the ecstasy of Flaubert before a marble of the Acropolis, or of Poincaré and Einstein before the esoteric beauty of an algebraic formula. In expressing such states, the conventional value of words will, of course, take precedence over their emotional value.

M. Jean Royère, who is a theorist as well as a poet, has defined very lucidly the two essential elements of poetry. These are, he says, repetition and catachresis—and the two terms fit perfectly with my theory of poetry as a compromise between the biological and the mental. Repetition is connected with the biological element. Alliteration, consonance, rhyme and assonance, metre and rhythm, are so many aspects of the primitive sonorous vibration, and they bear witness to the close relationship of that vibration with the nerve vibration that was exteriorized in the primitive modulated cry. Catachresis is the mental element. And what is catachresis ? It means the use of a word in a different sense from that which is conventionally attributed to it. A comparison, an image, a metaphor, or a symbol is a catachresis. So is a parable. Each of these literary devices may be described as a method of showing that a thing is something other than it appears to be. Catachresis is a means of attaining to a more living reality than that which has been mapped out by conventional language and congealed into fixed verbal symbols with definite meanings. " Pure prose " corresponding to " pure poetry " is the attempt to seize an absolute reality, the reality of reality, and as it were to imprison its essence in a word and fix it for ever in the perfect adequacy of the word to the thing. There *is* no such reality. Reality is never what it is, because it lives and becomes. When we assert that a thing *is* such and such, we are merely referring to one or other of its aspects upon which we are accustomed to agree—an agreement only made possible by the use of a word developed through prose. It is only upon the symbol that we are agreed, and if we persuade ourselves that under this symbol we seize the reality itself, we are the dupes of the mirage of prose artifices. But poetry dissolves the mirage. It is the Spring-morning sun, " *le vierge, le vivace et le bel aujourd'hui* " which vanquishes " *d'un coup d'aile ivre*," the death-like frost ; and reality flows freely once again. Unlike prose, poetry does not attempt to subdue the real to a static law which is foreign to its fluid nature. Every simile, every image, and every metaphor is an assertion not that things *are*, but that they are *becoming* and transforming themselves. Every catachresis is an escape from the prison of words, which define and separate and isolate. It breaks the solitude and re-establishes the relationship of all with all. Through catachresis poetry becomes one of the aspects of that monism which I have elsewhere contrasted with Parmenides'

concept of the One. It respects multiplicity in all its forms and spreads among them, smilingly, its tendrils of connivance. Without ever seeking to force their likeness, it makes unexpected resemblances show forth through the diversity—and yet it excludes all possibility of confusion.

§

Poetry, then, is a compromise and cannot exist in a pure state. But is there then such a thing as pure prose? If prose, as we have just shown, depends upon the convention which attaches an arbitrarily chosen meaning to a certain portion of the sonorous flow, which means, to a certain portion of the nervous flow, can there be a convention or could it be applied in the absence of the living material? It hardly seems so; the most abstract modes of language could never have come into existence but for an emotion, far in the past, which awakened the activity of mind, or, better, which evolved that activity out of itself as God is said to have fashioned Eve out of Adam's rib. Intelligence is only a mode that has crystallized out of the flux of sensibility. We must conclude then that poetry and prose are but two modes of a single form of energy; they represent the two unstable elements into which it has divided, and much of literature must be allocated to the indefinite border-line between them. Thus it is not possible to say exactly where prose begins and poetry ends, but it can be laid down that the sonorous element predominates in poetry and the abstract and conventional elements in prose. Moreover, among the conventional elements, catachresis will play an ever less important role in proportion as the language tends towards prose; which is merely another way of saying that we can only eliminate the vagueness which shrouds reality by robbing it of what is really its most essential quality, and putting conventions and formulas in its place. Our formulas never fit together so satisfactorily as when we have succeeded in completely divorcing them from reality.

Poetry is therefore the language which comes nearest to reality because it strives to encompass it in both its affective and its intellectual modalities. In approaching something which only exists relatively or as an unstable and transitory approximation, it makes use of catachresis because catachresis itself is only an approximative method which skims around objects without trying to possess them completely, without bruising or coarsening them, and without smudging their marvellous butterfly-wing designs.

JULES DE GAULTIER.

(Translated by Sir Richard Rees.)

WHITE KAFFIR

I HAVE often wondered, looking back, what effect it had upon our infant minds, that constant close association with an alien race. Certainly, in retrospect, we seem a white-faced lot, fragile and high-strung, with a quivering sensitiveness to impressions. It is difficult now to analyze what we felt to the Blacks who were not only our servants, but playmates, protectors, dear, dear friends—and yet always alien. We had no doubt at all that Milly's eyes, luminous with religious fervour, or frantic in prophecy, saw *things* that were hidden from our vision. The tenacity with which rites and superstitions, whose origin was lost in antiquity, persisted on these alien shores amid the strident clamour of American progress, must have sown the seeds of timelessness in our minds, and awoken an early scepticism as to the quality of that vaunted modernity; and a need for a fundamental reality that was less evasive than the fragment of space and time in which we lived. Certainly we shared and understood the reverence of the darkies for poor White Kaffir, blind and dumb, when we knew him. He was as sacred to them in his affliction and his alienation from the world of the flesh as were the demented to the ancient Greeks. These were the last years of his life. The story of his early years and trials came to us in fragments, both in the telling and in our understanding, so that it is only now that I realize the queer wild tale in its entirety.

The heat lanced upward from the asphalt paving, flaming back and forth from the frame walls of high, precarious tenements. The Blacks loved it, and sprawled upon the hot paving stones, or lolled in doorways and alleys. The swinging doors of the saloons were never still. Darkies stayed to drink, or came back with kettles of iced and frothing beer. In the Billiard Parlours brawls were hourly settled by the swiftest razor. Groups formed to watch bare-footed clog-dancing to the music of accordions and mouth-organs. Inside the Dance Halls magnificent buck niggers, with their yellow girls, moved in archaic posture to the rhythms of aboriginal love-rites, re-born as "coon songs." An Albino, unhappy product of a double degradation, lifted his blank pink eyes to the scalding sun. White and black alike shunned him.

"He-all kill his mammy and his pappy when he war born," the Blacks whispered to their children.

Eighteen or twenty years before, a circle of puckered black faces bent above a table upon which lay a speckled thing. It gave a wailing cry, and for a moment its feeble limbs writhed. Then it subsided and only the almost imperceptible lifting of its ribs showed that it was still alive.

"Is you gwine to keep it, Rastus?"

"Keep it! Keep dat ting! Whaffur you-all tink I'se gwine

keep him? Dat ain't no pickaninny, dat ain't. I'se gwine make a passel o'dat and drap it in de ribber moughty quick, I is!"

On the bed lay the creature's mother, a fine young negress whose polished limbs were like sculptured ebony against the chuck mattress. Sweat poured from her face, ashen-grey. Her hands beat in anguish. She moaned. No one heeded her.

The father drew back from the table on which the small foul creature lay. He was a thick set, squat nigger. Great hands dangled at the end of long arms like the limbs of a gorilla, and he chancelated, ape-like, where he stood. His bead-like eyes peered out from under flat receding brows; his nose was spread, with wide flat nostrils; and the jowl and great lips projected. "How come he laik dat? He-all white like de belly of a frog. Whar he come from?"

There was an uneasy stir, but no one spoke.

"How come he-all laik dat?"

"Dat dere Liza she done been cavortin' roun' dese yere dance halls back yander, down in de Neck, wid de po' white trash. She done pick up a hant somewhar."

There was a sullen plaint in the inarticulate roar that broke from the listening negro. "Ma Liza . . . ma Liza! . . . dat dere po' white trash . . . ma Liza!" He clutched the flimsy lamp from its nail on the wall, and, with his other hand wound in the thick black wool covering the girl's skull, he dragged her upward on the bed to peer into her face.

A gigantic negress, her wisps of grey hair standing out like thorns about her head, detached herself from the group huddled against the wall.

"Mammy!" the girl shrieked.

The old woman stretched a lean arm and lifted the small fungus-like body of the child, holding it straight out before her. Its lolling head dandled upon its shoulders, its tufts of red wiry hair flickered and gleamed in the unsteady light. As the maddened darky turned his stricken face to look, the babe opened its blood-red eyes.

"Take it away—don' you let him looka me! Oh Gawd-a-mighty sabe me, he-all's red eyes am borin' through ma haid!" He hurled the lamp, then, turning, flung himself upon the body of the girl in an embrace bestial and destructive.

In a moment there was pandemonium. A dark moving stream of negroes fled from the flame-doomed building. The old woman cradled the child in the crook of her elbow. "You-all sho' am a powerful strong hant, Massa Debbil," she adjured it, as she ran.

The creature grew. Year by year went by in the cellar where it was hidden. It was nurtured somehow, and its gibberish sold to "cast spells with" in conjunction with varying moon-phases: sinister powders passed from its lifeless hands to women, white and black, *and of all classes*, who sought them.

At eighteen its dead red hair stood out above the leprous-white of its face like a halo. Its staring pink eyes flickered and dimmed, with a pathetic intelligence. It trembled and shrank when the old woman brought in her unsavory clients. Sometimes it wandered in the street, never going "off the block." It loved the sun, and hugged the walls that gathered the hot rays into themselves. The blacks spit at him as they passed; the whites gathered in crowds about him. They lifted his splotched white hands, swung his head round by its tufts of red wool to show his pink eyes. He lived on, stricken, starved, abused.

But, in alleys, in tenements, in holes underground, where the blacks lived and bred, animal, agonized, debased: simple, entranced, extased: somewhere he learned to sing. His voice was mellow, full, clouded; a rich wild chant. Spirituelles, love songs, lullabies, poured through his splayed lips. He spread enchantment and was like one enchanted when he sang. He would clap his loose hands together, shuffle his ungainly feet, while yearning poured through his lips, wild, primitive love, and those naive and plaintive melodies woven round the theme of Christ.

"Den dey come roun' him in crowds," said Milly, "real wufless, low-down niggers, an' po' white trash. Seems laik dey caint yere enough. But dar, honey, all Gawd's chillen got souls an' seems laik music jes natchelly find dem out. Gawd he's powerful smart and He knows jus how to git in dese yere stubbun hearts of men."

One day Chance bore a young Englishman across his path. "Well I'm dashed if it isn't a White Kaffir!" he exclaimed idly, as he passed the queer creature.

A spirit seemed to pass through the group of blacks. It was as though a sleeping tiger had stirred. Someone remembered and the whisper spread, "White Kaffir . . . hoodoo . . .evil eye . . . evil spirit . . . kill . . . kill . . ." Old instincts woke, blind and dulled but potent still. A palpable violence hovered for a moment over the crowd.

The Albino felt his danger. There was no appeal, for he was alien to all men. He stumbled forward, turned, and, as they pressed about him still, slowly he sank upon his knees and began to sing:—

Din' my good Lawd delibber Daniel . . . Daniel . . . Daniel . . . higher and higher it rose in wild pleading, in hopeless and triumphant plaint:—

Din' ma good Lawd delibber Daniel,
Den why not ebbery man?

For a moment the crowd hung back, then came the fanatical call: "Shet yo' yeres, niggers, shet yo' yeres! He'all workin' a spell!"

There was a rush. For a moment the direful freak was lifted high above their heads, then, on the apex of a scream, he fell.

Again that sobbing voice lifted:—

Din ma good Lawd delibber Daniel . . . Daniel . . . Daniel,

Dis ma good Lawd delibber Daniel
Den—why—not—dis—chile . . .

A shudder went through the crowd and they drew back. The negress who had cared for him from birth strode through the uneasy group. "Whar's dat dere nigger?" She knelt and drew the inert figure against her breast. "What dey done to you, honey? Dey-all done hurt ma lamb?"

The pallid lips in the strange countenance still moved, though no sound came from them.

"Looka dere! He-all singin' wid de angels. He-all wont nebber maik no sound again on dis yearf. Dis yere chil' ain't hurt none. He-all hab a debbil when he bo'n, en now its cast out. He-all jes natchelly weak. Drap on yo' knees, niggers, for Massa Debbil's on de loose. Say yo' prayers quick les he creep in."

In a moment the scene was one of religious frenzy. Darkies swayed back and forth on their knees, screaming, crying, beating their breasts, breaking into wild chants. The old woman spurred them on, clapping her hands and swaying above the still body that she had cradled upon her knees. "Ma lamb . . . ma lamb," she crooned over him. Then, in an exultant shout: ". . . sabed by grace. He-all no harm now—nebber no more. He-all bo'n again, dis yere's de blood of de Lamb . . . laik a lil' chile—laik a lil' chile . . ." Tears streamed down her face. She gathered the frail creature into her arms, and strode away with him, her great figure towering over the kneeling darkies.

By slow degrees the poor thing healed, but the negress had prophesied rightly—he never spoke again. He became a fetich, and so it was that we children went on pilgrimages with our mammies to see him, "Po' White Kaffir, he-all Gawd's chile."

FRANCES GREGG.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS

I DREAMT that there was talk of war
With engines that could send afar
The last invented ray
Which burned men's sight away.

I dreamt that every soldier swore
He thought it was a bloody bore
To spend an hour each day
At Braille instead of play.

B. J. PENDLEBURY.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A SEX NOVEL.—That much over-worked term, a "sex novel," is, almost for the first time in the English language, justifiable for this last novel by D. H. Lawrence, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, the publication of which has, of course, been forbidden in England. The book is, however, written with a passion and austerity such as is seldom achieved except by the Latin races, and deals with the sex relationship in all its crude and lovely violence, clean-edged as Italian sun and shadow.

The most obvious, and therefore the most constant criticisms of this book are that we know so little of the characters, their occupations, interests, appearances and all those other clouding and evasive details of lesser art. The reason for this is in the clarity of Mr. Lawrence's art. The protagonists of this book are Female and Male. The theme is their sex relationship. No doubt as individuals, entities, they have occupations, ideas, characteristics which are interesting. The theme of this book, however, is their purport solely as sexed beings: we are concerned only with the relationship of their bodies, and the infinitely mysterious and inexorably spiritual relationship of Man and Woman. Their relationship is beyond the scope of mind, and we are left by Mr. Lawrence untroubled by the romantic, sentimental, pornographic, or pseudo-spiritual decorations of inadequate mind working upon the fierce and beautiful relationship of sexed beings. Romance, sentimentality, lechery and "love" are woven round the curiously revolting figure of the impotent man who, yielding to the mean fascination of the perverted sex instinct, stands, if I understand Mr. Lawrence's thesis, as a symbol of the almost universal sterility and perversion of this generation.

The book has the magnificence, the poetry, the deep austerity of the actual stuff of life dealt with by an artist inspired with passionate religious fervour and that integrity that is the first, and the last, principle of art. Critics ask why Mr. Lawrence uses words that are those of the most secret episodes, and lingers over descriptions of the most secret parts of the body; admittedly the public will stand any amount of sly reference, of heated and heady descriptions of the voluptuous approach to love, but why this stark nakedness, these devastating descriptions of these two naive and childish people, to a world seared and wearied by the Flaming Sword. Yet had Mr. Lawrence written them a book upon a motor-engine in which he *implied* in hyperbolic terms of poetic symbolism two metal units so constructed in relationship the one to the other that their contact released energy, we would have flung the book into the fire. What we want in a book on engines is clean-cut, unemotional descriptions of the actual parts concerned, the relationship, their intent, details of timing and the like. This Mr. Lawrence, with the ardour and the restraint of the perfect

craftsman, has given us when dealing with the exquisite and intricate mechanism of sex.—FRANCES GREGG.

TRANSMUTATION.— "Cawnpore.

"... The Arlen book I asked for, and the copy of Margot's *Octavia* which you so kindly sent along with it, arrived yesterday. Before sleeping, I dallied with *The Green Hat* and lingered over *Octavia*—particularly enjoying, among other delightful things in the latter, the quotation from Marvell's *Thoughts in a Garden.*

"You will be amused to hear that my silly habit of writing in a semi-conscious state during the early hours still persists, and that I awoke this morning pleasantly aware that my scribbling pad contained inspired, golden verse.

"Taking up the pad, I read: then, with a much steadier hand replaced the pad on the bedside table, face downward.

"Inspired? Obviously!

"Golden? Alas, no! Sleep is, in my case, a perverse alchemist transmuting gold into the baser metals.

"But judge for yourself:

"LADIES IN SOLITUDE.

"Sad dowagers and ageing wives
Ponder the stories of their lives;
While other ladies, far from slim,
Coax Cupid till they bother him.

"Meanwhile the sylphs, attired less,
Are swooning into happiness.
Cares reach them not; transcending these
Are other worlds and other seas.
O happy sylphs, when you remove
Your thoughts from everything save love!
Annihilating even that
To a green thought in a green hat. . ."

E. STEEKSMA.

MAN AND THE MACHINE.—The demand for the help of trained psychologists in solving some of the problems of modern industry is a significant fact of our day. It is one of the less spectacular but at least creditable efforts now being made to arrest the rapid disintegration of industrial society. Twenty-five years ago the workers in factories and warehouses could still be regarded as but part of the machinery they attended; it was supposed that they could be relied upon to go on repeating a particular movement, such as knotting yarn-ends or pushing a lever, with the unvarying efficiency and precision of

a crank-arm or tappet. It was a supposition only possible in colossal ignorance or culpable disregard of the elementary facts of psychology, but bound, if persistently acted upon, to bring our industrial organism to precisely that plight in which it now, not without a suspicion of panic, finds itself.

To-day there is general recognition of the truth that if life holds no more for a human being, a creature compact of mood and imagination, than for a well-tuned and well-oiled machine, it is a thing by very much too dear at the price. It is seen that work in mill or foundry or shipyard or office must somehow, at peril of disaster to our system, be made an activity in which the worker can find again the sort of satisfaction which the old craftsmen found in their craft. To find a way of achieving this purpose is the fundamental problem of modern industry (it being patent that prosperity, in the sense of profit-making, should speedily return if the workers everywhere could be made really interested in their jobs), and to discover such a way, psychologists trained in research have been working at the instance of the British Government, observing, experimenting, compiling data for a theory of industry which shall make adequate provision for the human nature of the workpeople. The results of these investigations are set out in the reports of the Fatigue Research Board, published by H.M. Stationery Office, at a cost of a few pence apiece.

Consider, as an example of what is being attempted, one of the subjects treated in an early report—the relation of social amenities in the factory to the efficiency of the workers.

> I had recently (says the investigator) to spend some time in two factories doing the same repetition work; in the one there were many complaints of dullness, in the other none; in the one the majority of faces expressed a dull acquiescence in existence, in the other the general happiness and joy in the work was obvious. . . . In the one, no one apparently took any interest in the workers, there was no *esprit de corps*, and a general slackness prevailed; to get the week's money was the only interest, and that is bound to be a fitful interest. In the other, there was not only a real interest in the work, in the accumulation of the work as the day wore on, but also a desire to win the approval of the authorities, and interest in many social activities binding one on another.

Without accepting too uncritically the completeness of the contrast here described, we may believe that the attempt to humanize the machine in one of the two cases had been made well worth while for everybody concerned. The social instinct, the fun of competition and the chance it gives of self-expression, loyalty to some personality or ideal—all had been successfully exploited in mitigation of the destructive boredom of dull work in a modern factory. And this is simply the belated application to industry of the Christian principle that men must try to live together, not as predatory creatures contriving mutual destruction, but as social beings who happen to be making the passage of life contemporaneously, and bound, in the name of intelligence and morality, to lighten the difficulties of the journey as much as possible.

Industrial efficiency has been lauded for many reasons, but it has been left to our generation to see in the cultivation of it a discipline potentially moral. The character of the foreman (as the report shows) directly influences the output of his workers. The boss type, explosive, inflated with egoism and easily offended, is inefficient because his uncertain temper keeps his workers in a chronic state of nervous tension, which is bad for work. The nagger, who cannot rely on himself and doesn't even know when to be satisfied, is inefficient because it is no use striving to please him, and soon his workers no longer try. The manager with an obsession—say for tidiness: his workers play up to his weakness, and may scamp everything else. But the manager who has sense and understanding enough to treat his workers with sympathy and humour gets the best from them, and his efficiency is due to his admirable moral qualities.

Four types of worker are also studied in the report, each of which requires appropriate treatment if efficiency is not to be impaired. The truculent, touchy worker who resents criticism and cannot accept an order from anyone. If he is a skilful tradesman, he makes himself a nuisance by expecting always to be pampered and humoured by everybody, but if unskilful, he drifts from job to job till at last he becomes embittered and unemployable. There is the weak, crushed worker who has lost power or desire to assert himself. He works indifferently, not caring what else happens if he can but hold the job and lift the pay. The dreamer, who actually prefers a monotonous job because he can safely work by routine and allow his mind to drift pleasantly while his hands work on. And finally the worker whose repressed personality finds outlet in interests outside his daily job. His ambition is diverted to the hope of becoming a great man in club or church or politics, and consequently, whatever his potentialities, he will never become more than an untroublesome, but quite ordinary worker. It is part of the new direction in industry to be at pains as far as possible to provide the individual worker with the kind of job which most nearly suits his idiosyncrasy. The report shows that otherwise he tends to become unhealthy-minded, impatient, discontent, in conflict with himself and therefore with everything and everybody.

One may recognize the value of these efforts to make the workers' lives more tolerable (with whatever ulterior motive) and yet remember that under all superficial trouble about wages, hours of labour, incompatibility of work and temperament, and so forth, stirs the deeper trouble characteristic of our time, namely, the fundamental questioning whether, even under the best possible conditions, the kind of life which industrial civilization makes obligatory for the majority is worth while.

JOHN W. COULTER.

NOTES ON SHAKESPEARE

Keats's Shakespeare : A Descriptive Essay. By Caroline F. E. Spurgeon. (Oxford University Press.) 25s. net.

It is remarkable, even a little mysterious, that the seven-volume edition of Shakespeare which Keats possessed should so long have lain unregarded in an American library. Buxton Forman had reminded the world that it existed, and was somewhere in America ; and its American owner, Mr. George Armour, seems to have been well aware of its importance. Anyhow, there it lay in a beautiful library, in the university city of Princeton, and no man regarded, until Professor Spurgeon came that way.

Keats possessed two Shakespeares—one a reprint of the Folio—and also a separate edition of the Poems. The two last are familiar : they are in the Dilke Collection at Hampstead. The "set of seven stocky and rather attractive little volumes" which Professor Spurgeon has discovered or re-discovered contains written in its first two volumes Keats's name and the date "April, 1817." That is to say, it is the Shakespeare which he "unboxed" when he arrived at Southampton on his way to the Isle of Wight to begin the composition of "Endymion." "I felt rather lonely this morning at breakfast," he wrote to his brothers on the morning of April 15, "so I went and unboxed a Shakespeare—'There's my comfort.'" He had quoted from "The Tempest" : earlier in the same letter he had quoted Launce from "The Two Gentlemen," and later in it he quoted "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Professor Spurgeon does not make it quite plain ; but it seems that all three plays were in the same volume.

> The five letters that we have of his during these two months (April-May, 1817) . . . are all alike saturated in Shakespearian thought, and it is worth noting that of the fifteen Shakespearian allusions or quotations in these five letters, six are to "The Tempest," the first play in volume one, which is immensely marked and read, and five of the others are to plays in the first two volumes, which are the ones, I believe, he was reading very specially at this time.

It is rather difficult to be sure from Professor Spurgeon's account precisely which plays were in these first two volumes ; but one at least of the plays which he seems to have been reading "very specially" at the time, namely, "King Lear," was in the seventh volume ; which is, in this set of Shakespeare, entirely unmarked. The point may appear trivial, but it has importance. If we were to take the evidence of the letters for this deeply interesting period of Keats's life, it would appear that "King Lear" made—almost in spite of himself—a deeper impression upon him than any other play of Shakespeare. Not that the allusions to "King Lear" are more numerous than those to the other plays—they are, in fact, fewer than the references to "The Tempest" or "Antony and Cleopatra" ; but the thought of "King Lear" is curiously interwoven with his own intense thinking about poetry and his own powers of poetry. "King Lear" seems to have been at this moment, and at one other subsequent moment in his life, much more an immediate and intimate experience than a subject of reading.

We are confronted with the pretty problem of the significance to be attached to Keats's markings. It is not easy, even for people devoid of poetic genius and far less excitable than Keats, to mark a book while they are being

ntensely moved by it. To read Shakespeare with a detached and critical dmiration, as Keats often did, and to read him, with a passionate sense of entification, as Keats also did often, are two different things: and Keats's ense of the difference between them is partly expressed in the first eight lines his famous sonnet on sitting down to read "King Lear."

It is the latter kind of experience of Shakespeare, "burning through," which was crucial to Keats, which could find practically no expression in marking volume of Shakespeare's works. The passages and markings which Professor Spurgeon has so carefully reproduced have their own great importance; but heir significance is, in the main, of an order we may call "technical." They re the observations of an artist watching the brush-work of another artist; they are the recognitions of the expression of a particular and personal xperience such as Keats himself was undergoing. Such, for instance, clearly the double underlining of Prospero's :—

> A turn or two I'll walk
> To still my beating mind.

hat almost certainly belongs to the same moment when, after making two uotations from "The Tempest" in the letter to Reynolds of April 17, 1817, e went on :—

> I find I cannot exist without Poetry—without eternal Poetry—half the day will not do—the whole of it—I began with a little, but habit has made me a Leviathan. I had become all in a tremble from not having written anything of late—the Sonnet overleaf—
>
> "It keeps eternal whisperings around . . ."
>
> did me good. I slept the better last night for it—this morning, however, I am nearly as bad again.

It comes to this: that it will take a good deal of time and careful study o be able to make proper use of or draw right conclusions from the fascinating material with which Professor Spurgeon has enriched us.

J. M. MURRY.

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKSHOP. By W. J. Lawrence. (Oxford: Blackwell.) 5s. net.

Mr. W. J. Lawrence has many interesting points to make concerning Shakespeare: of which the most important to our sense is his convincing argument that the First Quarto of *Hamlet* is not the original of the Second Quarto, but a version of the old play made for a country company. The contention is not new; but Mr. Lawrence makes it reasonably certain. Other points are the denial that *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was originally written for a private occasion; a neat test from the use of cornets or trumpets for the date of plays belonging to the King's Men, which unfortunately cannot be applied to any vexed Shakespeare question; and an able discussion of the part due to Middleton in our text of *Macbeth*. The weakness of the essays is an unfortunate habit of grandiloquent openings, quite disproportionate to the issues treated; a disease that breaks out into fearful sentences, such as :—

> Experimentation on Shakespeare has practically reached breaking-point, a left-handed compliment, since the dramatic cause which depends upon mere novelty of exposition is a poor cause, a cause without root in the public mind.

J. M. M.

MR. CLIVE BELL'S PROUST

PROUST. By CLIVE BELL. (The Hogarth Press.) 5s.

As an accredited inspector of art, as one who has read every line published by Proust and everything of any account that has been written about him and his work, knows intimately many of his friends, has heard all the anecdotes and all the *scandale, grand et petit*, and encountered Proust himself characteristically engaged in an investigatory raid upon society, Mr. Clive Bell is well equipped to add his lines to the vast script already accumulated around an inexhaustible theme. And if Proust could return to read it all—how deeply, collecting very printed syllable, every yarn and report, missing not one pang of joy or of grief thence to be extracted, would he rejoice in the hullabaloo; and with what a rich precipitate, dedicated to *mes lecteurs et chers disciples qui* . . . should we be rewarded by the man who before his work was completed had begun, within his text, to discuss such comments as were already available—if Proust could return, he would keep this essay at hand if only for the sake of its inclusiveness, comparable to that of a good summing up at the end of a debate. All the main points appear, freed from debatorial redundancies, and moving, *allegro con brio*, endued with fresh life because already most of them have been central in the author's private and personal meditations. And quite as gratefully as for these particular benefits would the tender-hearted Marcel and the hard-headed Proust cherish this essay for its general character as the work of a man *anglais* and yet *sensible*, *anglais* and nevertheless *esprit fort et clair*, who on the whole feels and thinks about life and about art very much as he did himself.

Ardent Proustians who see life in Proustian terms, and particularly those who had the good fortune to begin to read him, innocently, before the hue and cry, may agree to crown this essay as by far the best to date—almost necessarily excelling the well-thumbed *Hommages* on whose behalf it is to be remembered that they were improvised at a moment's notice and when only a portion of the *Recherche* was published—coming aptly while Proust is still well in the middle of the moment, and yet written with a detachment whose measure is the entertainment devised by Mr. Bell for himself and his readers when, feeling the thrill of a dawning retrospectiveness, he shows us something of what Proust will look like as a very ancient classic.

And since it is possible to be a most ardent Proustian without seeing life in Proustian terms, so also is it possible to be an ardent admirer of Mr. Bell's essay and at the same time to repudiate his philosophy. And it is either to his awareness of such repudiations or to a sense of his own insecurity that is due the slightly strained note of insouciance persisting throughout the essay; a note usually to be heard when very definite opinions are stated, by one grown wary through experience of inconclusive strife, not in camera with those who by nature or by grace hold similar opinions, but in public within the hearing of those known to be clinging with equal tenacity to quite opposite views.

The challenge might suitably be met by subjecting the tone to a Proustian *approfondissement*. And such an *approfondissement* would ultimately lead, as all good Proustians know, to the *semelles de plomb* of the deposed Guermantes at their post-war matinée.

And indeed it would seem that it is of some such version of life's end as tottering alone and aghast upon the summit of the piled-up, unique, incommunicable years that is born the philosophy of life here set forth in the manner calling so urgently for the plumber's art. For the strain in the tone finds release only when, about to make off, the speaker falls into a simple, sighing gravity:

> He was a creator whose philosophy served him to keep ever in the forefront of his mind that critical spirit, that respect for truth, which alone, it seems, can preserve a creator from nauseous egotism or sprawling optimism. From exaggeration he was not saved, but he is never vulgar, never sentimental. And if, some unlucky divagations notwithstanding, he avoided those messy pits into which most modern creators—Dickens, Hugo, Balzac, Dostoievsky—have fallen, that may have been because a philosopher was ever at hand to remind him, that the one wholly good gift the gods have given man is death.

To this grave dictum all who have, with woeful undesired release at hand, attended the ultimate matinée, emerged to face at last the prolonged reverberations of the whole stupendous achievement and presently looked back at the final picture not only with other eyes than Proust's, but also with that spare pair Proust had that were so eminently capable of ignoring the exigencies of artistic consistency (the pair he used for his criticism of creative art and for his specification of his private theory of aesthetics to the which, had he remained its faithful adherent, would have been due the loss of a masterpiece) may reasonably object that Proust never brought himself to regard death as a wholly good gift, and that this failure was at once his tragedy and his inspiration. His whole undertaking, the reduction of phenomena to their laws—the laws, that is to say, of science and psychology to date as taught, for him, by Huxley and by Bergson—was, in his view, man's only way of escape from life's pain, and escape, by the same token, from the fear of death, but not from the resentful loathing which, he tells us, he cherished to the end. And it is possible to maintain that he would gladly have gone on indefinitely with his great game.

But since it is within the open doorway of the temple of the *semelles de plomb* that Mr. Bell, taking leave of his audience, lays his final wreath, certain of that audience will be found to remind him that a philosophy of life is never more than a statement of opinion, and that when it comes to statements of opinion the sacred anonymity of art is out of place. Art, blessings on the psychologists, is a collaboration between the conscious and the unconscious, and the artist at work is more than himself and outside the law. But an opinion, offered to the world as a straight tip, is another matter, and calls at once for a demand for the naming of the stable. As to Proust, artist, giver of life, unprecedented exacter of conscious and unconscious collaboration from the reader, we need know nothing. As to Dickens and Co., artists, receivers of unconscious collaboration, givers of life, nothing. But as to Proust, explicit pessimist, and Dickens & Co., explicit optimists, we have the right, before swallowing their findings, to know a great deal.

Yet it is not enough to state, even if one omits altogether the fact of his physical disabilities, that *renseignements* re Proust reveal more than sufficient to account for his philosophy of the *semelles*, nor that a close consideration of the mental and moral environment of Dickens & Co. account for their so different philosophy. It is necessary also to reflect that full evidence in

the matter of man's attitude towards life can never be had for the reason that he is not himself in full possession of it until the moments of that final detachment which possibly make astonished artists of us all. Short of this, even, it is to be remembered that a man survives his completed work, if only by hours, and is (as Mr. Bell duly notes in regard to "everything") still changing. And which of us is capable of estimating the enormous change that must have been preparing during the years of Proust's tremendous hold-up?

(Mr. Bell, it is true, reports and gives glad credence to the story that Proust, dying, spoke of the retouching still to be done. He doubtless did. Mr. Bell can well understand the force that would impel an artist to stagger from his death-bed to delete a comma. But if he accepts and rejoices in the story he must abandon his theory that Proust found no ultimate satisfaction in art, a theory to which presently we shall return.)

So that one may legitimately hazard in regard to these complements, the optimists and the pessimists, for the one the beginning of a suspicion as to the looseness of his coat and the fine, and oh, so suspicious, breeziness of his manner, and of the other a dawning sense that he may have been over optimistic in counting upon never so unpleasant a dissolution.

From the *renseignements* re Proust one immensely interesting and significant item would emerge: his inability to read his work aloud without shrieks of laughter. There is material here for volumes of cross-examination.

One more point, hanging over like a witness left wandering in the precincts unsummoned—and whose absence from any court every fresh psychological investigation shows as more and ever more stultifying to the proceedings the point that Proust, like Mr. Bell and the two he calls in to support his verdict—Shakespeare and the preacher who said "all is vanity"—was a man. Now that statement has the appearance of a neat ending. A parting shot. But indeed no shot is intended, nor, for the moment, any parting, for we have reserved for the conclusion of a criticism that like all criticisms is utterly dependent upon definitions, a comment upon Mr. Bell's determination to equip Proust with his own surprisingly feminine definition of life as "people." Having declared that life is people, he proceeds to claim that Proust deceived himself in trying to believe that art was an ultimate satisfaction. It is possible, probable, that he did, that his constantly reiterated assertion of his total indifference to his *pauvres mortes* was a *tour de force*, a half-deliberate pushing aside of the main obstacle in the way of the triumphant emergence of his thesis: that everything is *deception*. For, without the support of this perfection of alienation, the thesis immediately falls to the ground. It is also conceivable that he did not deceive himself, that he did actually come to regard humanity as worthless except as material for art. This role, indeed, on returning from a prolonged search for any sort of justification for the existence of the unfortunate dead who themselves were not artists, he explicitly bestows upon them. We cannot know. But of one thing we need have no doubt: if Proust actually achieved and sustained the ultimate perfection of a very usual masculine indifference claimed by him not only for himself but as existing in all reasonable men, then his arraignment of life is but the pathetic revelation of a psychic deficiency that was never compensated.

DOROTHY M. RICHARDSON.

THE LIFE OF THOMAS HARDY

The Early Life of Thomas Hardy (1840-1891). By Florence Emily Hardy. (Macmillan.) 18s. net.

Mrs. Hardy by her biography of Thomas Hardy has added another to his works, so scrupulous has been the care with which she has recorded his own words. What we have is virtually as much of an autobiography as Hardy could ever have been prevailed upon to write. It seems best, therefore, to interpose a minimum of comment between the reader and the book; and simply to quote from it a selection of the passages which seem to us most significant. First, a fundamental judgment upon himself in retrospect:

> His immaturity . . . was greater than is common for his years, and it may be mentioned here that a clue to much of his character and action throughout his life is afforded by his lateness of development in virility, while mentally precocious. He himself said humorously in later times that he was a child till he was sixteen, a youth till he was five-and-twenty, and a young man till he was nearly fifty. Whether this was intrinsic, or owed anything to his having lived in a remote spot in early life, is an open question.

It is not easy to be quite sure of the meaning of this; perhaps the next volume will make it plainer. For it is to be noted that this one ends precisely at the fiftieth year, that is, immediately before the outcry over *Tess* and *Jude* which was so crucial in his career. "You have no more consciousness in these things than a child," Leslie Stephen said to him concerning a passage in *Far from the Madding Crowd* which had offended subscribers to *The Cornhill*. It may be that Hardy regarded the awareness of "these things" that was so violently forced upon him in the early 'nineties as his full awakening into manhood.

> The truth is (he wrote to Leslie Stephen at about the same time) that I am willing, and indeed anxious, to give up any point which may be desirable in a story when read as a whole, for the sake of others which shall please those who read it in numbers. Perhaps I may have higher aims some day, and be a great stickler for the proper artistic balance of the completed work, but for the present, circumstances lead me to wish merely to be considered a good hand at a serial.

This indifference is ascribed to a feeling of carelessness about his reputation as novelist, owing to his being prevented from being a poet. Perhaps it was also due to an enforced but good humoured acceptance of prevailing conditions.

It is clear that he thought often and earnestly concerning the art of fiction. Thus in June, 1877, he wrote:

> The world often feels certain works of genius to be great without knowing why: hence it may be that particular poets and novelists may have had the wrong quality in them noticed and applauded as that which makes them great.

And in the same month:

> If Nature's defects must be looked in the face and transcribed, whence arises the *art* in poetry and novel-writing? which must certainly show art, or it becomes merely mechanical reporting. I think the art lies in making these defects the basis of a hitherto unperceived beauty by irradiating them with "the light that never was" on their surface, but is seen to be latent in them by the spiritual eye.

This in 1880:

Arnold is wrong about provincialism, if he means anything more than a provincialism of style and manner in exposition. A certain provincialism of feeling is invaluable. It is of the essence of individuality, and is largely made up of that crude enthusiasm without which no great thoughts are thought no great deeds done.

A month or two later (January, 1881):

Style—consider the Wordsworthian dictum (the more perfectly the natural object is reproduced, the more truly poetic the picture.) This reproduction is achieved by seeing into the *heart of a thing* (as rain, wind, for instance), and is realism, in fact, though through being pursued by the means of the imagination it is confounded with invention. It is, in short, reached by what M. Arnold calls "the imaginative reason."

In June, 1882:

As in looking at a carpet, by following one colour a certain pattern is suggested, by following another, another; so in life the seer should watch that pattern among general things which his idiosyncrasy moves him to observe, and describe that alone. This is, quite accurately, a going to Nature; yet the result is no photograph, but purely a product of the writer's own mind.

Five years later (January, 1887):

After looking at the landscape ascribed to Bonington in our drawing-room I feel that Nature is played out as a Beauty, but not as a Mystery. I don't want to see landscapes, *i.e.*, scenic paintings of them, because I don't want to see the original realities—as optical effects, that is. I want to see the deeper reality underlying the scenic, the expression of what are sometimes called abstract imaginings.

The "simply natural" is interesting no longer. The much-decried, mad, late-Turner rendering is now necessary to create my interest. The exact truth as to material fact ceases to be of importance in art—it is a student's style—the style of a period when the mind is serene and unawakened to the tragical mysteries of life; when it does not bring anything to the object that coalesces with and translates the qualities that are already there—half hidden, it may be—and the two united are depicted as the All.

A year later (October, 1888):

If you look beneath the surface of any farce you see a tragedy; and, on the contrary, if you blind yourself to the deeper issues of a tragedy you see a farce.

January 29 [1889]. I have been looking for God 50 years, and I think that if he had existed I should have discovered him. As an external personality, of course—the only true meaning of the word.

And these two thoughts:

July 14 [1887]. It is the on-going—*i.e.*, the "becoming"—of the world that produces its sadness. If the world stood still at a felicitous moment there would be no sadness in it. The sun and the moon standing still on Ajalon was not a catastrophe for Israel, but a type of Paradise.

June, 1888. I have attempted many modes [of finding the value of life]. For my part, if there is any way of getting a melancholy satisfaction out of life it lies in dying, so to speak, before one is out of the flesh; by which I mean putting on the manners of ghosts, wandering in their haunts, and taking their views of surrounding things. To think of life as passing away is a sadness; to think of it as part is at least tolerable. Hence even when I enter into a room to pay a simple morning call I have unconsciously the habit of regarding the scene as if I were a spectre not solid enough to influence my environment: only fit to behold and say, as another spectre said: "Peace be unto you!"

More adequate quotation is impossible in these pages. We hope to have given enough to show how *necessary* Mrs. Hardy's "Life" is to any complete understanding of Hardy's work. J. M. M.

THE POEMS OF D. H. LAWRENCE

The Collected Poems of D. H. Lawrence. (London: Martin Secker. 2 vols.) 21s. net.

Mr. Lawrence has done his readers the service of arranging his poems in a time sequence; and he has re-written some of the early ones. The result is prodigiously impressive. If the best work of all his contemporary poets were pooled, it could not make up a book so manifestly the work of genius as the first of these two volumes. The second is different: there is a change of some sort. There are, in it, magnificent, lovely, disturbing poems; but something has been lost. A hard, bleak quality of dogmatic asseveration creeps in. The extraordinary richness of Mr. Lawrence's experiencing nature is curbed and straitened. He is rigid, where he was flexible: poetry gives way to prophecy. And we seem to see behind his second volume a figure of a gaunt John the Baptist, threatening woe.

We do not pretend to understand this change. It is beyond us, as Mr. Lawrence himself is beyond us. No such astonishing elemental force has burst into our literature since—but since whom? To whom can we liken Mr. Lawrence? To Whitman, perhaps. But he is more *different* than Whitman ever was. He is like a creature of another kind than ours, some lovely unknown animal with the gift of speech. With a strange sixth sense he explores this world of ours, first revealing wonders, then discovering horrors. He moves us to the depths, stirs old vague memories from slumber. All this at first he does unconsciously; he pours out the treasures of his unparalleled sense experience before us in his first volume. We gasp and try to receive them. But, alas, we do not know what to do with them. We cannot simply look upon them and say "How beautiful!" There is something terribly intimate in this gift of his. There is a fearful demand behind it all. "Feel like this!" it commands and implores. And, for the moment, we do feel like that; but, when the actual communication is over, we lapse back into what we were. From these wonderful poems we retain only the memory of a sensation. In order to comprehend them we had to achieve nothing in ourselves: they were given, royally given. But we are not the richer, because we cannot keep hold of the gift.

The distinction is hard to make, and some exaggeration is inevitable if it is to be made at all. But, perhaps, it may be conveyed by a contrast. Keats described poetry "as a wording of our own highest thoughts," which "should come to us almost as a remembrance." The definition seems, from experience, to be a true one. Mr. Lawrence's poetry will not come under it at all. Not that it *fails* to satisfy the definition. Mr. Lawrence's poetry fails in nothing. It is simply a different kind of poetry altogether. It arouses no conquest in ourselves, and leaves no peace: only an almost unbearable excitement, and afterwards a devouring and intolerable sense of pain. We cannot feel like that; we are not like that. Perhaps we ought to be like that. Who can say? But we are not, and never can be, like that. And we are many and he is one. Our sense of pain, therefore, is ultimately for him. How wonderful, but how fearful, is this uniqueness!

Once having felt it, we know that a final isolation is inevitable for him.

Perhaps there was a way by which he could have reduced himself to our measure, and taken on our humanity. There are moments when his appeal to us is that of an exquisite and perfect tenderness. A passion of sheer love (like lightning in the collied night) will flame out even to the last. The poem to the baby tortoise towards the end of the second volume:

> Alone, small insect,
> Tiny bright eye,
> Slow one

is lovely with a passion that all the sons of women have it in them to understand. It is the same passionate tenderness that thrills in *The Virgin Mother* in the earlier volume; but we feel now that Mr. Lawrence would not allow himself to feel it any more, save for a tortoise or a snake, or, as in almost the last of his poems, *Spirits Summoned West*, for women remote in space and time. He will stand to the world as Spinoza did to God; love it only when it cannot love him in return. He hates love—has he not told us again and again?—but there are flashes enough in his latest poems to warn us that this victory over love that he has won is perilously like a violation of his own nature. We others can love in safety, for our capacity in the kind at best is small. But his receiveth as the sea; it might have shaken the universe.

He fled the danger and stamped on the impulse. He withdrew into his inviolable otherness. For him there was no middle way: either to love everything or to love nothing. We have no temptation to love everything—it needs a vision we do not possess. And because we are incapable of loving everything, we are incapable also of loving nothing. We strive and weep for "the poor thing, but mine own"; and Mr. Lawrence loathes us for it. We are the Laodiceans and he spews us out of his mouth. We understand the verdict; he has seen us in our nakedness, as the little boy the Emperor, and we are not lovely. But we cannot help it, though Mr. Lawrence believes we can. Nature is a mother to one man, and a stepmother to the million. Mr. Lawrence did not win or conquer his sixth sense; it was given him, and it was denied to us. He has no right to turn upon us and curse us because we are not as he. Other prophets have held out to us the hope of a rebirth we might achieve; Mr. Lawrence demands only that we should enter the womb of Nature once more. It is impossible, and he is wrong to require it. Let him curse us for failing to be what we might be, not for failing to be what was never in our power to become.

Is a shepherd angry with his sheep because they follow one another through a gap in a hedge? If he is, he is no shepherd, but a fool. There is a point at which Mr. Lawrence's wisdom seems to us absolute foolishness—a repudiation of the nature of things. Perhaps, because he understands us so deeply, he understands us not at all. Perhaps he understands only that in ourselves which we do not understand; and does not understand what we do. How often when we have emerged from the thick warm spell of one of his novels, have we said to ourselves: "But then men and women are not *like* that." That element is there, no doubt, and we have forgotten it; and it is right that we should be reminded, and it would be happy for us if we could remember. But other things are there, things that we do know, and where are these in the strange mirror Mr. Lawrence holds up to the world? There we see ourselves as trees walking, and it is not due to our blindness merely. Mr. Lawrence has made us into trees; or fishes, or

birds, or beasts. We are not trees. There is tree in us, and fish, and bird and beast; but there is also something else. It should be in the picture.

This element by which we hold—call it personality, or the intellectual consciousness, or what you will—exasperates Mr. Lawrence. He wills to annihilate it, and declares it a nothingness. And we may grant, fully and freely, that it breeds falsity upon falsity, and that when it is predominant it drains the richness and the sap out of life like a parasitic plant. Yet it is not evil, because it is evilly abused; or nothing, because it can engender non-entity. Something, we must and do believe, can be made of it: a harmony achieved between it and the unconsciousness it so often denies and destroys. Of such a solution Mr. Lawrence gives no hope; he has no use for the intellectual consciousness at all. That is well enough for him, with his sixth sense; but for the rest, who have only five, it is suicide—a suicide that we neither will nor *can* commit. And, after all, even if the choice were really before us, what encouragement have we even from Mr. Lawrence's own example? As we read on through his poems, their richness seems gradually to wane. Towards the end the beauty becomes precarious and ascetic, as though Mr. Lawrence were being starved to death. Is it we who have starved him by denying him; or has he starved himself by denying us? That is the question.

J. M. MURRY.

NOTES FOR POEMS

TOULEMONDE. By Christopher Morley. (Heinemann.) 8s. 6d. net.
NOTES FOR POEMS. By William Plomer. (Hogarth Press.) 5s. net.

Conversation-poems, epistles in verse, extempore epigrams, deliberately doleful ballads, fragments on flyleaves, serio-burlesque cantos, essays in rhyme, probationary odes, free imitations, fables, and many other variations of wit and humour, form altogether the sketch-book of our poetry, and may be valued equally as the rapid originals of perfected and amplified *chefs-d'oeuvre*, or as the true expression of impulses and ideas in this sketch-book life. Without giving offence to those policemen who stand with gravity at the gates of the temple of pure or great or inevitable poetry, it may be mentioned that the collected works of our most majestic poets would be worse off if their occasional and familiar pieces were excluded like poor relations. Coleridge without *The Devil's Walk* and *This Lime-Tree Bower my Prison*, Shelley without the *Letter to Maria Gisborne*, Gray without the *Long Story*, would be a little further from us. Some poets, too, perceiving that the elaborate accomplishment and costuming of inspirations have been the ruin of others, have made their sketch-book their principal exhibition. Perhaps Browning, in attitude and method, maintains this preference.

Mr. Morley's *Toulemonde* is a set of reflective episodes of conversation or monologue, which show that the Browning spirit is not dead, and that the old power of the familar style to trespass acquisitively and successfully into the higher scene of imagination, for lucky minutes, is in his hands. Just as an actual conversation, in which it is pleasant and natural to be concerned, is capable by some stroke of good fortune, some incident or coincidence, of raising itself to heroic moments, so the poetic colloquy,

which we can read with liberal but unstrained thoughtfulness, may bring a feat of fancy, or wisdom, with a peculiar friendliness. Indeed, there ar similar strokes of great poetry as well as tricks in the non-poetic world abou us, and this Mr. Morley in his lines frequently proves.

> *More Than a Place to Live—A Way of Living* . . .
> That was the sign I saw (said Toulemonde)
> Painted on a big New York hotel.
> Alas! what boots it with incessant care
> To strictly meditate the thankless Muse
> When some tough hardboiled Advertising Man
> Strikes off at random such pentameter . . .

No pompous introduction of Mr. Morley as a writer who sees life steadil is necessary at this date; he has found in his conversational blank verse happy way of taking us into his confidence, and reading animation into som things which we thought inanimate.

His seasoned patience is in the same large technical verse-region with Mr Plomer's drolleries and lampoons, but the sharp irony of Mr. Plomer is contrast to it. Mr. Plomer, crying in the wilderness, as yet an experimen with the reading world, is a writer of the greatest promise, if hitherto hi display of passionate likes and dislikes has been chiefly in the form of "notes. He has been temporarily unlucky but ultimately enviable in his experienc of isolation; he has seen many races of men, many sorts of environment and his aspect of humanity as well as his manner of prose and verse is dis tinguished by a self-reliance enforced by his own problems. In South Afric he was associated—to the anger of respectability—with Mr. Roy Campbe and his satirical force is perhaps even stronger than his friend's, thoug lacking the full design and composition of the other. In Japan, Mr. Plome will doubtless mature his method; indeed, the present volume gives indica tions of an inner quiet which, so long as it does not absorb his admirabl challenge and wrath, will be all to the good. We see him impressed by t Japanese self-control so much that he writes poems in their seventeen syllable form—that ascent, culmination, descent called *tanka:* and he doe well, witness *In the Rain;*

> Last year your tears were on my face,
> Last night my own,
> To-day the tears of heaven.

But he is not sacrificing his vital grimness, for these *Lines Written in a Garr* are also from Tokyo:

> Many pleasures fall to the lot of the poor—
> Snorts of debauch in the room next door,
> The sound of a flute, the sight of falling snow,
> And somebody was murdered in the room down below.
> Now a ladybird has settled on the ceiling above,
> And these my walls are witnesses of love.

These quotations do not represent Mr. Plomer's longer destructive report on the savageries of civilization, which are his most amusing but also h most transient work. We see by his choice of a title that he, in his di passionate strength, knows what he has done, so largely of that whimsica irritated and immediate mood, to be his preliminary notions; we wat him with enthusiasm for his exaltation of these *Notes for Poems*, the remarkable memoranda, into poems of an unusual stature and sway.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

TRAGEDY

Tragedy in Relation to Aristotle's Poetics. By F. L. Lucas, M.A. Hogarth Lectures on Literature, No. 2. (L. & V. Woolf, Hogarth Press.) 3s. 6d. net.

As every lecturer knows, the easiest way to approach a complex and obscure subject is to take some pronouncement weighted with the authority of a master, and find out why it does not satisfy us. If our subject is the nature of Tragedy, it is wise to go back, with Mr. Lucas, to Aristotle

> not so much for the right answers as for the right questions

and to handle the *Poetics* with that mixture of respect for authority and respect for commonsense which Aristotle himself would have approved. Mr. Lucas takes Aristotle's definition, clause by clause, in chapters on the emotional effect of Tragedy, the chorus, plot, character, diction and spectacle, the three Unities and comic relief. He has a wider knowledge of modern drama and dramatic criticism than most classical scholars possess, and he writes with the style, not of a hack critic, but of a man of letters. There are many things in these pages that are well thought and well said.

The first conclusion is that, when we confront the Aristotelian definition with the whole history of what men have agreed to call Tragedy, all that remains of it is this :

> Serious drama is a serious representation by speech and action of some phase of human life.

Like the original formula, this "bare tautology" leaves the disappointing impression that, although at least so much must be true of any tragic drama, the essential spirit of Tragedy has altogether eluded capture. A serious drama, so defined, might, in fact, not be tragic at all. To reach the heart of the matter, we must start where this formula stops short, and discover what we mean by "representation" (rightly substituted for the misleading rendering "imitation") and, above all, what we mean by "life." Later on Mr. Lucas notes

> the perpetual instinct of drama to struggle to come closer and closer to real life,

and the paradox or antinomy of drama :

> the closer it has come to life, the nearer it has generally been to dying.
>
> Tragedy begins as an oratorio : it becomes a conversation overheard in a room, an accident seen in the street.

Now if, throughout its history, Tragedy is a representation of life, why does the history take this course, and why does the serious drama die at the end of it ? Why should a realistic imitation of the surface of life be fatal to the expression of the significance of life ? What relation has this decline to the passing of Tragedy from the religious atmosphere to the secular ? He who would answer these questions must not only command a competent knowledge of the historic evolution ; he must also be capable of understanding religion without prejudice ; and he ought to be a profound psychologist and a metaphysician (in the good sense of that word) unhampered by a system of philosophy. Aristotle himself did not possess all these qualifications, and

Mr. Lucas would not claim to have more than one advantage over Aristotl —a view of the forms taken by Tragedy in the intervening centuries.

There are indications that Mr. Lucas regards the religious origin of th serious drama with a certain distaste. It is not enough to say at th conclusion :

> The religious ceremonies out of which Tragedy has twice arisen, chance to lend themselves to the dramatic impulse, as the mutton-bone left from t feast lent itself to the caveman's scratchings of a mammoth ; and so ritu became art.

The caveman sometimes scratched his mammoth on the walls of his cav he could do without a mutton bone ; but could Tragedy have done withou the rituals of Dionysus and of the Christian Church ? Would it not the have started, as the caveman did, with mimicry of the surface appearanc of life, instead of starting, far below that surface, with " representation " the significance of life ? It would then have died in the moment of its birt This part of the problem has to be faced ; and here a sentimental dislike religion is as irrelevant as a sentimental fondness.

A critic who averts his eye from this quarter will not exhaust the emotion effect of Tragedy ; but Mr. Lucas's analysis rings true, so far as it goes, an it is finely expressed. He recognizes :

> a definite attitude to life which we may call tragic.
>
> In Tragedy is embodied the eternal contradiction between man's weakne and his courage, his stupidity and his magnificence, his frailty and his strengtl
>
> Here is a mirror held up to the fashion of this world ; we can look in it an bear to look, without being turned to stone. It is dangerous to generalize tc precisely about the spirit of Tragedy ; but we can say that there the proble of evil and of suffering is set before us ; often it is not answered, but alwa there is something that makes it endurable.
>
> Tragedy, in fine, is man's answer to this universe that crushes him pitilessly. Destiny scowls upon him : his answer is to sit down and paint h where she stands.

This is an honest, clear, and well-written book ; and no critic has any rigl to complain if its author has the common limitations of human nature.

F. M. C.

ENGLISH PROSE STYLE

ENGLISH PROSE STYLE. By Herbert Read. (G. Bell & Sons.) 9s.

This book has a value which is quite distinct from its importance as short disquisition on *English Prose Style*, useful as such works must alwa be when they are well done ; and this one is very well done. For Mr. Rea is not a mere professor, anxious to tabulate the processes of creation, imprison the talents in an index, and tie a label to the ghost of a rose. Hi book is for those who already know how to write well or how to enjoy goo writing ; his aim, or one of his aims, is to analyze beauties and defects whic are already felt to be such by his readers, and to make them, therefore, mo conscious of their own good taste. He is thus helping forward a polic which Matthew Arnold so often asked the intelligentzia of his day to put int practice, " Not only to be cultured, but to make culture prevail." The fac

that Mr. Read is, as he says, more concerned with the writer's than with the reader's point of view does not confine the value of his book to the professional artist or critic; for any reader worth his salt wishes to have some knowledge of the technique which contributes to the creation of what he enjoys, and from this book he will certainly gain such knowledge. And from all points of view, the more completely every writer and reader is aware of the reasons why good prose is good, the less tempted will a writer be to droop his standard, and the less likely to be deceived by him will be the reader when he does so. In this sense, Mr. Read's book, while it is neither a work of art nor (directly) a criticism of literature, will surely aid those who would leave behind them works of truth and beauty, models which shall help the after-comers to perceive and to perpetuate in their turn the things which redeem the soul amid the unceasing enmity of circumstance.

Having expressed as well as I can my sense of the full value of this book, the reader must take for granted my appreciation of the details of Mr. Read's arguments, and the aptness of the numerous and perhaps overlong quotations with which he supports them. In a brief review one can only admire the general soundness and consistency of his reasoning, within the limits of his argument. One does not in any case wish to quarrel with most of the rules he deduces from his examples; rules and theories, after all, are ephemeral, formulæ applicable to a given series of facts; but reason is the formula for all facts, and Mr. Read is always reasonable. But attention must be called to the bounds he would set to what he calls "Pure Prose."

Mr. Read has, of course, to begin his work with an attempt to define the difference between Poetry and Prose. He says that the distinction can never be a formal one because no minute analysis and definition of "feet," no classification of metre, no theory of cadence or quantity, has ever resolved the multiple rhythms of Poetry and the multiple rhythms of Prose into two distinct and separable camps. He says, quite truly, that the ultimate distinction is a psychological one. "Poetry is creative expression, and Prose is constructive expression." Poetry, he suggests, is immediacy of cause and effect, "the thought is the word, and the word is the thought"; while Prose builds up its effects in time, "with ready-made words." But Mr. Read has to conclude by stating that "the difference between Poetry and Prose is a qualitative difference that has its effects in expression, but that these effects cannot be measured quantitatively, but only by the exercise of an instinctive judgment." It seems to me, therefore, that he leaves us, as at the beginning, with "taste" as our chief guide to the difference between Poetry "and the other harmony of Prose." Since, then, no subtlety of definition will serve in practice, what is the objection to an arbitrary mechanical distinction? Why can we not say that Poetry is whatever is measured or metrical and Prose is that which avoids regular measure and seeks the utmost variety of rhythm? Because, replies Mr. Read, very justly, this accounts for the difference between Prose and Verse, but does not give a contrast between Prose and Poetry. The problem, then, in my view, is contained in the fact that there are two words with which we can signify the very vital difference between Poetry and Verse, but there are not two words to signify the difference in Prose which makes one kind as distinct from the other kind as Poetry is distinct from Verse. Mr. Read does not make this demand for an additional word to balance the equation, Poetry :

Verse :: Prose : ——. Therefore, in my opinion, he falls into a major inco sistency, and I cannot follow him.

Bad Poetry is not good Verse, and good Verse is not bad Poetry ; are all agreed about that ; the difference between Poetry and Verse is in intensity of the inspiration. Now there is no denying, and Mr. Read does deny, that there is just this same difference between one writer of Pr and another, and between the Prose of the same writer at different tim Milton, in certain of his tracts, was so inspired by the grandeur of his the that he wrote not only a prose distinct from that of any other writer—he that in ordinary—but a prose which is of a different *kind* to that which for the general level of his writings. Steele never wrote prose which rises abo the level of intensity which creates verse rather than poetry ; Swift r from verse-intensity to poetic-intensity as his subject demanded or his id inflamed. But are we to settle the problem by saying that at one ti Swift is writing Prose and at another writing Poetry ? That is how Read settles it, saying that when Prose rises to a certain level of intens it is not Prose at all, but Poetry ; it has " immediacy," and " immediacy that is, direct expression, creative thought—is always poetical, *even wh it has the appearance of Prose.*" [My italics.] This, to me, lets the questi go by default, and this is the major inconsistency I spoke of. It vitia Mr. Read's arguments to this extent : That in no part of his book can keep or allow his reader to keep any satisfying distinction between Poet and Prose. De Quincey's *Dream Fugue*, for example, has the " i mediacy " he speaks of ; must we then call it a poem ? Amongst Read's own examples, passages which he allows to be Prose, other peop using his definition, would certainly call Poetry ; for example, Dought description of a day in the desert, quoted from *Arabia Deserta*.

Mr. Read quotes a few sentences from this passage as representing a cert type of Prose ; yet, if his use of the word " immediacy " is to stand, t page of writing is not Prose, but Poetry. I would rather his definit did not stand, and wish that he had found time, instead, to discuss t plain fact that there are, broadly speaking, two main schools of Prose, t school of Demosthenes and the school of Cicero, the Greek tradition and t Latin tradition, Jonathan Swift and Sir Thomas Browne, the plain st and the ornate. I should have liked him to decide which of the two is t best kind of Prose, which of them, that is, is capable of the highest absol development, and, finally, which of them best suits the English languag I am, and I think Mr. Read would be, in favour of the simple style at times, because it is capable of expressing everything, from the least to most intense emotion, from the simplest ideas to the most complex ; w the ornate style can be enjoyed only when it is used by particular write and then only for certain kinds of writing. The ornate style in criticis for instance, is unbearable, and the mediocre writer, if he uses plain pro may be readable, but in the ornate style is ridiculous. Writers both in plain and in the ornate style can and do rise to those intensities of thou and feeling where inspiration creates new meaning in the words it us " and flames, like a star, unconditioned and absolute." But why this le of Prose should be called Poetry, I cannot see ; nor does Mr. Read persua me that I am blind.

JOHN SHAND.

THE STRANGE NECESSITY.

THE CHILDERMASS. Section I. By Wyndham Lewis. (Chatto & Windus.) 8s. 6d.

THE STRANGE NECESSITY AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Rebecca West. (Jonathan Cape.) 10s. 6d.

What strange necessity impelled James Joyce to write *Ulysses* or Wyndham Lewis this first volume of *The Childermass?* Miss Rebecca West may argue about it, illustrate it, be amusingly witty or tediously literary over it through an essay of 200 pages, but she cannot tell us, because with her the necessity has lacked the overwhelming urgency that set James Joyce about his immense task. Only one thing is certain, namely, that this fundamental urgency comes from the impulse first to examine and then to criticize or appraise life. We begin all of us with that curiosity we share with the sheep in a field or the fish in a pond. In youth this premonitory sign of genius is common to humanity and many other animals. But man has developed two remarkable abilities denied to the simpler forms of consciousness.

The first is the ability to stifle his curiosity in the satisfactions of life. This is the way of the mass of mankind. When we reach adult life we choose an answer to the more important questions. It may take shape as religion or a denial of religion, but in either case it leaves us free to pursue the business of life untroubled, to absorb ourselves in a profession, a craft, a business, the search for amusement, or it may be a collection of postage stamps, without any further annoyance by that great insistent, disturbing "Why?"

The second ability, which is rare and precious, is the power to satisfy some fraction of the vast, initial curiosity. Every science that is a science and not a diligent preoccupation with weights and measures, is concerned with the answer to one of the thousand enquiries we make as children. Its immediate object is the explanation of some phenomenon exhibited by matter, its ultimate aim the explanation of the material universe. Art goes further than that, seeking symbols that shall explain not the material universe but our relation to it, a far more subtle business; and whereas science is unemotional, art is concerned solely with the emotions. But at the back of both science and art lies this strange necessity that has so piqued the fancy of Miss West, the necessity begotten of curiosity, even if it be subsequently maintained by the ardours of creation.

James Joyce sought in *Ulysses* to explain one day in the life of a poor Dublin clerk, inevitably hoping that this symbol he had chosen would illuminate some aspect of our relation to the universe. If it did not do that it would not be art, and we must agree with Miss West, or any other competent critic, that Mr. Joyce triumphantly succeeded within the limits he set himself. *Ulysses*, however, is not great art, because its scope is too narrow. It tells us all we could ever want to know about Leopold Bloom, but as Miss West says: "There are not adequate indications of the factors in man that are not Mr. Leopold Bloom."

Wyndham Lewis takes an immensely wider view in his first section of *The Childermass*. By boldly lifting his characters to the further side of the

Styx, thus separating them from the routine and immediacies of our pres life while leaving their emotions and common reactions almost unchan he has been able to present them in a condition of final nakedness imposs to attain among the distractions and conventions of the world life. A whereas Joyce is continually pestered and preoccupied by the problems sex to the extent of giving us cause for doubt whether in such harried craving flesh any soul could find a possible habitation, Mr. Lewis able magnificently to leave the whole tortuous, useless discussion behind on the sordid earth. Indeed, his Bloom is an hermaphrodite, indifferen Miss Pullman or Pulley, as he manifests what may be regarded as a fem or a male reaction.

This method of placing the characters in a purgatory of "artificial, te porary time," offers immense opportunities. Whether Mr. Lewis will ma the best of them remains to be seen. We cannot judge him until has completed his work. But I found—it is impossible beyond this point speak impersonally—his first section extraordinarily interesting. opening of the book deals chiefly with the adventures of Satters and Pullm in the new dimension. Queer things happen there. Adventurers are lia to step into other time systems in which they may encounter the appeara of frozen altitudes in every living thing due to the fact that time is stand still, or find themselves in other periods of history. But beyond these p liminary adventures of Satters and Pulley we come to the immense mudd tribunal of the Bailiff, ending with his protracted dispute with Hyperi and his disciples.

It is dangerous to attempt any translation of Mr. Lewis's symbols, the Bailiff does quite definitely appear to stand for the director, over-soul demigod, of modern English life. We may not agree with this rendering that conception; personally, I felt that our directing spirit had been grossly caricatured in many respects; but as a fierce and biting critici of certain aspects at least of present society, it is unique. Mr. Lewis ha penetrating intelligence and an astounding gift of language, and has emplo both with an effect of furious energy in *The Childermass*. The result sometimes staggering. There were occasions in reading when I cursed author for his needlessly perplexing and perfectly useless futurist meth in the matters of punctuation and redundancy. Artist as he is, he frequen fails in his sense of proportion, and this first section would be immens improved by being cut to about half its length. But I was always fascina and found here the evidences of a greater art than that of *Ulysses*, m illuminating signs of that vast, disturbing impulse to expression that M West regards, a trifle ingenuously, as the strange necessity.

J. D. BERESFORD

Prospectus

THE LEARNED KNIFE

AN ESSAY ON SCIENCE AND HUMAN VALUES

BY

LAWRENCE HYDE

GERALD HOWE LIMITED
23 SOHO SQUARE LONDON
1928

THE LEARNED KNIFE

THE title of this essay is taken from Dostoevsky 'Social and civic ideals, in so far as they are nc organically connected with moral ideals, but exist b themselves like a separate half cut off from the whole b your learned knife . . . neither have, nor have had, no ever could have, any existence at all.'

In spite of Dostoevsky's warning, sociology has falle to a dangerous extent under the domination of those wh approach the study of human beings and their relation ships in an inordinately naturalistic spirit. This is show as much in the selection of facts for study as in thei interpretation.

It has thus become necessary to scrutinize the unde lying assumptions of leading psycho-analysts, economist and social philosophers, and to expose the inadequac of their methods of attack on current problems. Suc a criticism will have significance only if it is made cor sistently from a definite angle, and Mr Hyde, withou pleading the cause of any church or creed, has taken hi stand throughout on the findings of the religious cor sciousness. He urges that the only hope for the creatio of a better social order lies in an enhanced appreciatio of those spiritual values which are ignored by 'scientific thought, and in a greater use of imagination and intuitio in the common affairs of life.

It will be seen that in its general trend the essa supports such writers as Prof. Whitehead, Dr Bernar Streeter, Prof. Irving Babbitt and Mr Middleton Murr in their protests against the prevailing materialism o modern thought. The author intends to complete th work with a further volume dealing with Humanism and Religion.

The present book consists of 308 pages of text, o which a specimen is shown opposite, together with ar index and a bibliographical note.

Demy 8vo Bound in cloth Price 12s 6d net

observation that Dostoevsky, one of the greatest psychologists that Europe has ever produced, obtained his knowledge of the human heart. Throughout years of his life he spent a great part of his time amongst the lowest type of social outcasts which Russia produced. He did not 'study' them or 'cultivate relations' with them; he watched them with an interest which was inextricably bound up with his love for humanity; he looked into their twisted hearts with pity, wonder, and terror. That is why he discovered things about men and women which no other author has ever set down on paper, and which make one of his pages worth more to anyone who understands the nature of human problems than a pile of volumes by scientific psychologists. Only what is revealed out of love to love can ever really illuminate experience. And this illumination is derived more than anything from looking at objects which have not been selected beforehand for examination, but to which one's eyes are drawn in some surprise. The most important things in life are just those elements in it which we do not think of looking for when we are in a mood of cold curiosity, however intense. As a rule, indeed, we realize their existence only when we have been reduced to states of mind which are as remote as could be conceived from that self-possessed condition in which the scientist asks his questions. It is what is bought at the price of humiliation, mental confusion, and inner disturbance that is of importance. All artists know this. And what reveals more than anything the limitations of orthodox psychology is the nature of the questions which it is content to ask.

I am not, of course, suggesting that any sane psychologist would deny that deep knowledge is to be acquired at the price of suffering. I only desire to emphasize, as I have done throughout this book, the limitations of the type of psychological knowledge which is obtained by the issue of questionnaires and by research in laboratories.

THE LEARNED KNIFE

CONTENTS

Published by GERALD HOWE LTD 23 Soho Square London W 1

COMMENTS AND CONTROVERSIES

A LONDON BOOKMAN. By Frank Swinnerton. (Martin Secker.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Swinnerton is not a great critic of literature, but this volume of well-chosen selections from eight years of monthly letters contributed to the New York *Bookman* (1920-1927) reveals him as the most admirable of commentators. In this case, perhaps, deficiency and excellence may run together; not bound by profound roots at any single point (to say this is not in the least an imputation of superficiality), he ranges and surveys the broader field sanely and with an unfailing sense of proportion; a man of wide reading, wide interests, and wide knowledge, his intuitions are, as a rule, acute and sure. Probably no reader will agree with all of his judgments, but any reader is likely to accept more of them than would probably be the case with a profounder critic covering the same ground. Mr. Swinnerton writes, with ease and point, upon all manner of subjects, from Spurious Memoirs and The Hudson Memorial to Mrs. Woolf and Ethel M. Dell. He recalls in these pages not a few of the most memorable literary and artistic controversies of the period, and one realizes at this distance how frequently he said, in just the right tone, precisely the right thing. Above all, this is evident in the series of obituary notices which form not the least noteworthy feature of this volume. The courage to write, courteously but exactly, the frank truth about a man recently dead is not a common one, but even in his rather acid comments upon A. B. Walkley and Sir Walter Raleigh there is evident not the least element of malice. The note upon A. C. Benson is another example, with its opening reference to his "puling talent," and the final paragraph may well be quoted as typically illuminative, not only of Benson in particular, but of the craft of writing in general:

> More bad writing is committed by those who do not know what they want to say than by those who do not know how to express urgent thoughts. With the latter, the words are most often at hand—sometimes, it may be, uncouth or strangled, but with the vigour of original feeling behind them. With the former, where thought follows the words that straggle off the end of the pen, the worst sin is that of fluency. Fluency Benson appeared to have, but as in the passage I have quoted there is the false feeling which so often goes with the phrase "inexpressible beauty." All the time, he seemed to be trying to feel the beauty which instinct told him was appropriate at this moment. The realization of the beauty was elsewhere. That is what we call sentimentality, or false emotion. It is the effort to move others by something which has not really moved ourselves. It is the literary trick. In those of us who do not write, sentimentality is merely the attempt to tiptoe to something that we feel we ought to feel upon any serious occasion. Hence the discomforts we experience in reading A. C. Benson when he is portraying really deep things. He had a pedestrian talent, and was no doubt a worthy man and a sincere friend; but when he began to write he had such yearning after the mystical touch that he became boring and ridiculous.

That is good, because it is both exact and true.

In these 280 pages Mr. Swinnerton discusses something over a hundred diversified topics. Here is admittedly literary "talk," but of a quality which deserves permanent preservation and which will permit the reader to take pleasure in it again and again.

GEOFFREY WEST.

MRS. MILLIN'S NOVELS

THE COMING OF THE LORD. By Sarah Gertrude Millin. (Constable.) 7s. 6d. net.

THE JORDANS. THE DARK RIVER. MARY GLENN. MIDDLE CLASS. ADAM'S REST. (Constable's Miscellany.) 3s. 6d. each.

The publication of Mrs. Millin's novels in a collected edition seems the natural occasion for taking stock of her work as a whole; and perhaps the first thing that strikes one who has read them at intervals, as they came out, on reading them in a group together, is their faithfulness to type. They are not monotonous, but they reflect curiously the same mind in the same—not various—aspects. The second thing is the fact that Mrs. Millin is a natural story-teller.

She does not write primarily in order to make some point, to prove some thesis, to depict some particular phase of life. It is true that her stories are all concerned with the same phase of life, and it is true that she is herself concerned with various social problems; but that was not what set her off writing. She wrote because she liked to tell stories, and consequently her stories, for all their limitations, really are stories, and hold the reader's interest as such.

The phase of life with which she deals is the life of South African towns-people; she hardly touches the life of the farm community. When she does, the farm remains obscurely in the background. One of her novels is called, frankly, *Middle-Class*; and the one thing all her characters have in common is the stamp of the bourgeois. The two problems which chiefly occupy her are first the colour question—and it would be hardly possible for any serious South African novelist to forget that; and secondly, and less necessarily, the woman's question. But this perhaps *is* inevitable too, since her characters, besides being South Africans, are also so decidedly "middle-class."

It is with people rather than with landscape that she is concerned; and her people, like most "middle-class," have curiously little connection with the soil on which they live. Her rather jerky style—her punctuation consists almost entirely of dashes and full-stops, with hardly a semi-colon, and not very many commas sprinkled amongst them—seems to suit what landscape there is. It gives the right effect of sharpness; no gentle gradations of light passing by imperceptible degrees through faintness into duskiness and shade. It is a land of abrupt transitions from hard light to inky shadow; the rocks are perpendicular, the plains very flat.

> There was nothing gentle in that valley. The earth had heaved a sigh, and the mountains had broken apart to reveal a world, blasted and beautiful: an uninhabited world, a pre-human, awful, and desolate world. On each side of the valley the mountains stood guard in their nakedness, and, in front of them, stretching one behind the other past sight, the hills rose in great uneven waves—as if giant hands were rocking the earth beneath. The colours of the waves were the lurid colours of damnation: dying greens, blighted browns and yellows, thunder blues.

There is a rhythm of a kind about that style, but it is not a musical rhythm; it depends on accent rather than on time values. But that, too, is not out of place in the world of which she writes.

Its chief disadvantage is that it tends to give an impression of hardness which is subconsciously translated by the reader into a lack of sympathy that does not really exist. Mrs. Millin has very deep sympathies, and her unsympathetic style does not do entire justice to them. It is those sympathies which cause her really deep concern over her two problems. She tackles the colour question with understanding and intensity, and yet with restraint. She is not sentimental about it, nor does she lose her balance, in spite of realizing, as everyone, however sympathetic, must realize, that it has no solution. Why must people suffer for being born with a dark skin? It is not merely that their fellow-men are ignorant, prejudiced, snobbish. That dislike of the hybrid goes very deep; as deep as primitive man, and indeed as deep as our whole animal basis. Such suffering is bound to be, and it is useless to try to disregard it, or to minimize it, or to sentimentalize over it. By presenting it with equal vividness and restraint, Mrs. Millin does society a genuine service. She goes the best way to make people *think*, without antagonizing them; and that is the only way by which that inevitable suffering, to however small a degree, will ever be lessened.

But with regard to her other problem, Mrs. Millin is less successful. She feels very strongly for the frustrated woman; she puts her case in one form or another in every one of her books. She divides her masculine and feminine characteristics in an odd way. Her women are invariably more intelligent than her men; indeed, her men seem to be almost without exception amiable weaklings. A strong, competent man is introduced where necessary as a foil; but he is never very tangible, while her agreeable failures are real enough, and, just as in real life, impress one as being simultaneously exasperating and lovable. Strength of character, capability, intellectual power are for the most part confined to her women. The relations between men and women in her books are never primarily those of lovers, nor yet the more mature equality of marriage in its highest sense; the woman's attitude to her lover and her husband alike is maternal; and he, being weak and dependent, is willing enough to have it so. From this arises her frustration; she wants a mate, as well as a child; and a husband who satisfies the second need without satisfying the first is naturally found wanting. So her women are constantly in a state of wanting something they know not what, or they know very well what, but always wanting it. This gives her world an artificial quality; such people, in such relationships, do, of course, occur; but not in the proportion in which they occur in her books. So that one's sympathy is gradually exhausted by the undue frequency of the demands made upon it.

It tends to run dry for another reason as well. Mrs. Millin, being a woman, regards women in a less detached way than she does half-castes or Kaffirs. She feels somewhere at the back of her that it *is* hard on a woman of fine brains and fine feelings and fine tastes to be relegated to life in a stiflingly bourgeois community. She seems to concede her heroines some grievance against destiny. Consequently the reader, instead of feeling pity, feels irritation. For obviously every being in this world has it in his power to make the most or the least of himself with the means at his disposal. No one can make more than the most, and nobody ought to make less. To allow himself to repine over his surrounding circumstances is immediately to put himself in the way of making less. A Tchehov can show us people doing this without giving us that sense of irritation, that feeling that a kick rather

than a caress is the right and natural response; he can do it, because I knows, and helps us to know, that the man who does not make the mo of himself does indeed deserve sympathy, not for his outward circumstance but for that within him which hinders him. Shift the ground for com passion from within to without, and the balance and rhythm of life is lo a falsity results which grates on the ear. And the novelist who forgets th loses not only the false sympathy which he seeks, but the true and necessa sympathy which he ought to create, which is needed above everything e in this man-deranged world.

Of all Mrs. Millin's frustrated heroines the one with whom one feels thi displacement least is Mary Glenn; and that fact brings us up against th question as to why *Mary Glenn* seems so much the best of her books. Ce tainly it gives the impression of having been written with more pains tha the others; more carefully and slowly. This may or may not have bee the case. But the ultimate reason of its superiority is that it is a long-shor story, and the others are novels; Mrs. Millin's real gift is that of the shor story writer, not that of the novelist. She has a strong sense for the dramati moment, but not for gradual unfolding and development. She can show character at this or that instant of time; she cannot paint one of thos Rembrandt portraits at which one can gaze hour after hour, watching whole life emerge. Contrast her with the novelist born, and it becomes ver clear. Maggie Tulliver at eight years old develops into the Maggie Tulliver of eighteen; but how different, while how like, they ar With Mrs. Millin the child is not father to the man, he is the man himself Even Mary Glenn, the child, is not a child-like child; she is Mary Glenn the woman, temporarily cased in a child's body. We can leave her out o account, as we cannot leave out of account the wild, dark-eyed little creature dreaming by the Floss.

But a short story, lived in an immediate present, does not make tha demand for development, for diversity in unity, that a novel demands, and there her limitations do not hinder her. Her sincere and lively sympathy has its scope, without irritating her reader by diffuseness or irrelevance and so she gets her message across. And as she really has something to say apart from her story, it is there that her reader receives something to keep something that will remain with him after the story itself has been forgotten.

M. Robinson.

DISCOVERING DREISER

American Tragedy. (Constable.) 10s. net. The Financier. The Titan. Chains. (Constable.) 7s. 6d. net each.

I have a niece. She is young enough to have become an ardent Romantic extending to the Realists the same tolerant contempt which young people used to profess for the great Victorians. Some time ago she discovered Dreiser, and I asked her idly what she thought of him. I had an idea o what she would say; for a great deal to the same effect has been said both in and out of print, since the Constable edition made him widely known over here in England.

"Sordid!" she said. "One gets no great feeling from reading him. He goes on and on, piling up detail; the significant things and the insignificant things all mixed up together."

"Art," she said (she reads, I gather, English Literature at Somerville), "Art is Selection. And he does not know how to select. He puts in everything. He tells you everything even about *the* most *minor characters*; their looks, their thoughts, their family *histories—everything!* Why, *he* is as bad as James Joyce!"

Now all this is true—in a measure. A Dreiser story is a comprehensive document, in some ways like the report of a conscientious detective agency. There is no amiable meandering from the point, no garrulous digression from which the reader returns with something of a shock to discover how far he has wandered from the story. Dreiser is voluminous: he is not discursive. All the time he is well aware of the limits of his canvas. He never goes outside them, but within those limits the canvas is crammed with every little detail that has the remotest bearing upon the subject of the picture.

The *American Tragedy* (the book by which he is best and generally first known here) is the tragic history of a boy, from his youth as a bell-boy in an American hotel up to his last moments in the electric chair. The *Financier* and *The Titan* (really one complete novel, like the *American Tragedy*) tell the story of one of America's big business men. Each is the life-history of one particular human being, each, in fact, is written round one single character; and at the end it is difficult to see what more the reader could possibly wish or hope to know about him. There is nothing wrong in that—but everyone who touches his life at all, everyone who must enter the story, however casually, must come under the same microscope and is presented to the reader in almost as meticulous detail.

For instance, Frank Cowperwood, who, from the small Financier on 'Change, in Philadelphia, has become the street railroad Titan of Chicago, is to become involved (by no means for the first time) with a woman. Two things are important to the story, his illicit passion for the girl and the effect on it and her of the revelation that her mother has kept her at a fashionable school on the proceeds of a house of ill-repute. This is very well; but Dreiser has his own methods. Cowperwood meets the mother. We must meet her, too. "Nannie Hedden, or Mrs. John Alexander Fleming, or Mrs. Ira George Carter, or Hattie, was by birth a descendant of a long line of Virginia and Kentucky Heddens and Colters, related in a definite or vague way to half the aristocracy of four or five surrounding States." And so on. It is exactly like the beginning of one of the longer Victorian novels; and there follow two pages of history which are really a little novel all in themselves. And the woman of so many aliases is only an incident of an incident in the main story!

This kind of thing (and one could multiply instances) gives an effect of immense ponderousness. It would be intolerable, if one did not feel it to be a part of the man himself, the method which is necessary to him for expression. For he is one of those writers whose power lies in the large. He cannot work in little. *Chains* is a collection of "short stories"; early, I should imagine, before he found himself in the long novel. An uneven collection, though the best are astonishingly real. But, as short stories, they fail. For a short story must be short, compressed. But in Dreiser there is

no compression. The same method is at work again, the same passion to set down everything, to leave nothing out ; and in a short story it is fatally easy to make it impossible to see the wood for the trees.

It is easy to say of him that he has no style. But he has a style, as one notices after reading even a few pages—a quiet, drab, pedestrian style which never rises and becomes at times almost unbelievably cumbrous and awkward. An awkwardness that comes partly, I think, from a deliberate desire not to say a thing in the way in which a more conscious English-trained artist would have said it. And partly it comes because his phrase has not truly crystallized his thought, as it ought to do, but rather obscured it. Which accounts for such gaucheries as—" there is a kind of nature, not artistic, not spiritual, not emotional, nor yet unduly philosophical, that is, nevertheless, a sphered content of life " (which means really nothing at all)—or " He himself wondered sometimes, as he threaded the mesh-like paths of sex, what she would do once she discovered his variant conduct " (where the thought is clear, but is most muddily expressed).

And sometimes one almost seems to hear him saying : " I am a plain man : I have a plain thing to say : I will say it plainly." Which results in such things as this : " To a man who has gone through a great life struggle in one metropolis and tested all the phases of human duplicity, decency, sympathy and chicanery in the controlling group of men that one invariably finds in every American city at least, the temperament and significance of another group in another city is not so much and yet it is." Heavens, what a sentence !

" How can a man who writes like that," says my niece, " ever be considered a great writer ? A great writer has a great style."

But not necessarily an exalted or a romantic or a flawless style. For the great writers are of two major kinds. Some achieve relatively little, the fruit (one would say) of much difficult and careful labour. Others, by contrast, seem to have been gifted with a fountain-like quality of mind. They flow on and on as if life were all too short for the expression of all that is welling up inside them. These are the great story-tellers, and with them the story is always the thing. There is so much to come out that they seem almost careless of the way in which it comes. And widely different as they are, one thing they have all achieved in common (the mark by which they may be known)—a portrait gallery of men and women so vivid and human that one feels one has met and spoken with them all.

Let anyone read *The American Tragedy*, *The Financier*, *The Titan* and say that Dreiser has not achieved a portrait gallery of this kind ! They may not be attractive portraits, but how real they are ! Or let anyone take up *Chains* and say that he has not suffered with the harlot in *Sanctuary* whom the police officer first ruined and then arrested for leading an immoral life ! Or sweated with McGlathery, the coward, and Cavanaugh, the foreman, at their dangerous work in the tunnel under the river—in that naked little story, *St. Columba and the River !*

Dreiser, whatever else he may be, is one of the great story-tellers.

He always has a story to tell—a strong and vital story that moves, that has life, that is like life itself as all good stories should be. The telling of it is his chief concern : the whole must be told to the uttermost detail, it must be set forth complete and rounded as it exists in his own mind. But to

the manner of telling it he seems curiously indifferent. His style, of course, at the best of times is not exciting, but one does expect in a work of art a quickening at moments when the story quickens, a tenseness when the crises draw near. Dreiser ploughs steadily through crisis and climax and ordinary narrative without any alteration of tone at all. Even at his most dramatic moments one never feels that his pulse is beating any quicker.

He sees his story (the comparison is inevitable) rather as an historian than as a novelist. And there is great danger of the reader saying (as one too often does say when reading history) : " What a magnificent story this would make, what material for an artist ! " Meaning, of course, that the passion of the story would communicate itself to the artist as he writes. One looks in vain for this in Dreiser. With him the only passion that communicates itself to the reader is the passion that is inherent in the story itself. It is not that the dialogue is inadequate to the situation. Rather the reverse. It is at times too natural and destroys in consequence the movement of the story. Everyone knows that when two people meet, they must greet each other and probably say a great deal that has no sort of interest or originality before they come to the real point of their interview. All this it is the business of the artist to suppress. It has no point : it takes the reader's mind off what is vital to the story. Dreiser suppresses absolutely nothing. At times he fatally suggests a conscientious reporter hidden in a corner of the room who has been at pains to take down every word and gesture in longhand....

No wonder that my niece, with her leanings towards the carefully selective, passionate methods of the Romantics, should have found him tedious. " Sordid ! " she said. " One gets no great feeling from reading him."

One gets many kinds of feelings, but not a great feeling. She meant, I take it, the kind of feeling that comes when the reader's mind leaps to meet the artist's exaltation, kindles and glows as he kindles and glows with the passion of his story. Dreiser has no passion ; or if he has, he has no power of communicating it. Nor has he the other thing which draws us up and out of ourselves as we read—a deep and penetrating knowledge of what Virgil called the " Causes of things," a spiritual vision of the springs of human life (which is the supreme merit, for instance, of Dostoievsky, whose themes are at least as sordid as any ever handled by Dreiser). But this simply is not in Dreiser. He is frank about it ; he makes no disguise :

> With some personalities there is a chance, or force, that happily allies itself with them : or they quite unconsciously ally themselves with it, and find that there is a tide that bears them on. Divine will ? Not necessarily. Guardian spirits ? There are many who so believe to their utter undoing. (Witness Macbeth.) An unconscious drift in the direction of right, virtue, duty ? These are banners of mortal manufacture. Nothing is proved : all is permitted.

MARTIN GILKES.

QUIET CITIES

QUIET CITIES. By Joseph Hergesheimer. (Alfred Knopf.) 7s. 6d. net.

Crudely speaking, we have here a group of short stories; but there is no sense in speaking so crudely about them. They are not "stories" at all, in the conventional sense, least of all examples of the malignant craft of the modern "short story." Each unit in the book weaves its web of atmosphere, not in romantic mist and not in naturalistic distortion: in perfect clarity, the nine keyed to one tone and motivation. A felicitous and mood-compelling chapter, with the quality of an overture, inter-relates them and anticipates the coming themes or motives, hints an underlying philosophy.

Then come the nine selected pictures, each composed about one arresting figure, but the life and movement that of an American city in a phase lost, now beyond recovery; lost and, but for such papers as these, forgotten.

The cities whose souls are thus portrayed are, it is true, American cities, but the mood in which they are described is universal. Of the provincialism which sees a national asset in this, or an international calamity in that aspect of life, there is no vestige in these pages. A fine irony runs through the volume, but does not destroy a deep underlying conviction that money has not always been an end; that magnitude, without falsification or hero-worship, can be assigned to certain characters.

The plan of the book is of itself sufficiently intriguing without regard to its artistry and economy of execution. Pittsburg stands revealed to us in the person of Thomas Armit, "who was an old man when Mr. Jefferson assumed the Presidency." In those days "rich men had no existence; the idle men were the Indians. Women owned no leisure and their brightest and best dress was calico." Albany is evoked at evening, when "Pearl Street sounded with the bells of the cows returning unattended from the Pastures." Its spirit comes alive in Claes Mey and his daughter Angenietje. There is a flawless idyll. The slow surface languor and swift-striking under-life of old New Orleans are compressed into Gaut Penny's contest with his treacherous brother and the gesture that wins him his Spanish wife. Natchez is revealed in two phases, one at the resort of river-pirates, the other on the Bluff among low white plantation houses where honour was defended and gentlemen lived according to a serene and scornful code. Sylvester Dering, in one consciousness, experienced and intensified both. Philadelphia is seen through the eyes of Captain Ephraim Benezet and the group of men gathered at Valley Forge. In the uncouth character of Saxegotha Laws, one sees more of pioneer vigor in Kentucky than of the cities that warped and thwarted it. "Kentucky never was English," the author has remarked in his prefatory essay. The other districts and their cities were or had recently been English during the period described. Boston appears in the person of Nicholas Elliset: a Boston "organized and dominated by precisely such men as himself." His is the aristocratic set. "Their flags and factors were in every advantageous harbour." It was an aristocracy of deportment and position only; but it was distinctive, and makes the background for an effective tale. The real aristocracy of birth and breeding are nuclear to a Southern city. John Fearnes is the tragedy of the American South incarnate, a South beaten, as

Fearnes perceives, not by the North, but by the Present. Smug Northern profiteers and politicians will not care much for the story. Yet it is written, like the others, with detachment, not prejudice. In it one may see what "the Present"—which in Grant's time, as now, was ruthless, venal, impossible—did to a quite possible, a once actual civilization, that of the Southern States of America. Lincoln, who would have checked that licence of force, already belonged to the past.

In the past lie certain values. Joseph Hergesheimer has the vision and the power to discover them. Why do they elude the false Present? That is Time's black mystery. Only a certain authentic magic can penetrate the murk. Hergesheimer has it. Denying no flaw, fault, weakness, corruption of the men or the time he deals with, he yet evokes a value, a positive. Here, then, and not in the historic perspective merely, lies the interest in *Quiet Cities*. The Democratic ideal is accepted as a fact. Its effects on the scheme of things are portrayed with truth and detachment. Those effects are not reassuring. And yet this author can write of them without bitterness or malice, survey them without cynicism. Why? Because he has passed the point where either interest (self-interest) or the emotions disturb and distort the vision. *Out of the ruin of things human and beautiful* he has distilled that which escapes dissolution. Only a saddened man could do it. Only a saddened man can envisage true happiness—a thing not contingent on accident.

This value of which we speak, this positive, which we missed in Proust, and do not even look for in lesser writers—is, of course, in the realm of pure art, not amenable to casual discussion. It is there: that is all that need be said. The discerning will find it. As for other readers, no craft could point it out to them. For conclusions, one must draw his own.

There are, however, certain implications in this arresting piece of work. Thus, alluding to the Southern episode, the author, speaking in his own person, says:

> An aristocracy, it was discovered, was not economically sound. It wasn't planned to wring the last dollar from every transaction of benefit or need. I regretted the fall of Charleston; above everything else I should have liked to live in a state not fundamentally commercial, a state with a slightly different measure of accomplishment. Money as a means rather than an end. It seemed to me in that existence life would be less hurried than it was now; personal integrity might even take the place of a mental symbol. Men, perhaps, would return to their individual pleasures and being.

This being only a personal viewpoint, those who care to may quarrel with it. The result as artistic achievement cannot be quarrelled with. It is the work of a mature artist who, with *Java Head*, in 1919, ceased to be a novice, but did not cease to grow; who, in *Balisand*, became a prophet of values and of the spirit of man, scorning the powers of "Progress" and "the Present." His work cannot be appraised and disposed of under the head of "current fiction."

H. C. TRACY.

COMPLICATIONS AND SIMPLICITIES

MY BROTHER JONATHAN. By Francis Brett Young. (Heinemann.) 10s. 6d. net.

POINT COUNTER POINT. By Aldous Huxley. (Chatto & Windus.) 10s. 6d. net.

ORLANDO. By Virginia Woolf. (Hogarth Press.) 9s. net.

Here are three books by three considerable writers, each of whom, in one way or another, illustrates some quality of the post-war consciousness. Mrs. Woolf is scarcely an Aunt, nor are Mr. Brett Young and Mr. Huxley Uncles in the sense of Miss Rebecca West's witty article on "Uncle Bennett." The fact is that those whose minds have been formed in the post-war period seem to have grown up into a less genial atmosphere than that which was presided over by Miss West's "four Uncles." Mr. Wells, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Bennett have lost none of their charm for us; but we seem to be living so much more precariously than the Edwardians, our feet are so much closer to the abyss, that it is not surprising that our new friends are marked by somewhat different qualities. Avuncular geniality and opulence are not among them.

Mr. Brett Young's novel *My Brother Jonathan* is a straightforward story of a man's life. It is quietly, simply, and beautifully told. There are "good" people and "bad" people in it, but it is impossible not to forgive the bad people because so obviously they know not what they do. They are pitiable in spite of their cruelty and folly. And the good people are not impossible heroes and heroines. They are merely *sane*. The story concerns the drab life of a doctor in the "black country" of the West Midlands. The action takes place before and during the war, but the scene never shifts from the Midlands, there are few digressions and the interest is always concentrated upon the hero. A simple story, but profound. The more we ponder it the more clearly we see that a little commonsense and sanity are all that is necessary to make life a dignified and even a noble enterprise. But Mr. Brett Young knows only too well how rare and how difficult of achievement these two modest-sounding qualities are, and in their absence we have only courage to fall back upon—"that invincible courage which is the most miraculous attribute of human nature."

Mr. Aldous Huxley is much harder to appraise than Mr. Brett Young, perhaps because his aims are more complex. Apparently much more sophisticated than Mr. Brett Young, he is at the same time more apparently a victim of the time-spirit—a super-decadent in an age of decadence. Mr. Brett Young writes with the grace and sure power of a born writer, but Mr. Huxley is technically far more accomplished and is "literary" to his finger tips. As a psychologist he makes most professional psychologists look childish; he has a detached and well-balanced intellect, and sometimes, as in the last chapters of *Point Counter Point*, his work touches greatness. What then are his faults? Characteristically, he is his own penetrating critic, so we will turn to him for the answer to this question.

One of the characters in *Point Counter Point* is a novelist who reflects that

in art there are simplicities more difficult than the most serried complications. He could manage the complications as well as anyone. But when it came to the simplicities he lacked the talent—that talent which is of the heart, no less than of the head, of the feelings, the sympathies, the intuitions, no less than of the analytical understanding.

On another occasion this novelist, Philip Quarles, is compared by his wife to Koehler's apes:

"You're like a monkey on the superman side of humanity," she said. "Almost human, like those poor chimpanzees. The only difference is that *they're* trying to think up with their feelings and instincts, and *you're* trying to feel down with your intellect. Almost human. Trembling on the verge, my poor Phil."

Mr. Huxley, like "poor Phil," knows almost everything, and the penalty for knowing so much is that the creative power, the power to feel and to cause others to feel, is weakened. We never get the illusion that the people in Mr. Huxley's books are alive; they are either mouthpieces in his introspective debates, or they are specimens in a psychological laboratory. But the mouthpieces are always well chosen and do justice to their themes, and the debates can be compared for brilliance with Bernard Shaw's. *Point Counter Point* has no conventional plot, but the plan of the book is implied in the title and is well described in the journal of Philip Quarles, whom Mr. Huxley seems to have invented in order to save the critics trouble:

The musicalization of fiction . . . . A theme is stated, then developed, pushed out of shape, imperceptibly deformed, until, though still recognizably the same, it has become quite different. . . . The whole range of thought and feeling, yet all in organic relation to a ridiculous little waltz tune. Get this into a novel. How? The abrupt transitions are easy enough. All you need is a sufficiency of characters and parallel, contrapuntal plots. While Jones is murdering his wife, Smith is wheeling the perambulator in the park. You alternate the themes.

Murder, suicide and babies are all to be found in *Point Counter Point*, but most of the "transitions" are much more subtle. One last quotation from Quarles' journal will serve to illustrate a certain quality of super-subtlety in Mr. Huxley which really amounts to psychasthenia:

Put a novelist into the novel. . . . But why draw the line at one novelist inside your novel? Why not a second inside his? And a third inside the novel of the second? And so on to infinity, like those advertisements of Quaker's Oats where there's a Quaker holding a box of oats, on which is a picture of another Quaker holding another box of oats, on which, etc., etc. At about the tenth remove you might have a novelist telling your story in algebraic symbols or in terms of variations in blood pressure, pulse, secretion of ductless glands and reaction times.

This kind of psychasthenic irrelevance is the result of too great power of absorbing knowledge about life and too little power of digesting it. One of the reasons why Mr. Huxley is a significant writer is because he exemplifies this state of affairs and because he faces and accepts all the nauseating consequences. He is a victim, and at the same time a hero of our sickly but not altogether contemptible age.

For Mrs. Woolf as for Mr. Huxley, the old-fashioned novel form is not really a suitable medium. Neither of them is content, as Mr. Brett Young is, to show a sample of life "in the round" and let it speak for itself. Mrs. Woolf is concerned to examine the mechanism and find out *how* it works. Her mind is like a delicate scientific instrument, and it is remarkable how she keeps her composure in face of the apparent chaos that is revealed under its

sensitive scrutiny. She is content to study what comes to hand and is not impatient to co-ordinate her knowledge and attain a God's eye view of life. But these remarks apply more to Mrs. Woolf the novelist than to the whimsical biographer of *Orlando*. Her latest book is really a trifle, and not a very successful one, as the fancy wears somewhat thin in places and the trifling is a little too elaborate and long drawn out. Moreover, there seems to be some private joke afoot which the common reader cannot share. *Orlando* is the "biography" of a young nobleman whom we first meet in the reign of Queen Elizabeth and who survives to the present day, having changed his sex at the age of thirty (but she is only thirty-six to-day!) and assumed a personality and appearance (the book is illustrated) closely resembling a talented contemporary poetess. There are many charming passages and amusing conceits; but the taste for quaintness and whimsicality, like the taste for red pepper and chutney, is symptomatic of a jaded appetite. *Orlando* can therefore be recommended for perusal at times when real life seems unappetizing yet not too tragically serious.

RICHARD REES.

RAMPOLE ISLAND

MR. BLETTSWORTHY ON RAMPOLE ISLAND. By H. G. Wells. (Benn.) 7s. 6d. net.

There is much that is vivid, much that is beautiful, much that is inimitable in Mr. Wells's new story—much, in short, to remind us of the splendid achievement that is his; but, unless we are mistaken, there is also something new—a kind of wistfulness in faith, that touches the heart in a way Mr. Wells has never cared to touch it before. In some sort we may regard it as in creative counterpart to the more theoretical *Open Conspiracy*; it gives life and warmth to those speculations, and restores to them the immediate intimacy they possess in the mind that conceived them. Mr. Wells, who is a master in the kind, has never written a better conversation than that between Blettsworthy and Graves with which his book-ends. Between the kindly pessimism of the one and the half-eager optimism of the other plays a ray of light—of true illumination shed upon human destinies. Here is, indeed, a gleam that men may follow without illusion or apathy. This is a *generous* book.

And—though this is less important—it is a splendid piece of story-telling. The blend of tragedy and farce in the story of the night at sea which ended in Mr. Blettsworthy's being left alone on the sinking ship is magnificent. A very great deal of esteemed contemporary literature appears merely rather silly beside Mr. Wells's novel.

J. M. M.

THE PATHWAY

HE PATHWAY. By Henry Williamson. (Cape.) 7s. 6d. net.

This long novel is divided into four parts named after the four seasons, eginning not, as is more common, with Spring but with Winter. The nusual order is very satisfying, for in this way spring will come after the ong period of waiting, and the sweet days will not lose half their poignancy y having the wintry background taken from them. It is the natural rder of growth and, as such, it seems peculiarly in place in a book that is oncerned with the harmony that should exist between man and man and he universe of nature, and which is in its essence a protest against all nnaturalness.

"Let the sun" (writes Maddison, the hero, in his note-book), "which ries to get all flags back to one colour, be the ideal of the visible world— he sun that grows the corn and the wild flowers and the child's mind." . . . Above the sun and the wind is a light that flows as wind, which is a pirit; but the foundations must be left to grow naturally, or man will ever grow in stature with the Khristos."

He is a young writer and an idealist.

"Shakespeare, Burns, Keats were normal men . . . who would have een harmonious always if other men—the world, that is—had not been ub-normal," he said one day in Spring when he and his lover were wandering ear the sandhills they loved. And when Mary, his lover, looked at him, he saw . . . that her spirit was simple as water, sky, grass, and wandering ir, whose product she was."

There is that in his general attitude which, notwithstanding anger and a ertain aggressiveness at times, can only be called love. And through the whole book there flows an undercurrent of this impersonal love; hatred of rtificiality, love of the natural in man and the natural world.

Mr. Williamson has a minute knowledge of wild life. And as one might urn a handful of shells, noting of each one the colours and delicate markings, o he turns his descriptions of out-of-doors, telling of numbers of beautiful hings. But unfortunately it is a method—especially if used over a long eriod—which tends to obscure the vision rather than to make it clear. esides which there is sometimes a kind of constriction of words. It is nteresting to compare a sentence, "The boat was shoved into the gliding rey water," with one in Mr. D. H. Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers*, "The men urned again to their fishing, stood over the grey, glinting river like statues," or then the halting nature of the first sentence becomes obvious.

When he is writing about people, though, there is always clarity, and ometimes the conversation is admirable. The most convincing of many well-drawn characters are, we think, Diana Shelley, who is a young, highly trung girl, and two schoolboys. With the boys the author is in complete ympathy. And Maddison himself is well conceived, especially when we onsider the difficulty of drawing a character who is to be pre-eminently n embodiment of ideas and one whom it shall seem inevitable for convention hate in the same spirit as it hated Christ.

M. A.

DR. JUNG AND MODERN PSYCHOLOGY

CONTRIBUTIONS TO ANALYTICAL PSYCHOLOGY. By C. G. Jung. (Kegan Paul.) 18s. 6d. net.

THE NEUROTIC PERSONALITY. By R. G. Gordon. (Kegan Paul.) 10s. 6d. net.

ABOUT OURSELVES. By H. A. Overstreet. (Cape.) 10s. 6d. net.

"Analytical Psychology," as distinct from psycho-analysis, is the name chosen by Dr. Jung to designate his own way of thinking in psychological matters. Those who are already acquainted with his inspiring work and his previous contributions* to his own system will not be deterred by the difficult essay *On Psychical Energy* with which his new book opens. They will face it cheerfully in sure anticipation of a rich feast to follow, and they will not be disappointed. In *Woman in Europe* (which appeared in the last number of the *New Adelphi*), in *Mind and the Earth*, and in *Life and Spirit* they will find such lucid profundity as will convince them that the quality of mind which informs these beautifully sane reflections belongs pre-eminently to what may be called the "growing tip" of human life and consciousness. It is not too much to say that these essays, embodying Dr. Jung's researches in mythology and ethnology, and illumined by his penetrating psychological insight into the social conditions of the modern world, can do more to dissipate the mists of superstition, false (animistic) logic and outworn tradition which still obscure the dawn of true human values, than any other contemporary book. The masterful ease with which he handles the so-called problem of "God" is supported, in another article, by his account of the theology of the Elgonyi, of whose customs and ideas he has made a first-hand study. He shows how among the Elgonyi the idea of God is identified with the joyful consciousness of super-abundant life :

> At sunrise they spit on their hands and then extend the palms towards the sun as it comes over the horizon. "We are happy that the night is past," they say. Since the word *adhista* means both God and the sun I asked : "Is the sun God ?" They said "No" to this and laughed. . . As the sun was ju then high in the heavens, I pointed to it and asked : "When the sun is there you say it is not God, but when it is in the East you say it is God ?" There was an embarrassed silence till an old chief began to explain. "It is so," he said "when the sun is up there that is not God, but when it rises that is God." . . Sunrise and its feeling of release are for him the same divine experience, just a night and its anxiety are one and the same.

Too many students of primitive races seem to use their studies as an escape from the bewildering stress of twentieth century life, but Dr. Jung does not go into Africa in order to escape ; he comes back with a salve of ripe wisdom for our over-civilized modern souls. He knows how to infuse some of the instinctive wisdom of immemorial Africa into our too "scientific" and rational civilization. He sees, too, that it is as much due to a split in our consciousness as

* *Two of Dr. Jung's earlier papers have been revised and republished in a single volume,* Two Essays on Analytical Psychology, *translated by H. G. and C. F. Baynes. (Baillière, Tindall and Cox. 10s. 6d. net.) With the same publisher the original versions appeared, some years ago, in the volume,* Collected Papers on Analytical Psychology, *edited by Constance Long.*

o any real evolutionary advance that we seem to be so far removed psycho-ogically from the primitives he has studied. His penetrating discussion of American psychology has already been quoted by Keyserling, but it is so much to the point that I must borrow another passage from it:

> . . . The inimitable Rooseveltian laugh you can find in its primordial form in the American negro. The peculiar walk with the relatively loose ankle-joints on the swinging hips so frequently observed in Americans; this comes from the negro. American music draws its chief inspiration from the negro; the dance is a negro dance. . . . The remarkable liveliness of the average temperament, which shows itself not only at baseball games, but particularly in an extraordinary desire to talk—of which the ceaseless and boundless stream of talk in the American papers is a good example—is scarcely to be derived from the Germanic forefathers, but resembles far more the "chattering" of a negro village. The almost complete lack of intimacy, and the all-devouring voluminous sociability remind one of primitive life in open huts in a state of complete identification with all the members of the tribe. It seemed to me as though American houses had all their doors open all the time, as in American country towns there are to be found no garden hedges. Everything seems to be street.

So much for twentieth century civilization! But Dr. Jung is in no sense a weeping or a scolding prophet. His faith in the potentialities of the human spirit is unshakeable. And in discussing the spiritual problems of individuals his freedom from dogmatism, his sensitive discrimination and his power of appreciating individual uniqueness make him a pattern for all psychologists. Writing of dream-analysis, he says:

> Before every attempt we make to understand a dream, we ought to say to ourselves: "This dream can mean almost anything." . . . The Freudian hypothesis, that all dreams are disguised wish-fulfilments either of a sexual nature, or of a kind equally inadmissible morally, I cannot corroborate. . . Indeed, I am persuaded that, in view of the tremendous irrationality and individuality of dreams, it is perhaps quite impossible to construct an adequate theory.

Yet, with his belief in the forward-striving power of spiritual impulses and his balanced understanding of the complementary character of pure spirit and actual life, he must have done for many individuals by his analytical technique what he does in his books for the intelligent public as a whole, namely, to show how spiritual energy can be released from the trammels of the past, and so find an outlet, not in fantasy, but in effective and progressive *living*. To borrow once more, and for the last time, from the admirable translation by Dr. and Mrs. Baynes:

> Life and spirit are two powers or necessities, between which man is placed. Spirit gives meaning to his life, and the possibility of the greatest development. But life is essential to spirit, since its truth is nothing if it cannot live.

Space forbids more than a brief mention of the other two books. Professor Understreet and Dr. Gordon provide for the uninitiated layman and the medical profession respectively a very satisfactory outline and introduction to those fields of thought in which Dr. Jung is a leader and pioneer. Dr. Gordon writes with judgment and thoroughness of the various schools of modern psychology and their bearing upon the treatment of nervous diseases, and Professor Understreet covers an extremely wide range of subjects from poetry to politics and succeeds, without being superficial, in bringing the light of the best modern psychological thought to bear upon them.

JAMES YOUNG.

THE FUTURE OF EUROPE

EUROPE. By Count Keyserling. (Cape.) 21s. net.

> "Europe's mission to-day is the greatest which has ever been presented t
> it. To Europe, and to Europe alone, has the task been entrusted to guard th
> sacred fire of the spirit from extinction during the long night of the spirit
> which now lies before mankind"—(p. 371).

This statement of Keyserling suggests a possibility of explaining an releasing the tension between two important types of modern Europea thinkers. As representatives of one type we might choose Wyndham Lew and all those who, like him, are appealing desperately for "concreteness," clarity, intellect, and "spatial values," and on the other side we woul mention D. H. Lawrence, and those modern psychologists who stress "th primitive" and intuition and the need for re-baptism in the dark stream c the instincts, and the modern "time-philosophers" and relativists wh emphasize the "flux" view of world processes.

Spengler has shown that the life cycle, from barbarism to decadence, o European culture is reaching its end, and Keyserling now shows that Bol shevism represents the primitive stage of a new cycle whose first mission is t raise the masses of the East to a higher plane of material civilization. I America he points out a precisely similar tendency, namely, an exclusiv concentration on social and material values with a depreciation of th individual and of the aristocratic idea, and the apotheosis of "the man in th street." America, too, represents the primitive or barbaric phase of a new cycle of civilization. Therefore Europe is between two huge continent where for many centuries to come spiritual values will be at a discount That is the meaning of the passage quoted above. Keyserling comment on the popularity of Adler's philosophy in America—a philosophy which, h says, "lays the emphasis on 'one's fellow man,' *i.e.*, on a concept of relation ship." It is Christian in the primitive, communistic sense, but it has littl in common with the Christianity which stresses the *unique* valu of each individual soul. It can sometimes provide a useful hypothesis fo explaining a certain type of neurosis, but that does not justify it as a philosoph of life.

Nietzsche would have detested it as an expression of herd values and of Christian "slave morality," and Wyndham Lewis might well take it as an example of the modern tendency he brilliantly deplores, towards un differentiated swarming and "bee-hive" organization and away from clear cut, classical, aristocratic individualism. To quote Keyserling again: "What Adler seeks as a creator of values, what America represents as reality, is, from the point of view of the soul, identical with the ideal of Bolshevist collectivism. *Man must once again sink back into the group.*"

However, it cannot be doubted that the emphasis on social feeling and on problems of material organization is absolutely necessary at this stage for both America and Russia, if they are to emerge from their barbaric phase and build up great civilizations which will inherit the sacred flame of the spirit; the flame which sprang up mysteriously on this planet and was trimmed and fed by the civilizations of the past and by our own. Certainly, as Keyserling says, it is Europe's task to guard the sacred fire through the long night of primitivism and herd values which he foresees;

and if Europeans allow themselves to be seduced by philosophies of "flux" and relativity and to be thus drawn back into the matrix of the primitive, they will be betraying their trust. But, at the same time, Logos (the "*word*" or intelligence) cannot survive *creatively* apart from Eros (love or feeling)—the two principles are essential to one another, just as man and woman are not mutually exclusive but complementary and necessary to one another. Nothing can be effective that does not depend upon the proper balance of two polar opposites (these ideas have been developed in recent numbers of the NEW ADELPHI by Dr. Jung and Mr. Sainsbury). Therefore it is the task of Europe not only to guard the sacred fire from extinction in the waves of flux and feeling, but also to prevent it from burning itself out in the sands of a barren intellectual rationalism. And this is the message of writers and psychologists like D. H. Lawrence and Jung, to whose merits Wyndham Lewis does not seem to do justice (I say advisedly "does not seem," because he always candidly admits that he is a propagandist trying to counteract one *particular* danger and therefore, perhaps intentionally, underestimates those who are concerned with another *opposite* danger).

If the European resistance to primitive sensuality and sentimental herd values merely led to an over-valuation of logic and intellect the flame of the spirit would die in Europe, and perhaps never be lit in America and Russia. The men and women of Europe, too, must re-establish contact with the pagan Earth and with the life-giving springs of instinct. Only so will they achieve the inner harmony and grace which will make them worthy to be priests and priestesses of the sacred flame. This, I suggest, is the true lesson of modern psychology and the cause of that preoccupation with the primitive and with the idea of Pan and of sun worship which is so characteristic of modern European writers like D. H. Lawrence and E. M. Forster and artists like Gauguin and Van Gogh. Enlightened primitivism of this kind, so far from betraying the sacred flame to the powers of flux and chaos, will strengthen us to guard it intact until the danger is past.

Spengler's conclusions cannot be resisted. We *are* decadents and the centre of gravity of world power is definitely shifting from Europe to America. But in our decadence we find our greatest task for humanity. Decadence is practically synonymous with intelligence, and if our intelligence can be refreshed with a due measure of enlightened primitivism we shall acquire the strength to perform our task, and the flame of the spirit will be kept alive in the world.

Thus it appears that the conflict between "intelligence" and "intuition" and many other conflicting tendencies in modern thought can be reconciled in the light of Keyserling's prophetic view of Europe's mission.

RICHARD REES.

CHANGING CHINA

THE KUOMINTANG AND THE FUTURE OF THE CHINESE REVOLUTION. By T. C. Woo. (Allen & Unwin.) 15s.

One must not come to this book expecting to find yet another sketch of the Chinese Revolution as a whole nor, except incidentally, of the doings of the Shanghai Defence Force, the rivalries of War Lords or the

unequal treaties. The absence of that background produces a co
feeling of unreality such as haunts one in, say, a history of the F
Revolution completely analysing the paper constitutions and the prograı
of Girondin and Jacobin, but only hinting at Valmy or the guill

What Mr. Woo has written, and written to some extent from
knowledge, is a clear account of the growth of the Kuomintang as a C
revolutionary party, of the political philosophy of Dr. Sun Yat Sen
gave it a platform, and of successive experiments in party organiz
He records, also, the relations of the party with the Chinese Natio
Government which it often controlled, with the Chinese Communist
with which it for a while co-operated closely, and with the Soviet Go
ment and the Third International.

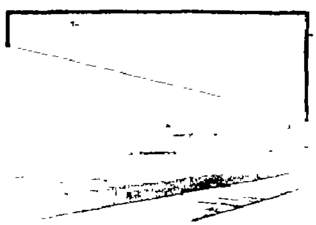
Fifteen months (and such months in the history of China !) have el
since the last event mentioned in the book. This is the more unfort
since the author rather obviously focusses attention on the critical p
with which the book ends, namely, April to August, 1927. Then the
wing of the Kuomintang was at last successful in the expulsion c
Communist collaborators, or, as Mr. Woo would prefer to put it,
revolutionary Kuomintang was smashed during this period by bour
members who had never been in real sympathy with Dr. Sun—sma
with the help of militarists whose adhesion to the revolution was
more nominal. For there can be no mistake about this: Mr. Woo, i
formally a Communist, was of those who regarded full Communis
operation with the Kuomintang as a natural collaboration, and
deeming a drastic social revolution to be the inevitable and desi
concomitant of the political revolution, consequently saw in the even
the summer of 1927 a set back and perversion of the revolution compa
with the Yuan Shikai episode of 1913-16. In particular Mr. Woo reg
the breaking of the united revolutionary front as fatal to the form
of the united Chinese Republic, and it would be of the greatest intere
know what he makes of the successes of the past year. Doubtless
reason for his silence is the fact that during and since the "Commı
Purge" Mr. Woo, finding the climate of Europe more healthy than
of China, has been unable to write with first-hand knowledge. But
general verdict on the campaigns and policies of 1928 might surel
expected in a book entitled *The Future of the Chinese Revolution.*

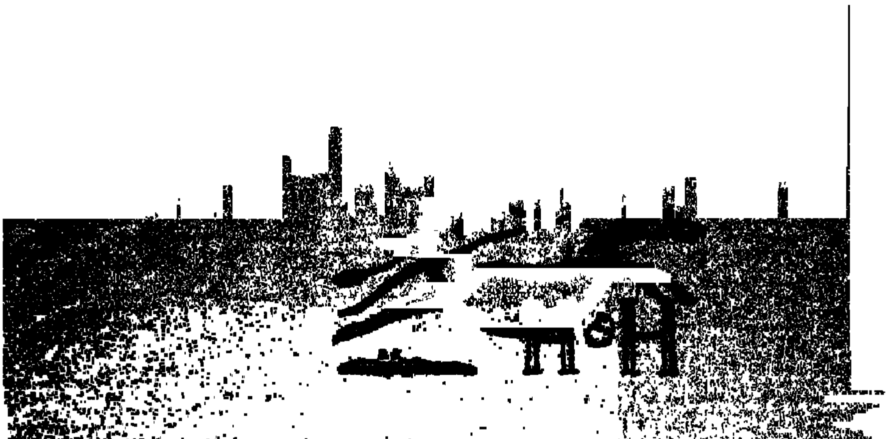
The general reader will perhaps profit most from the chapters w
analyse the writings of Dr. Sun and the inner political machinery o
Kuomintang. It is true that here Mr. Woo's habit of insistent repet
becomes oppressively didactic, and that to the unsympathetic West
the time-honoured Chinese habit of creating philosophies by stringin
defined platitudes into groups of three and five is most provocative.
the content of these apparent truisms is here exposed at length, and
something to be able, at the expense of a couple of hours, to attach de
meanings to such phrases as the Doctrine of the People's Livelihood o
Five Powers of Government. Special attention may be directed to
considerable and well devised machinery for making the Chinese "c
Dispersion" in Java, Singapore, Siam and elsewhere, integral units o
party, accepting its discipline, but contributing grievances, advice, and

L. G. Robinso

P.T.O.







THE HOUND & H[illegible]

A HARVARD MISCELLANY

presents the best of art and letters as practised by graduate and undergraduate members of Harvard University. The issue for December includes:

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FORTY DAYS (a poem) . John Wheelwright

EFFIGY (a poem) . . . . R. P. Blackmur

PAST REASON HATED . Courtenay Hemenway

NOTES ON MOVIES,
EISENSTEIN'S NEW WORK . Jere Abbott

Book Reviews by Stuart Mitchell, Gale Noyes, Sean O'Faolain, R. P. Blackmur, Bernard Bandler, Varian Fry, Edward Pickman, Francis Fergusson.

The December issue of the Hound and Horn will also contain the first reproduction ever made from a drawing by Van Gogh, now in the Fogg Museum.

THE HOUND AND HORN, Cambridge, Mass., [illegible]

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CRITERION

A QUARTERLY REVIEW

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CONTENTS

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"Undertones of War"

THE CASE OF "THE WELL OF LONELINESS"
By The Editor

ANNOUNCEMENT.

OPINION ON CONTRIBUTIONS.

MANY manuscripts are being submitted to the Editor of this Magazine with requests that, in addition to considering them for publication, he should offer an opinion on their merits. It is impossible for the Editor to do this, if only because his time is very fully occupied with other things. But to be of help as far as possible, he is willing to ask a professional reader, in whose judgment he has confidence, to give a frank opinion on the work of contributors who will pay the reader's fee. This is at the rate of half-a-guinea per thousand words; minimum one guinea, maximum three. MSS. submitted for opinion in this way should be accompanied by a crossed remittance made payable to "Adelphi Reader." These MSS., where suitable, will be considered for inclusion in the Magazine. But it must be understood the Editor has no interest in this scheme other than that of putting contributors in touch with his reader, at their request.

Communications for the Editor and MSS. should be accompanied by stamped envelope and addressed to The Editor, THE NEW ADELPHI, 9-11, *Cursitor Street, E.C.4. Advertisement copy and all communications relating to the advertising pages, to Advertisement Manager,* THE NEW ADELPHI, 19-19a, *Cursitor Street, London, E.C.4.*

CONTENTS FOR MARCH—MAY

THE
NEW ADELPHI

VOL. II. No. 3. MARCH—MAY, 1929

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE NEW MILLENNIUM.

One of the great obstacles to a real understanding of the New Testament is our inability to enter into the state of mind of its two chief characters—Jesus and Paul. They both believed that the world was coming to an end in a few months or a few years; there would be a universal convulsion and some incredibly beatific condition would ensue. Such a conviction is now extraordinarily remote from the majority of mankind.

Nevertheless, it endured for a thousand years. Probably most European men believed, or feared, that the world was coming to an end in A.D. 1001; and long after that a slowly decreasing proportion of Western humanity has been liable, in times of stress, to revert to the same strange belief. The curious rumours of an impending cataclysm at Weymouth in the summer of 1928, and the popular Millennism preached by Pastor Russell, show that the belief is still alive.

§

What is not so obvious is that a kindred tendency exists in minds apparently exempt from all tinge of religious superstition. Those who read with attention the utterances of modern physicists may have been faintly surprised by a note of almost millennial exaltation that sometimes creep into their statements. They are excited; and they seem to think that something very wonderful is going to happen. There was such vast enthusiasm over Einstein's generalised Relativity Theory, that it was apparent that quite a number of men of science believed that something very wonderful had happened. In a sense, we suppose, something wonderful had happened; but not at all of the kind to make it less necessary for men to take thought for the morrow.

Modern physicists, but more particularly those who write about them in the newspapers, seem half inclined to think that they are on the verge of discovering the secret of the universe; and the earnest but bewildered public which follows them afar is ready to turn this

inclination into conviction. The condition of mind, the kind of expectation, however shocking it may sound, is not altogether unlike that which appears in the Book of Revelation. Even the Beast has a new number. It is 136.

Professor Eddington has lately calculated that the constant determining charge of the indivisible unit of electricity known as the *electron* should be 136. Experiment gives it as 137. At the end of a paper in *The Times* (January 26) describing his calculation, occurs a paragraph calculated to inflame minds unused to making distinction :—

> Finally, let us look at the formula which is used to represent the repulsion between electrons in the Schrödinger-Dirac theory. I am not responsible for this formula ; it was obtained by others working on the theory which preceded mine. It consists of four terms that look much alike, and it is sufficient to take one of them. At the bottom there is the factor that is in dispute (136 or 137) ; at the top there is a strange symbol. It would be difficult to find any precedent for a large numerical factor like 136 or 137 occurring in what ought to be a simple and fundamental formula ; but if we look at the symbol on top I think we see a clue. The symbol is not a number but an "operator," and it is one of a large class of operators all of the same type. A part of my investigation, which can most easily be checked, is that in which I classify and enumerate the different operators of this type. There are 136 of them. Is there not a connection between the denominator, which is at least nearly equal to 136, and the fact that the numerator is one of a class of 136 symbols ? Whether it turns out to be a true clue or a false clue, it would be negligent not to try to follow it up.

Undoubtedly that is very curious, and ought to be followed up. But suppose it is followed up, and it proves to be true that there are 136 operators (the mysterious elements in fundamental formulæ) and that 136 is the constant determining the charge of the electron—what then ? Are we to meditate on the number 136, as Pythagoras is said to have meditated on the relation between the sides of a right-angled triangle ? Or suppose that the evident goal of all these exciting labours is attained, and that one day, at a meeting of the Royal Society, Professor Eddington or a remote successor writes an equation on the blackboard and says with becoming modesty : "There, gentlemen, is the secret of the universe." What then ? What will he do with it ? What will anybody else do with it ? Will a monastic brotherhood be founded like Plato's Academy, with "Let no one unversed in geometry enter" written over the door, and the equation in letters of gold above the empty altar ? What if the meditations of the elect are disturbed by the shouting of the winner of the four o'clock race ? Is this not probable ? Is it not a parable ?

§

There is always a danger of confusion. No conceivable development of the physical sciences, however exciting, however intrinsically satisfying as an object of contemplation, can possess the slightest validity, or even the slightest application, in the field of man's psychic and moral being. Quite literally, the physical secret of the universe,

it could be discovered—in fact, the notion of such a discovery is
eaningless—would be useless to us; for to the pure intelligence
'hich alone can contemplate the pure mathematical dialectic in which
odern physics culminates, the useful is not a relevant category, and
so far as that mathematical dialectic has practical consequences—
, for example, if it enabled us to liberate and control the energy of
ie atom—those practical consequences would merely enlarge the field
possible problems for man as a moral being. Morality would be
onfronted with new problems, though fortunately not with problems
a new kind. The secret of the universe is a silly phrase; but if it
taken in its common implication as meaning some knowledge of
niversal application by knowing which man will find the fundamental
roblems of life simplified or solved, the secret of the universe is
ecessarily to be sought in morality—and, for most of those who are
kely to occupy themselves with the problem at the present time,
a morality purified of traditional superstition.

THE RETURN OF THE "MAYFLOWER."

An interesting, instructive, and (as we shall see) in one aspect a
athetic controversy has lately been waging in the pages of the
merican *Forum*. The protagonists have been Mr. Irving Babbitt,
ie well-known Harvard Professor, and Mr. T. S. Eliot. Professor
abbitt is known to fame as a ruthless and enlightened critic of
odern ideals and modern morality, particularly in America, which
e believes to be deeply corrupted by a sentimental and diffused
omanticism—a half-conscious but profound belief in the goodness
f "the natural man," in the theological sense. As a corrective to
iis modern sophistication, Mr. Babbitt asserts the necessity of
iscipline and inward control. Men ought to be aware of, and on
ieir guard against, their ineradicable tendency to be antinomian;
iey should learn that humane wisdom has always been based on an
cknowledgment of "an inner check."

This is true enough; but it is perhaps too external, too lacking in a
al understanding of how life is lived to be of more than theoretical
alue. It is all very well to say that Rousseau—to take Mr. Babbitt's
iief *bête noire*—was deficient in the "inner check." He undoubtedly
as; but that does not dispose of him. Rousseau in his own day
nd way was relatively right; he was an extravagant, but positive
action against a wrong and devitalised rationalism. In our own
ay, Mr. D. H. Lawrence is equally deficient in "the inner check";
evertheless, he also is relatively right. There is a manifest rhythm, a
ystole and diastole, in the main movements of the human spirit.
he equable norm which is Mr. Babbitt's ideal has never been realized,
nd if it were realized it would be a lethargy.

Still, though we thus dissociate ourselves from Mr. Babbitt, we are

deeply grateful to him. He has done as much as any single person to stimulate inquiry into important and neglected issues. He is a true moralist: and true moralists are rare. The very word sends a shudder through the modern intellectual.

§

Mr. Eliot has been engaged in criticizing Mr. Babbitt's doctrine of Humanism. Humanism for Mr. Babbitt is really a universal ethic. All great ethical systems have, he believes, insisted on the inner check, sometimes in combination with a dogmatic and revealed religion, sometimes in total independence of any such thing. The religious apparatus is unessential. Humane wisdom in morality has been and can be reached on a rigorously experimental basis. Therefore Humanism, which discovers the principles of morality by self-analysis and the patient scrutiny of history, is the appropriate discipline for to-day. In other words, there is a true science of morality, and the radical defect of this "scientific" age is that it has neglected it. Here are the words in which Mr. Babbitt asserts his determination to be "modern," and rejects, very definitely and unambiguously, all association with outward spiritual authority :—

> To be modern has meant practically to be increasingly positive and critical, to refuse to receive anything on an authority "anterior, exterior or superior" to the individual. With those who still cling to the principle of outer authority I have no quarrel. I am not primarily concerned with them. I am myself a thoroughgoing individualist, writing for those who are, like myself, irrevocably committed to the modern experiment. In fact, so far as I object to the moderns at all, it is because they have not been sufficiently modern, or, what amounts to the same thing, have not been sufficiently experimental.

Against this position of Mr. Babbitt's that the authority of true morality is to be found within the individual, Mr. Eliot directed his criticism in an essay in the *Forum*, which now appears as the final essay in his latest book, *For Lancelot Andrewes* (Faber & Gwyer, 6s. net). This is the most important essay in the book, though by no means the best—most important because it alone deals directly with the issue raised in the brief prefatory note. In that note for the first time, Mr. Eliot declares himself. His general point of view, he says, is "classicist in literature, royalist in politics, and Anglo-Catholic in religion." It is now three years since we pointed out, in an essay in *The Adelphi* (January, 1926), that Catholicism was inevitable for Mr. Eliot. Mr. Eliot wears his rue with a difference which we did not prophesy. We ought to have.

In so far as his position is Catholic, Mr. Eliot has reached it, as we foretold he would reach it and for the causes which we foretold. In so far as it is Anglo-Catholic—that is, in so far as the Catholicism which he has adopted is the Anglican Catholicism of Andrewes, Laud and Hooker—he has reached it for deeper causes to which we will briefly return. But there is nothing Anglo-Catholic in his criticism

of Mr. Babbitt. That is merely Catholic, and half-hearted at that.

§

For the most notable thing about Mr. Eliot's criticism of Mr. Babbitt's position is that it is fundamentally pragmatic. At the end of his essays he says frankly he is not concerned with the question whether Mr. Babbitt's humanistic civilization is *desirable*, but only with the question whether it is *feasible*. And, throughout, the basis of his criticism is the same. Humanism is not practically possible without religion; it is "parasitical" upon religion. "For us, religion is, of course, Christianity; and Christianity implies, I think, the conception of a Church."

It is evident that the real nature of Mr. Eliot's argument is obscure. It reduces to the categorical assertion that Humanism is "auxiliary to and dependent upon" orthodox Christianity. The rest is repetition or red-herring. Mr. Eliot adduces nothing in support of this categorical assertion, and he leaves his reader to find out for himself, if he can, whether he means that in any given individual Humanism necessitates the adoption of Orthodox Christianity, or that in society the relatively permanent prevalence of a humanistic ideal has been dependent upon the profession of Orthodoxy, or whether he means both. In short, does he mean that Orthodoxy is true, or that it is expedient?

To leave the answers to such questions as these obscure, not even to have formulated the questions themselves, is very reprehensible. It gives us an uncomfortable sensation, as though Mr. Eliot were ashamed to say that Orthodoxy is true, and we were ashamed at his being ashamed. To an argument so lacking in precision it is both impossible and unnecessary to reply. Against it, we simply declare a conviction that Christian Orthodoxy is neither true nor expedient, and inexpedient because untrue.

§

Obviously, we have no authority to expound Mr. Babbitt's Humanism. It is possible we do not even understand it. If so, we are in no worse position than Mr. Eliot. But there is some ground for believing that we understand it better than Mr. Eliot. For whereas Mr. Eliot believes that Humanism cannot exist without Orthodoxy, we entirely agree with Mr. Babbitt that they are essentially independent of one another. Further, we maintain, and will briefly show, that Humanism and Orthodoxy are at the present time absolutely irreconcilable.

Humanism, by definition, can never be a permanent thing, for it is man's self-knowledge. This self-knowledge can be permanent only in pattern, never in all its elements. For the self that man knows includes his mind, and his mind advances in knowledge of the world outside it. Humanism is man's unceasing attempt to make his

knowledge of the outward world and his knowledge of the inward world completely congruous with each other. Therefore there can be no dogma in Humanism—for Humanism, a dogma can only be a metaphor. Therefore Humanism and Orthodoxy are implacably opposed.

Humanism and Christian dogma were, however, quite compatible at a given point of past time, namely, the point at which Christian dogma was simply an explication of what was thought to be known truth. Indeed, it is very probable that Orthodoxy was once essential to Humanism in the Western World. Orthodoxy, that is to say, was itself originally a humanistic attempt to make man's knowledge of the outward world completely congruous with his knowledge of the inward world. Orthodoxy is, so to speak, a frozen pattern of Humanism—a beautiful, complete, profoundly instructive pattern—but not one whit more relevant, and perhaps less relevant to our needs to-day than the Humanism of Greece. In a word, because Orthodoxy was once a form of Humanism, it can never be a form of Humanism again.

For Humanism by nature rejects the will-to-believe. If Humanism yields at any future time to Orthodoxy, it will be because the human mind is tired of the effort imposed upon it by rejecting the will-to-believe. The vast majority of men are always tired of this effort, so tired of it that they never make it at all. But Humanism is not concerned with the vast majority of human minds; it never was, and never will be. But when the humanistic mind ceases to reject the will-to-believe, it ceases immediately to be a humanistic mind. Mr. Eliot's mind has now ceased to be humanistic. We are sorry, but we are not surprised. We are sorry because he has become lonelier than ever; he is now alienated even from the minds he most admired. They were humanistic in their own idiom. He has chosen to speak their language, and to believe their beliefs; and, in consequence, he is more remote from them than he ever was.

We do not believe that the time will ever come when a spiritual élite—"the happy few," for whom the hand of joy "is ever at his lips, bidding Adieu"—will cease to reject the will-to-believe. There will always be some of these. For them, at least, Orthodoxy will never be even expedient. The more they learn to admire, and understand it, the more completely armed against it will they be. Mr. Eliot is among them no longer, and he will suffer for it, more deeply than he has ever suffered before. He is not one of those enviable souls who can take Orthodoxy with a frolic welcome. To regain a tradition, he has condemned himself to incessant mental suicide. It is the supreme, and in its way not inglorious, self-torture of New England. Its latest son rejoins that very Church from which his fathers fled. Three centuries are abolished. The *Mayflower* comes home again!

THE CASE OF "THE WELL OF LONELINESS."*

THE BOOK AS ART.—Miss Radclyffe Hall's book, *The Well of Loneliness*, has been condemned to be burnt as "obscene" by Sir Chartres Biron, the Bow Street magistrate. Thereby issues of great importance and difficulty have been raised which cannot be settled by a police-court decision. We will try to deal with them faithfully.

The question is complex; and to prevent the accidental issues clogging the essential, we will first give our opinion of the book itself. As a work of literary art it does not seem to us of outstanding importance; it is a worthy book, conscientiously "well-written" by a well-educated woman, but few of its pages have the veritable breath of life. It is curiously like the work of Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson; and like the books of that author, it impresses us with an indubitable sincerity which rises at moments to a passionate earnestness. But sincerity and passion and good taste will not make a good book. The one thing needful is the gift of the word—of the seeing eye.

Considered as art, *The Well of Loneliness* is a less important book than Mr. D. H. Lawrence's *The Rainbow*, which was suppressed by similar police-court action in 1915. Mr. Lawrence was at that time in no position to instruct solicitors to defend him. His publishers timidly declared that they had no knowledge of the contents of *The Rainbow* (a statement which, if it were true, only proved what unworthy publishers they were), and an important work of literature was completely suppressed without a word of protest. To-day *The Rainbow* is unprocurable in this country.

That was during the war; and it is unfair to draw comparisons. But it is fortunate that the author and publisher of *The Well of Loneliness* determined to fight the case.

ITS SOCIAL SIGNIFICANCE.—Considered as art, as we have said, *The Well of Loneliness* is not an important book. But, considered as a social act, it has importance. It is, in reality, an impassioned plea for a change in our attitude towards homosexuality. The standpoint of the author is simple. Homosexuality (she believes) is a fact of nature, of the same essential order as colour-blindness: that is to say, the individual who is afflicted by marked homosexual tendencies, is not personally responsible for his condition and his inclinations. It is, therefore, in Miss Radclyffe Hall's view, a monstrous and manifest injustice that the homosexual should be persecuted by society and the law. Her book attempts to depict the miseries which homosexual women have to endure in a society which, in spite of the better know-

*These notes would have appeared in our last issue had they not been considered to be in contempt of court. A few days later the appeal against the Bow Street decision was rejected at the London Sessions. No further appeal possible.

ledge of its doctors, persists in regarding homosexual practices as crimes for which the offenders are morally responsible.

HOMOSEXUAL AND HETERO-SEXUAL.—Now, it is important to be clear on this matter of the moral responsibility of the homosexual. As Miss Radclyffe Hall presents the question in her book, it is *not* clear. The heroine, Stephen Gordon, is represented as a woman for whom the hetero-sexual relation with a man is psychologically impossible. The crucial episode in the book is one in which Stephen's younger lover, Mary, falls in love with a man; and Stephen, in order to set Mary free of her own fascination pretends "infidelity" with another woman. Obviously, Mary at any rate can change from homosexual to hetero-sexual. We are given to understand that such a change would be impossible for Stephen. Probably that picture of the condition of things is accurate *so far as it goes.* Among homosexuals there are degrees (and even *kinds*) of homosexuality. There are some to whom the hetero-sexual relation is impossible; there are some to whom a homosexual and a hetero-sexual relation are equally possible. And there are other kinds. There are, for instance, homosexuals to whom a hetero-sexual relation is impossible, and to whom also a physical homosexual relation is abhorrent. The question is, in fact, not so simple as Miss Radclyffe Hall presents it.

And this is of some importance to the main issue as it concerns her book. For the law does not condemn, nor does society ostracize, an intimate relation between man and man, and woman and woman. The law does not condemn, nor does society ostracise, such a relation even when it expresses itself in caresses of affection. What the law does condemn, and society ostracizes, is the physical consummation of such a relation: that is regarded by the law and society as "unnatural vice."

THE MORAL RESPONSIBILITY OF THE HOMOSEXUAL.—Now if Miss Radclyffe Hall's book is to be cogent as propaganda, it must rest on the proven fact that individual homosexuals are not responsible when they obey an overwhelming appetite for homosexual physical consummation. The stigma that attaches to these practices is as old as the Mosaic law, whence our legal system has inherited the prohibition. And it is plainly in the interests of any hetero-sexual society that such practices should be *tabu.* The prostitutes who yelled derision at Oscar Wilde after his trial represented the tribal *instincts* of a hetero-sexual community. It is to be expected that the laws of such a community should regard as "obscene" (by derivation: that which should be hidden and covered) any attempt to represent such practices as not reprehensible.

But the moment may come—perhaps it has come—when it is recognized that the persons who indulge in these practices are not morally responsible for their doings. Is this in fact the case? It seems unlikely. It is certainly proven that homosexual *inclinations* are, if not congenital,

implanted ineradicably in earliest childhood. But can any society afford to allow the doctrine to pass current that all ineradicable inclinations may be freely satisfied? Obviously not. The question remains: Can the particular *tabu* on the physical consummation of a homosexual affection be safely lifted? They are Nature's victims, it is true: but then we are all in some respect or other victims of Nature. The penniless man is Nature's victim; but we do not allow him to take what he wants from Dives. They do no harm, save to themselves, it is argued. But then it seems that they can do harm, to those who, like Mary in Miss Radclyffe Hall's story, hover between the capacities for a hetero-sexual and a homosexual relation. It is in the plain interests of society that the hetero-sexual relation should be encouraged and the homosexual relation discouraged.

HOMOSEXUALITY AND CONTRACONCEPTION.—But the question does not end here. The modern practice of contraconception in the hetero-sexual relation has radically altered the whole basis of such an argument. A hetero-sexual physical relation which deliberately prevents procreation is, sociologically (and perhaps morally also), on very much the same plane as a homosexual physical relation. If the former is becoming increasingly tolerable to our moral conscience, then it seems the same toleration ought to be at least covertly extended to the latter. The mere fact that to the average hetero-sexual there is something instinctively abhorrent in the homosexual relation ought not to count. It is a relic of a *tabu* which, when it conflicts with the selfish interests of the hetero-sexual majority, is (as in contraconception) completely disregarded.

Our conclusion on the matter is that, in the present condition of society, it is at least irrational to condemn such a book as Miss Radclyffe Hall's on account of its alleged "obscenity." Legally, in the sense of the statute of 1857, the book is "obscene"; it does tend to condone, to represent as natural and inevitable, the complete physical satisfaction of a homosexual inclination. It certainly does not *glorify* what magistrates and catchpenny journalists, prejudging the issue, call "unnatural vice"; but it does represent it—for this is the whole purpose of the book —as an act for which the individual is not responsible. And this, we suppose, in the sense of the interpretation since put by legal authority on the statute of 1857, is "calculated to deprave the minds of those open to immoral influences and into whose hands the book is likely to fall." But, by a precisely similar argument, any book which advocates birth-control is equally "obscene" and should be equally liable to prosecution and burning. The statute, as it stands, is useless and obsolete, unless it is interpreted with courage and good sense.

CATHOLIC CLARITY AND PROTESTANT OBSCURITY.—The Roman Catholic Church sees plainly that the two cases are analagous. The new censorship law in Ireland, for which the Roman Catholics are

responsible, definitely prohibits any advocacy or even discussion of birth-control as manifestly "obscene." The principle is clear: any interference with the normal hetero-sexual relation is forbidden. Either complete abstinence, or complete obedience to the law of Nature, and of God. But in England we have long since abandoned this clarity. The individual may do what he likes providing he commits no crime. Homosexual indulgence is a crime, contraconception is not. The distinction is largely arbitrary; and because it is arbitrary the deep sense of injustice to which Miss Radclyffe Hall gives passionate and even hysterical utterance is justified. Fundamentally, therefore, *The Well of Loneliness* is a moral book. It is addressed to the mind and the heart not to the lusts of men and women. It is a plea not for homosexuality, but for charity towards homosexuals. There is a difference, and the difference ought to have been recognized.

THE TRUE SOLUTION.—No doubt it is difficult, if not impossible, to establish such a distinction in a court of law. Precisely because of this difficulty, the case of *The Well of Loneliness* ought never to have been allowed to get there. For if a censorship of literature is to be tolerable in the world to-day, it must recognize such distinctions as these. Nor, had elementary good sense been exhibited on this occasion, would anyone in authority have been called upon to exercise a subtle and unwonted discrimination. All that was needed was common sense and courage in the Home Secretary. He had only to reply to the sensational denunciation of the book in *The Sunday Express*: "I note that Mr. James Douglas finds the book disgusting; but the literary critics of *The Times*, *The Morning Post*, and many other journals of more esteem in criticism than *The Sunday Express* think otherwise. Where opinions are thus divided on what is essentially a matter of opinion, I do not think it would be expedient to take legal action." No doubt there would have been more sensational articles: no doubt the Home Secretary would have been represented as condoning homosexuality. But courage and good sense would have quickly prevailed against factitious morality.

Courage and good sense: virtues not capable of being reduced to a principle, real nevertheless and more than ever necessary in our modern democracy. For now the traditional sexual morality of orthodox Christianity has been discarded. The old *tabus* against divorce and contraconception have disappeared; and once they have gone the *tabu* against homosexuality becomes irrational. That does not mean that it ought to be lifted; but it does mean that an acute discrimination should be used by modern authority, which is utterly devoid of religious sanction, in enforcing prohibitions which have a religious origin. Modern authority should be sufficiently aware of its own complete secularity to take any opportunity of avoiding the assumption of spiritual power.

THE EDITOR.

FROST IN APRIL

By Malachi Whitaker

THE farm of Harry Inn Corner stood high and alone on a moorland shoulder. It faced west. On its south side rose an untidy stone shed, called the mistal, in which twenty cows were housed, and behind it was a grey-green, neglected garden, where coarse grass grew in uneven clumps. Just in front of the house, a stony road ran, twisting to the right within sighting distance, continuing downhill until it found a sanctuary of trees, and there, apparently, vanishing. To the left, it ran an unseen distance of three miles, up and down the inhospitable shoulder, hedged with windblown thorns and black, forgotten brambles, past only Joyts and Pennypot—farms a field's length from the lane—until it joined the main road for Farchester at Starting Post.

The wife of the farmer was a little woman, with a red, tight-drawn skin, and great brown terrified eyes. She started in a painful way at any sound from the outside world, yet she always spoke loudly, repeating what she said two, and sometimes three times, "You gi' me a fright, I say, you gi' me a fright." The jerky ticking of the octagonal wall clock was the only noise she seemed really to understand, and to draw comfort from. She would stare at the clock when in any predicament, all the time softly stroking the sheepskin rug which was tied on the back of a wooden chair. She seemed to be subject to some fear which never left her, and which solitude increased slowly but inevitably.

She had six great, broad sons, inarticulate like the animals they tended, and after them, a daughter. Tildy, short for Matilda, had been a pretty baby, with a crown of tangled bronze curls, very hard to tend. She had small, oblique blue eyes, and a voice as clear as a thrush's. But she had very little to say, keeping her voice only to sing with. She inherited the tight-drawn, red skin of her mother, rough to the touch and scaly; yet she had some hidden charm that drew a second glance. Occasionally, the moorland wind hurt her eyes, making them red and sore, and she would look away when speaking to anybody.

Tom Morris, the father, appeared to be the only normal member of the family. He was a neat man, with straw-coloured hair and moustache, a very pleasing tenor voice, and a fondness for breeding canaries. He sang in the chapel choir, and had a religious bias. Yet, seeing him in the farm kitchen, humming to himself as he wiped his hands on the soiled towel near the sink where the pump was, you might have found in him an answer to a strange riddle. He loved his canaries, and his singing practice, and made a great show of working hard at the farm ;

but if there was any labour that could be put on to another's shoulders, he would contrive to do it in a way that was not, at first glance, discernible.

The six sons, uncouth lads, grew up into strong, heavy men. As soon as they were of an age, they married and left home, with just enough knowledge and ambition to be labouring hinds for other men. They seemed eager to leave the farm in which they were born and reared, and never returned even so much as for a visit at Christmas, or Easter, or other festival. If they had cared for their baby sister, they never showed it, but sometimes the little girl and her mother would set off and call on the nearest ones, and play with their sturdy children, and turn back home as darkness fell.

The youngest son had done well for himself. He had married an idiot girl whose grandmother had died and left her five hundred pounds and a house of furniture. His brothers envied him, because he need only work for two or three days a week. But the idiot girl proved prolific, and with a steadily increasing flock of children, he found that in spite of his wife's wealth, he would have to look for regular work. Everybody in the district was well supplied, so with a sinking heart he returned to work for his father. Marriage and money had a little armed him, and while his father offered him the barest pittance for wage, he on his part stipulated that he should not arrive at the farm before six o'clock, until after the morning milking was over, and the milk in the cans all ready to take to the station. He did not often work near the house.

With the sons men and away, and the girl now seventeen, life should have been easier for Mrs. Morris; but it never was. The house was a large one. There was an unused parlour, stuffy with inherited lumber, and earth-smelling from the green plants which entirely filled the small window space. There was a large living kitchen, the floor of which constantly echoed to the clatter of iron-rimmed footwear. There were stone-floored sculleries, pantries and passages, all to scrub interminably, besides the upstairs rooms, and the noisy, voracious, dirt-making birds in the attic. The house was always spotless, the result of unceasing labour. The farm mistress's little leisure was spent in mending torn clothing, seated in a chair beneath the great paraffin lamp which hung from the centre of the dark ceiling.

Again, the poultry were spread far and wide, and the two women had it all to tend. The poultry houses were in sheltered corners of the various fields, and it was a long way from one to another. Some of the hens were kept near to the house,and were continually squawking and flying heavily from under impatient feet into the bare branches of the few meagre trees, then back to the ground. The cows were shut up from October to May, and their gentle lowing, deep and true as an organ note, instead of breaking the silence, seemed to make it more profound.

Work at the farm began early and ended late. Winter was a cruel time. Sometimes, as Tildy carried the forty great pails of water from the well in the road to the shippen, two for each cow, the child would pause, and pressing her numbed hands into her armpist, would look around her at the frozen hill-tops, and unknown desires would burst into bloom in her thin bosom, only to die as she heard her father's voice asking how much longer she was going to stand there " gapin' at nowt." The farmer far preferred sitting milking, with his head against the warm flanks of Bess or Beauty, to carrying the water in.

The dapper little farmer was proud of his daughter's capacity for work, and also of her sweet, clear voice. As soon as she was old enough, she went with him into the chapel choir, and even two or three nights a week to practise singing. The long walk to Starting Post and back home, they reckoned as nothing—indeed, they never thought of it, or dreamed of putting off a practice, no matter how bad the weather. This was innocent joy. Meantime, the mother would sit listening to the tock, tick-tock of the wall clock, her eyes wide with fear, her ears alert for alien sound. But her life was set, planned for her by her husband, and she dared not deviate from his ways. He was a miser.

At seventeen, Tildy's rebel curls had fallen into an orderly beauty. Her eyes were much stronger, and she could now, if she wished, stare back into other eyes, but the force of habit was too strong in her, and usually she looked away when addressing anybody, and appeared to be thinking of other things. Her mouth had a droop to it; she suffered much from backache, yet she did not complain, except very rarely to her mother. When she felt worse than usual, her mother would go out into the howling wind, rain, or bitter frost of the winter's dawn, and carry the heavy pails of water to the patient cattle, while her father sat snug and warm behind a cow and sang, " Come unto Me, all ye that labour " in a voice sweet enough to draw tears from the eyes of the devil himself.

It would have been easy for him to have had water laid on from the well to the byre, he was always going to do it, but he could not bear to spend the money. He grudged the coal on the fire, the butter on the bread. He grudged his son the few shillings he paid him, and never gave his daughter a penny. Yet he was a very pleasant man to talk to. When his friends came to look at his canaries, they envied his home, his birds, his cattle, his poultry. They knew he was close, yet they envied him even for that, saying he would have a tidy bit laid by. Before their eyes, Tildy mixed food for the poultry, or cleaned the byre, or swilled out the yard, clad in a thick grey frock, with a little fringed shawl tied over her hair; singing, though her hands were red and swollen.

In the summer of her nineteenth year, after the haymaking was over and done with, she met Irving Barr, and they fell in love; not so much in love as in ecstasy. He was tall, over a foot higher than she was, with a clear, tanned skin under which the blood flowed easily. He

too, had blue eyes, but they were large and full, and his lips and nostrils were clear-cut as a statue's. His hands were smooth, strong and small; they did not look like a farmer's hands. He had come with his newly widowed mother from over the hills by Adderthwaite, to an easier farm near Starting Post, known as Jonah's Eye. They were having everything up-to-date at Jonah's Eye, even a bathroom, unknown luxury. He was twenty, and unaware of his own good looks, and the effect they had on the village girls.

First, he heard Tildy's voice in the choir. She was singing a solo. From under an unfashionable hat her curls cascaded. She was looking into a dusty corner of the chapel as though she saw an angel there, and her clear voice broke through her lips like a singing spring. Not a muscle of the young man's face moved, yet at that moment, he had determined that only this girl should be his wife. As she finished singing, she brought her glance to his, and for some seconds their looks embraced in a shaft of summer sunlight.

He tried hard to become acquainted with her, but by some means her father always managed to put him off. Mr. Morris would talk affably with him, and contrive to send Tildy home before he had chance to say one word to her. He was baffled by the unseen barrier. There was no reason for it. Here was a man with a daughter, here was a young man who wanted in a right and proper way to come courting that daughter. Yet Mr. Morris smiled and chatted, even invited him to see the canaries, but always saw to it that Tildy had no opportunity of talking to him. It was simple enough to other people. Tom Morris did not want to part with his hard-working daughter.

One night, as she was going to bed in her little room over the front passage, the girl heard a low, sweet whistle. She flushed, and, pulling on her dress, leaned out of the window. To the still figure beneath her in the garden, she whispered "Hush! Oh, please, please be quiet, father'll hear you!"

For answer, the young man looked up at her earnestly, and saying "Good-night" in low tones, he turned from her, strode through the neglected garden, vaulted the wall, and was gone. She watched him as long as she could see him in the dusk, and as she climbed into her bed, she hid her smiling face in her hands and hoped she would dream about him.

Sometimes he came to wish her good-night, and sometimes he did not. She would stand in her room, not daring to undress until there was no further likelihood of his coming. They grew to exchanging a word or two, then they talked; the fear of being found out adding a delicious zest to their conversations. One night, he persuaded her to climb out of the window, and they spent a fearful yet happy half-hour walking up and down the field.

"Why can't I come for you in the evenings, and take you out?" he asked. "There's no reason why you shouldn't come."

"Perhaps if you asked father, he'd let me," she suggested.

The following Sunday, the young man asked the older one if he cou come courting Tildy.

"I'm afraid my girl's too young," he answered, with a deprecatir smile. "She's only seventeen."

"Nineteen," corrected the young man, unguardedly.

"Seventeen," answered the father coldly, giving him a deadly smil "Somebody must have been informing you wrong." And he wou not say any more.

"It's no use, Tildy," Irving said, as they walked the lane late th night. "He thinks you're too young."

"Don't vex him," she said imploringly; and turned back to go hom

Winter put an end to many of their meetings, but their love gre steadily. The young man went to chapel each Sunday, and there th were able to steal glances at one another, all through the long servic Always on Sunday nights, unless snow was on the ground, and h footmarks could be seen, he came to kiss her cold, frightened lips, an to wish her good-night. At times he grew wildly angry because her father; he wanted to climb up into her little room.

"Oh no!" she cried, because she was terrified—not afraid of him, bu afraid that he should see the ill-furnished little place, with its woode chest in place of dressing-table, and tin box in place of chair—"Y mustn't say you'll come in, or I'll never open the window to you again!

"Well, let me kiss the pillow, where you put your head," he said, an he would not be content until she brought her pillow for him to ki

One evening in spring, the girl asked her mother if she could go ou The father was away, and they did not expect him back until lat Her mother stared at her, and all at once put a trembling hand on h arm. She said, "Go out, Tildy, I say go out, Tildy, before he come But get back before he comes back, or else—" She did not say else what, but Tildy knew.

She met Irving as they had arranged. They walked over the f hill and up on to the moors, where last year's heather crackled beneat their feet. They talked and kissed as they walked, and could not be to turn their footsteps homeward; but at last they had to do so.

"I shall come back again to kiss you good-night, and to see th everything's all right," he said, as they parted not too near the hous

When she entered the kitchen, pretty and flushed and warm, h father was waiting for her. He had his hat on, and there was a stic laid across his knees. In the opposite doorway, her mother was standir holding her left hand up to her cheek. The girl hung back, her fa paling.

"Come here, Tildy," said her father, softly smiling; and still smilin he pinioned her hands behind her back and beat her until she screame Half his blows fell on the girl, and half on her mother.

When the girl went up to her room, she opened the window wid

Then she lay down on her bed, wiping away her tears with a rough cotton handkerchief. She did not get up when she heard a low whistle, nor was she afraid when her lover came and gently kissed her wet eyelids.

Haytime came round again. The lovers, each busy throughout the day, thought constantly of one another. He bought her a little ring with a blue stone in it, and she wore it all night long. He bought her, too, a wedding ring, but she could think of no safe place to hide it, and wore it tied round her middle with a piece of string. "You'll soon be wearing it," he told her confidently, "As soon as you're twenty-one —and perhaps before that—we're going to be married. I don't care how soon."

"And neither do I!" she answered joyfully, "I don't care, whatever happens."

There was just one thing they had forgotten. In late summer, he caught a chill. A night passed, and he did not come; then two nights, three, four, five; and on the sixth, she heard from her father that he was dead.

Tom Morris had come in and sat down at the table. He had seemed full of inward pleasure about something. He began to eat, and to talk to the womenfolk. "Yes," he said, "Young Barr's dead. His mother's telling everybody that he's been out night after night wi' some lass or other, and caught his death of pneumonia."

Tildy watched the movement of her father's jaw as he chewed his food and told the tale of her lover's death, with malice, with amusement. How much did he know as he told it? She rose abruptly from the table, and went upstairs into her room. She stood near the window, looking out into the pale blue sky. There was a pink reflection from the sunset. She did not see it. She had not yet realized the full meaning of her father's words, only that something dreadful, unspeakable, had happened to her.

She heard the sound of footsteps, and turned blindly to hold the door. She was too late; her mother had crept into the room. She put her hand on her daughter's hair, and whispered, "Don't take on, Tildy. I say, don't take on."

The girl did not move. She said, with difficulty, "Does father say he's dead?"

Her mother did not answer; only stroked the girl's hair.

"Is it true? Have *you* heard?" she asked sharply, watching her mother's eyes.

The older woman nodded. "I've known sin' dinnertime," she said.

The girl shook off her mother's hand.

A week later, Tom Morris again went away. He had whistled and sung all the week long, and did not appear to have a care in the world. As soon as he was gone, the girl put on a long black coat of her mother's. It had great pouched sleeves, and much material in it, and would have

looked a caricature of a coat on anybody less scared and sad. Then she put on a black hat of her own.

"I'm going, mother," she said.

Her mother was manifestly afraid. "I s'll be that uneasy until you come back," she said. "Promise me, Tildy, you won't do anything rash. I wish I could come with you."

"Oh mother, do come! Lock up and come. I daren't go without you. Put on your black shawl. We'll hurry back as soon as we've seen it. If you're not with me, I don't know what'll happen."

She had gathered a few late wildflowers, and, holding these tenderly in her hand, the girl went with her mother to the graveyard, and saw her lover's grave. Her mother looked about to see that nobody was near as she hid her few blossoms close to the earth, beneath the conventional hothouse wreaths, which were already withering. The pale yellow October sun, about to vanish behind a cloud, threw its last beams on the two women, who hurried through their sad task as if they were thieves at work. Then they stood up, and with their faces hidden, turned towards home.

As they entered the yard, nothing was changed. The hens still flew heavily and protestingly into the branches at their approach; then out again. A cow lowed; then another, and another; and again the silence was deeper.

Tildy changed into her grey dress, tied the little fringed shawl over her head, and made the first of her trips from the well to the byre. As she carried the heavy buckets, she slowly lifted her gaze from the stony path beneath her feet until it rested among the stars.

She had not before realized that one could see so far.

SPENGLER

By George Santayana

IT is one of the foibles of romanticism to insist on rewriting history and perpetually publishing new views without new matter. Can we know more about the past than its memorials transmit to us? Evidently we cannot *know* more; in point of truth concerning human history, any tradition is better than any reconstruction. A tradition may be a ruin, broken unrecognizably, or shabbily built over in a jungle of accretions, yet it always retains some nucleus of antiquity; whereas a reconstruction, say a new Life of Jesus, is something fundamentally arbitrary, created by personal fancy, and modern from top to bottom. Such a substitution is no mere mistake; it is a voluntary delusion which romantic egotism positively craves: to rebuild the truth nearer to the heart's desire. Romantic philosophy may still employ the word truth, which has a thrilling sound, like the horn of Hernani; but in retaining the name it disowns the thing, with which it is temperamentally out of humour. The real truth is eternal: you may turn away from it, or you may turn towards it, but you cannot construct it or reconstruct it. Therefore romanticism, when radical, denies the reality of truth, and transfers its name to something else: to the utility, prevalence, vivacity, or internal coherence of ideas, however subjective or pathological. Now such ideas, though probably false, may be stimulating and poetical; and one of the virtues of romanticism is precisely the love of images, of detail, of ironical contrasts, of profusion of reports, of indefinite suggestion; and all this, besides mere glitter, has its value even for the lover of truth. It keeps the mind, as it were, out of doors, facing the exuberance and boundlessness of Nature. Though moodiness and arrogance may be the source of romanticism, its ultimate effect is to reduce the human will and all its wilful imagery to a natural accident: and Nature, for a mind that has passed through romanticism, is no longer the marble cage of a classical economy. She is infinite. The instinct to transcend human egotism and human morality is rational no less than mystical; it is abundantly fed by sober science and reflection; but romantic feeling may render this alien infinity picturesque and humorous in our eyes, and to that extent friendly to a free spirit, rather than crushing.

All these lights and shadows of romanticism seem to reappear in the work of Spengler, the latest and most ponderous of its German prophets. His two thick volumes* are swollen with a bewildering

*O. Spengler. *The Decline of the West.* (Allen & Unwin.) Two vols. 21s. each.

variety of alleged facts, insubstantial enough in themselves; for we know nowadays better than a hundred years ago, at the dawn of romantic philosophy and history, how fast the most authoritative academic views change on every subject, how often they contradict one another, and on what slender evidence they are apt to rest. Even if Spengler were a leading professor in each of the branches of learning which he deflowers so sweepingly, we might suspect that there was more fancy than fact in his science. For what is his thesis? That there is a certain order of phases which recur and must recur in the rise and fall of every great society. Spengler does not follow, like Hegel, a thread of true history, interpreting it dialectically and giving it out as alone central or significant: he surveys instead the whole panorama, and creates a sort of botany of events; and this in two stages, one obvious and Linnæan, another more Pythagorean and occult. On the surface, he picks out the brighter flowers from the weedy garden of history, counts their petals, notes their colours, and considers their manner of growth and of going to seed. We are pelted with multitudinous assertions which, poor wights, we have no means of testing; and we are filled, in any case, with that emotion of *Reichtum* and *Fülle* so dear to the German heart. But, attempting to go deeper, Spengler offers us an occult botany as well; for where the form, colour, and growth of his flowers are by no means identical, as in Egypt compared with China, or in the Greek world compared with the modern, he nevertheless persuades himself that they exactly correspond, and are *really* forms of the same species. Here is a revival, in respect to history, of that theory of fixed species and eternal *genres* which once found favour in biology and in the arts. As a tragedy, in whatever age or language composed, was required to have five acts and three unities, at the risk of not being a tragedy according to Aristotle, so now every civilization is required to pass through a classical, a magian, a Faust-like, and an imperial phase, at the risk of not being a civilization according to Spengler. Naturally, these necessary phases appear in so many disguises that it is hard to say what, precisely, they may be; but if we compare Spengler with Hegel and with Houston Stewart Chamberlain, who seem to be his next-of-kin, we may observe that his philosophy of history is more impartial. Spengler has more respect for the exotic, and more knowledge of it; he is not content to describe the principal ingredients of a single tradition, Hebraic, Hellenic, Germanic, as if nothing else counted in his snug universe, made to declare the glory of one chosen people or of one chosen idea; he sees in his own times neither the culmination of the world nor its collapse, but a phase in its mutation, such as has often occurred before and may often occur again. Germany and the present age are thus put where they belong in the midst of a flux of events in which they have no pre-eminence. The dogma of progress disappears and, for that very reason, instances of actual and finite progress in specific

directions can be honestly traced, when we have taken for the moment the point of view of some living interest. The botanist recognizes his struggling flowers, however widely dispersed and curiously modified; the logician, taking a bird's-eye view of history, thinks he can discern the same patterns endlessly repeated in every part.

Thus the superstition of historical idealism is abandoned, but the illusion of it is retained; and the consequent advantage is not unmixed. The views of Hegel and Chamberlain represent a last revision of Hebraic prophecy: they express the vitality, the faith, the arrogance of a stubborn people struggling against infinite odds: if intellectually preposterous, they are morally powerful or even sublime. In them romanticism at least bravely takes its life in its hands, and rushes to a passionate suicide. In Spengler all this narrow zeal and party-spirit are absent; the idealism which in the others was a war-cry, in him is only a hobby; and we may ask ourselves why, having reformed his national philosophy so far, he could not reform it altogether. I am perhaps no philosopher myself; but I can hardly understand what pleasure anyone can find in wanton extravagance. If various plants or institutions can be traced back materially to a common source, this fact is interesting; and if affinities appear between various forms, even when different in origin, this circumstance is interesting too; but in both cases the divergencies are no less real than the similarities, and all the profit of tracing either the one or the other lies in clarifying and elaborating the picture of each particular thing in its own ideal individuality. A cultivated mind clings as to its natural friends to the salient moments of history, when men were noble and arts perfect; but these moments are rare and traversed inwardly by the most disquieting infections and rumblings of decay. On the other hand, minor beauties, incipient arts, and joyful accidents are scattered broadcast even in the darkest ages and in the most savage lives; the desert has its palms and the moor its heather; the bleakest down breaks here and there into a copse, or slopes into a dale, a rivulet, or a meadow. Why deprive these odd nooks and high stony places of their beautiful singularity? Why say that there are only nine kinds of possible nooks, or only one form of true mountain? The metaphysical pretensions of Spengler's idealism, in seeking to impose a pet pattern on the flux of existence, not only do violence to the incorrigible variety of Nature, but in the effort to conceal their falseness they compromise the purity of the intuitions which they express abusively. Such pretensions may make a system; they may even make a reputation; but are they worthy of a philosophic mind?

The whole force of Spengler's perceptions—and they have sometimes a remarkable force—seems to me to lie in another quarter. It is subjective, moral, lyrical. Like the epic and tragic poets of Greece, we may transport our own passions into the irrevocable past, and give them a nobler expression in that distant setting. We may vivify

a slender tradition with a fresh wonder and a new moral; the vivid fiction will have an interest for us quite apart from its historical truth, because poetry, as Aristotle says, is truer than history; that is, it is nearer to the roots of action and estimation in ourselves. Now Spengler's political botany, the tragic pattern which he discovers repeated everywhere, is a help to intuition: it dramatizes the past for our imaginative pleasure. Analogies are the wings of memory; they are seven-league boots by which we may traverse formidable distances, and sweep aside irrelevant details or contrary facts which would only oppress the mind if it could retain them. Intuition, far from penetrating by a miraculous feminine gift to the truth of things distant, falsifies even things present: it substitutes a luminous essence for their obscure diffusion; and dramatic intuition in particular synthesizes elements never themselves co-existent. A man's view of history is necessarily personal: it exhibits his politics, and his politics, if genuine, exhibit his heart. As Plato's *Republic* was avowedly a means of writing large the economy of the civilized Greek soul, so any intuitive philosophy of history will be a means of writing large the sympathies and capacities of the philosopher's mind. In Spengler's case, for instance, we can easily see that his private studies and his nationality are responsible for the part assigned to mathematics in his Only Possible Idea of Culture, as well as for the appearance there of a special Faust-like or musical phase. These personal notes would offend, if we could seriously regard such a philosophy as a study of forces actually governing events; but the same peculiarities become innocent and even amiable, when we take them for private vistas, tragic insights of a mind deeply engaged in the very flux which it thus attempts to dominate poetically; that is, always with a profound reference to its own loves and its own fate. The romantic poet crying in the wilderness of history is then like a Homeric hero telling us how manfully he vanquished the god Scamander when caught and almost carried away in that rushing stream.

May we not drop the superstitions or illusions of romanticism and yet catch occasional noble themes recurring in the confused orchestration of Nature? May not history, unfalsified, justify epic intuitions of retrospect and prophecy? Undoubtedly: Homer himself is a witness to it, and every other poet and philosopher who has surveyed the world without arrogance and without fear. Even others, like Plato and Dante, who were officially pledged to a moralistic view of the world, have often known how to re-translate the fable, and keep and value it in their hearts only for its spiritual meaning. When a man with any depth of soul proclaims a hierarchy of values or sees in events anywhere a supreme culmination and glory, it is evidently no pattern in history or purpose in some god that can compel him to exalt those particular features; he might actually witness their realization, and they might leave him cold, or utterly alienated. That which clothes

events with interest, and even endows each of them with its specious unity, is the apprehension of them by the spirit, when they respond to the temper or capacity or secret hopes of some soul; and that imagined event will always seem supreme to a man which is the image of his highest natural good. In this beginning of self-revelation and self-fulfilment lies the true meaning and the whole value of his ranging intuitions.

After reading Spengler, I have observed an instance of this in my own person. Being in Rome, and occasionally entering the Pantheon, I find myself telepathically thanking Spengler for a new insight. Now whenever I stand there I say to myself: This grandeur in unity, this splendour in emptiness, this harmony in silence, this vastness in seclusion—all this is *magian*. This is the first mosque. Dates and derivations may be what you will; you may refer this structure to Etruria and this decoration to Greece; in their marriage here those elements have generated a different, an incomparable beauty. You do not come here, as you might go to a temple or to a church, with busy petitions and anxieties, trying to keep your votive doves quiet in their basket, or troubled in your conscience by that other sweet sin of yours of which you cannot repent. You come here to divest yourself of yourself, as you might leave your sandals at the door. You come to submit and to be disabused, saluting silently a perfection and an immensity which annihilate your life, and yet somehow overwhelmingly renew your secret happiness. How beautiful seems this wholeness, how impertinent those catastrophes rumbling in the distance, which more deeply emphasize this peace! I need only go out into what is ironically called the open to find myself in the midst of congestion, in a frantic world where, to no purpose, all is blowing, whizzing, tooting, scampering, and jostling; yet even in the stress of that lively reality, some humorous consciousness may survive of the quietness beyond. If I have loved things Greek or Gothic or Baroque—and I by no means intend to renounce those loves—was it perhaps only a tender passion, a fancy-love born of a sort of sexual contrast, because my soul was a fascinated stranger in that wilful world, and in herself secretly devout and magian? Perhaps those Homeric heroes and those Christian knights, dying beautifully stupid and young in their wanton valour, seemed to me so satisfying only because, without perceiving it, I held a deeper love in reserve: a quiet pleasure in the divine irony by which all things mortal are disinfected and transmuted into their essences, becoming friendly to one another in their diversity and complementary in their lyric charm. The realm of truth is magian like the Pantheon. All things, in the impartial light of eternity, show like marbles inlaid richly but unobtrusively in one seamless dome, windowless like a hollow gourd, yet vertically open to the heavenly air and the perfect blue.

THE SINGING OF THE SEEDS

By Theodore Morrison

I.

O delicate Pander, booming through the leaves
In great-voiced majesty of black and gold,
Bearing the dust of life that blossoms hold
In all their cups and urns of cunning form!
Gripped by your clustered legs, each flower conceives
The increase of the summer's loveliness,
And every virgin citadel you storm
Resigns her honey without sigh
To snatch the marriage of your thigh.

The bumbling thunder of your brusque address
Becomes a sudden silence as your wings
Graze at a flower that rhythmically swings
Her scented throat, upon whose lips you crawl.
Seeking the nectar in her cool recess,
You brush the living grains upon her cells,
Great mistress of fertility in all
That blooms and ripens through the wood,
That grows and burgeons and is good.

Chief partner of the wind, which never swells
Through the green glades in these primordial days
Except it waft some seed that as it strays
Falls, and is joined in fruitfulness to be,
You drum from flower to flower, and slender bells
Are mated where you pass. And yet to you
No wedding flight can bring fecundity,
Denied the marriage of your queen,
Quaint black and golden go-between.

Strange are the ministers of life, and few
More strange and subtle than your delicate use,
Reapers of sweetness that grows more diffuse
While the sun floods the air, and the young bough,
Nourished with light from the broad leagues of blue,
Shelters the migrant's nest. All things that are
Become the ministers of being now.
Even the mold wherein death breeds
Gives heat to the reviving seeds.

Life has found out the rock's minutest scar,
  And from its pinch of barren earth is thrust
  A tiny beard of green. Lichens encrust
    With spotted pigments the rough flanks of stones;
The sober moss is gay with many a star.
      Out of the earth goes forth a pulse, a shout,
    Out of the trees where the young sap atones
        The languor of each wakening vein
        With song and ecstasy and pain.

O maddening air, poured on the senses' drought
  Like casks of scented balm that take the breath
  With a drugged poignancy, a willing death
    To all that is not rapture and desire!
You passionately wake the soul devout
      Toward earth and her immortal entities,
    The fresh-blown light, the groves, the beaconing pyre
        Of color storming up the hills
        Till the last chink of being fills

With exultation of the sun and trees!
  The voices of the seeds are very loud
  Under the white breasts of the flying cloud.
    The warm wind shakes them from her fragrant hems,
The saplings murmur their swift urgencies.
      They shape the destined heads of bud and frond,
    Their haste runs out upon a thousand stems.
        The voices of the seeds are loud
        Beneath the white breasts of the cloud.

What pipers play their poignant flutes beyond
  The green mist of the trees? What native throats
  Whistle the clear pulse of their piercing notes
    Through the close coverts where no dryad stirs?
Tall rushes fringe the margin of a pond
      Where trees look down upon their like below
    The cloudy water, and where gossamers,
        Beaded with quintessential drops,
        Shine from the golden maple tops.

This is the reedy heart from which they flow,
  The shrill, sweet pulses throbbing on the air
  Bird-like and fresh, from the still waters where
    The iris lifts her dark head at the brink.
Invisible choristers that wistfully blow
      Your bodiless flutes, the inmost voice of spring,

Unconscious as the seeds that thirstily drink
The warm milk of the rainy ground
The notes of your sweet pipes abound!

Through the damp thickets of the wood you sing
The seminal pæan of the flowering earth
That swims into the vernal tides of birth;
And yours of all the voices that intone
The world's green oracles of increase, bring
The wondering senses nearest to that womb
By whose eternal pregnancy are sown
In darkness deeper than our seeing
The organs of all life and being.

The seeds that in the creviced rock find room
To lift small beards of growth, the nodding boughs
Broad pastures of the winds that fitfully browse
Through the first leaves, in that dark womb begin.
There mortal eyes have birth, and every bloom
That sense can touch or vision can behold:
Lichens that flake the rocks with serpent skin,
Forests that storm the bannered hills,
And flowers from whose nectared stills
The delicate panders boom in black and gold.

II.

Do you not hear the singing of seeds in the hollows
Where the rivers of life gush out from the darkness, the mold?
Now rise the fresh fountains of trees, and the green fruit follows
The wind-blown blossom in promise. Do you not hear
The shout of the seeds that from fathomless order unfold?
Why from the sightless dust should they issue
Marching out of the blind mole's night?
Why should the stones be split by their tissue
And the hems of the wind be the wings of their flight?
Beloved, beloved, I thirst in the midst of the waters.
Around me and over me rushes the flowering year.
Were you not born of the earth and the seed of time's daughters?
Shall I not tell you my longing, shall I not utter it quite,
Nor hide it in fear?

Now while the rivers of growth run sudden and eager
The earth is our foil, and flows with the breath of our tide.
In the sharp uprush of her fullness no touch can be meager.
The thirst of our hands and our lips and all of desire
In her abundance is patterned and justified.

Yet our longing waits on no earthly season
  Like that whose prick the dead seeds feel
When in one spring life's green unreason
  Floods from the snow's forgotten heel.
      Our hungry wishes need not the year's fruition
    To trouble the restless sense. Earth's frost and fire
      Are but a vesture of laboring time's attrition
  That through eternity toils toward the hour whose fullness shall seal
        What our hearts conspire.

How shall we suffer, beloved, our burden of flesh?
  Would we were formed as the flowers, and our destiny theirs,
To grow with the youth of the sun when the forest is fresh,
    To laden the pandering bee with our tribute of life,
  Or cast its gossamer seed on the wandering airs.
We who swim with the wood's elation
  Till our sense is one with the earth's bright flame,
Could we not slough our mortal station,
  Your dower of anguish, mine of shame?
      Could we not breathe from the well of earth's manifold fragrance
    A being like theirs whose gladness is everywhere rife?
      Ah, poignant and dear is the wind's unshepherded vagrance,
  But it throbs in our hearts with the longing to comfort a mortal frame,
        To be lover and wife.

What is our strength to the bent of love's warm insistence?
  Around us and over us burgeons the flowering earth,
But men have been endlessly dropped from the womb of existence
    To suffer the madness of being, to labor, to plead
  For a cup of some worthier life to sweeten our birth.
Have we a sword against wrong's oppression,
  Have we a faith that love can affirm,
Since we connive in life's vast obession
  That shapes as one the child and the worm?
      Man cannot choose but exist. His body must give
    New life to the prodigal world, though wrongs that exceed
      The compass of anger and pity broaden and live
  In the travail that measures his increase through time's inexhaustible
     term
        Of anguish and need.

Were it not better that earth and her children expire,
  The fruit of her womb that never from blemish is free?
Oblivion's voices are wiser than those of desire,
    Singing an end to pain, and redemption at last
  To the long failure of life, when the spreading tree

Whose roots drink deep in the pasture of death
Is shaken down with a kindly doom.
Were it not better that mortal breath
Should exult no more in the season of bloom
If with the rapture that visits our earth-born sense
The world's abortions of sorrow and madness passed
Into the silence that heals our impotence,
Where the crippled children of time return to the timeless womb
From which they were cast?

Yet who, by some pitying god for one moment empowered
To stay the rivers of sorrow that ceaselessly flow,
Would doom for their travail the vines of life that have flowered
With numberless leaves of good, or forbid at the source
The seeds of existence that none might ripen or grow?
Though for a word or the sign of a finger
The last grim anguish of man should flee,
Would not the hesitant pulses linger,
Powerless ever, and ever unfree?
Would they not pause till the moment of mercy were ended?
For the blindness that orders the world in its ageless course
Dooms to the love of existence all flesh descended
From flesh that must suffer and look on the worlds that are yet to be
With joy and remorse.

We, too, are lovers of being. We, too, in the toils
Of existence were born, and nurtured in filial hope.
We, too, enamoured of earth and athirst for her spoils,
Would welcome her promise, would suffer our flesh to fulfill
The world-worn cycles that measure life's uttermost scope
Of longing, of rapture, of passions that flood
Into each heart with new delight.
For the flame of existence has melted our blood
Till the smallest motes of sense grew bright
As leaves that shine in the sea of the wind's broad voice,
With separate glory thronging a spacious hill.
And we that in moments of being could so rejoice,
Lovers of earth, are confirmed in her passion of sound and of sight,
Her verdant will.

O mother of beauty and gladness, bright-figured world
Of forests and life-bearing winds and the bird-haunted ocean,
From whose warm springs a myriad buds have uncurled
Trumpets of prodigal being, how have we joyed
In the brief, undying days when our strong devotion
Has drunk full measure of rich reward

From the lifted cup of your loveliness!
Mother of death, whose blinding sword
Leaves half your creatures comfortless,
Life upon life your hapless children prey,
Your seeds are slain in the desert's fiery void.
But while in your beauty our sadness is purged away,
Impassioned with wonder and longing, one measureless joy we possess,
One light undestroyed.

Could your fullness of beauty transfigure man's realm, could it master
A world long darkened with crimes, with blood never staunched,
O how earth's children of anguish, of ageless disaster,
Would strip from their brows the piercing circlets of thorn,
Would leap in the morning of gladness like strong ships launched
Deathless into the sea's bright space!
Yet in the troubled world of mankind,
Though it be dark with sorrow's race,
Fevered, and passionate, and blind,
All hearts that are greater than travail, all spirits made just,
All lives that the laurel of genius and gladness have worn
Are wrought into being out of the transient dust;
And in no other world may the fruits of the flesh or the mind
In their beauty be born.

Beloved, beloved, I thirst in the midst of the waters,
For still we are lovers apart, though the flowering year
Stands in full stature. O closest to me of time's daughters,
If my body were given as corn of the field to thresh,
I think that its winnowed and separate grains would hold dear
The longing that measures my hope, my life,
That turns through darkness and day to you.
Let us not fear to be lover and wife,
To watch the slow stars deepen the blue,
We who have steadily found, when sudden and eager
From the green earth, our foil, have issued afresh
The rivers of beauty, thoughts that exceeded each meager
And sad revulsion of being, passions that we would renew
In flesh of our flesh.

MODERN MARRIAGE

By John Middleton Murry *and* Dr. James Carruthers Young

IT is hardly necessary to insist upon the supreme importance of the relation between man and woman. Those of either sex who fail to achieve, or succeed in avoiding, an intimate relation with some individual of the other sex are felt to have missed their destiny. Biologically, their failure is obvious; they are eccentric to the scheme of nature. Psychologically, for the most part, they are themselves painfully aware of a hiatus in their humanity. The lives of men and women in whom the life-energy, diverted from its natural fulfilment, is sublimated into splendid mental achievement are too rare to be reckoned within the range of an average destiny.

For the vast majority of men and women, and for the race as a whole, the sex relation is the most profound of human experiences and the most urgent of human problems. The instinctive urge toward self-fulfilment, the primary and unanalysable sexual impulse, is accompanied in an awakened consciousness by the hunger for an intimate companionship. The purpose of marriage is to satisfy them both. Yet how seldom is this purpose achieved! There *are* happy marriages, no doubt; but most people who are honest with themselves and have insight enough to see beyond the familiar façade of married "bliss," will admit that happy marriages are uncommonly rare. The devoted mother has a trick, on closer inspection, of appearing much less devoted as a wife; and the doting husband is only too glad, in spite of his formal protests, to be kept in an office eight hours a day well out of reach of his wife's pretended enchantments. They rub along somehow, for the sake of the children, or for the sake of appearances. One of them dies, and the remaining one is worked into an ecstasy of regret which, in so far as it is real at all, is more often regret for a lost habit than a lost person. And another is added to the long list of happy marriages that will not bear examination.

There is plenty of "idealism" in the world still, in spite of the war of extermination waged against it by Ibsen and Nietzsche; and it is still the enemy. But the hoary fiction of the "happy marriage" is beginning to wear thin. Modern psychology is hastening the realisation that even when the farce of the nominally happy marriage is played through to the end, and the curtain falls to the honourable applause of morality, the children have still to suffer for it. Or, as Nietzsche put it:

> The unresolved dissonances in the relation of the character and sentiments of the parents survive in the nature of the child and make up the history of its inner sufferings.

More and more Nietzsche's insight is justified by the findings of psychology. The patched-up solution of the problem of marriage in one generation is the prime source of the miseries of the next.

The need for a realistic attitude toward marriage in the world to-day is urgent. The reaction from the "idealistic" attitude of the past century is producing a simply cynical attitude toward it. Cynicism is not realistic; it is merely the reverse of a false idealism. In this essay we propose to make some sort of approach to a genuinely realistic or naturalistic attitude. We take it as proved by experience that a completely satisfying relation between man and woman is possible, and that a more conscious effort toward it is desirable, for the sake not merely of individuals, but of posterity.

Fundamental to a true marriage is complete biological fulfilment. Man and wife should have physical delight in each other. This is bed rock; and unless it is reached in marriage there is no possibility of constructing a durable and satisfying relation. Precisely because the spiritual side of the relation is all-important, it is necessary to realize that there is no chance for it to develop healthily unless the prime needs of physical fulfilment are met. But, in the process of falling in love in modern civilization, although the biological motive is actively at work (in the choice of the beautiful woman, for instance), its operation is complicated by other factors. There is an exploration, as by a sort of psychological antennæ, of temperamental affinity, before biological motive comes fully into play. The notion of temperamental affinity needs some examination.

On the whole, temperamental affinity is an affair of psychological likeness and difference. There must be a basis of community of thought and interest for intimate communication to be possible between lovers; but there must also be a pretty profound element of difference. Each to the other must be at once familiar and strange, companion and mystery. This element of mystery may be thought to be provided by the sheer physical difference between the sexes; and no doubt, in most instances, there is the sexual mystery and nothing more. Such marriages lack staying power; when their sole mystery is revealed, the enchantment is at an end. But between more highly developed human beings more is required. For them the strangeness and allurement is not simply sexual, but consists no less in an awareness of the possibility of what may be called a psychological complementation. The predominantly rational man is intrigued by the intuitional and sensational capacities of a woman: where he is poor, she seems to him, and often is, rich. Conversely, the woman is attracted by the rational intelligence and practical capacity of the man, which, straightforward enough though it may appear in description, is even more of a mystery to those who do not possess it than is the man capable of making repairs to a motor car to the man who can merely drive one.

Dr. Jung of Zurich, the most subtle and suggestive of the famous

psychoanalysts, has attempted to organise this notion of psychological complementation. He would divide the ego, or psychological whole of the human being, into two elements, which he calls *persona* and *anima*. The *persona* is the attitude of the ego toward the outer world of objects, the *anima* the attitude toward inner experience. Thus, to take a simple and fairly familiar example, the practical man of business, who is intensely realistic in outer affairs, is often sentimental, even positively superstitious, in his inner life. His realistic *persona* and his sentimental *anima* are at loggerheads; but at the same time the relation between these two elements is roughly complementary. The inward man develops (though with an unhealthy luxuriance) what the outward man suppresses.

The healthy condition is one in which the outward and the inward man are in accord. But this is only achieved by a process of psychological integration—a real self-education into awareness of the nature and operations of both outward and inward man. Then, instead of a blind process of extravagant compensation, there is a conscious harmony between the two elements; and with that the emergence of a genuine individual. But this creation of personality is seldom achieved by the time the selection of a life partner is in hand.

Although the complete harmony of the outward and inward man is an ideal seldom and slowly attained, the degrees of discrepancy between them are infinitely various. But as a general rule, the process of complementation in falling in love is a necessarily unconscious attempt to satisfy the unconscious and inward element. The more completely unconscious this element is—and consequently the more complete the severance between the outward and the inward attitude—the greater the danger to be apprehended from the effort of making them complementary. The uncontrolled, unhealthily luxuriant inward attitude, wholly beyond the subject's conscious cognizance, seeks satisfaction: the "masculine" man succumbs to the "feminine" woman. But neither is aware of the other's reality; on both sides the love is toward a romantic mirage.

Almost inevitably disillusion and discord are the result. The discord may be physical, as often in those idealistic and romantic marriages where the *homme moyen sensuel* luxuriates in the thought of the unsullied innocence and perfect purity of his beloved. He sees her not as a woman, but as a scarcely incarnate ideal; she him as a romantic *preux chevalier*. The honeymoon, in such instances, is often permanently disastrous. In the man there is sometimes sexual brutality, sometimes its converse, impotence: in either case, a bruised sensibility on one side, and a profound disenchantment on the other.

Or, if the sexual initiation is passed without danger but without delight, the discord breaks out in the psychological realm. The woman, disappointed as a wife, diverts her tenderness to her children; the sex feeling that should flow toward the husband is diverted to them.

The husband is starved of that recuperative warmth that only a woman can give, and even if some scruples of convention hold him back from technical "infidelity," he is for ever vaguely seeking the comfort denied him in the excitement of some mild affair. From this unnatural diversion of tenderness the children derive no benefit. On the contrary, it probably does more than any other single cause to unfit them for life. The son, enveloped in this morbid maternal tenderness, becomes incapable of contact with the world. He shrinks from the touch of reality, and his experiencing nature is starved. When the time comes for him also to choose his partner, he looks not for a real being but for some reflection of his mother; and the vicious process is perpetuated.

While, therefore, we may regard the impulse toward mutual complementation as mainly determining the marriage choice, we must distinguish clearly between the complementation that is, as it were, the salt of difference in a fundamental community, and the crude process by which an unconscious and therefore unhealthy inward attitude seeks satisfaction. In the latter cases—and they are legion—complementation is the sole ground of choice, instead of a constituent factor. What the man ought to achieve in himself, he seeks adventitiously to acquire. His unconscious aim is to make marriage a panacea for his own crudity. Strictly, his choice may be considered as a kind of neurotic compensation; and that, rather than the name "complementation" should be given to it.

The complementation of true marriage is no doubt sometimes achieved by instinct or happy accident; and not seldom a man and woman, after romance and disillusion, do ultimately shake down together. These facts are the justification of those who contend for the sanctity of marriage. But that "shaking down" into married love is less frequent than they imagine or believe. It is a habit of mutual endurance rather than the felicity of mutual comfort into which many marriages shake down. On the whole, it seems that the chances of this felicity are fairly remote unless on one side at least—and that preferably the man's—some measure of self-knowledge and inward harmony has been achieved. Such a condition can come through experience alone; and for the ordinary run of men it is hard to imagine it coming before the age of thirty-five. Since the primary responsibility in the marriage relation falls upon the man, we may be content to regard him alone. No doubt the ideal is a union between two fully conscious personalities; but in most cases the man is older than the woman, and if he himself has attained, or is in sight of, self-knowledge, he will be able to provide the nucleus for harmonious mutual development.

But if we cannot regard a man as ripe for marriage till thirty-five or thereabouts, it follows that we badly need a change in social attitude toward "experimental" relations between men and women. Instead

being compelled to become hole-and-corner affairs, they should be ecognised for what most honest men know they are—an essential part education for marriage, or of education absolutely. And, of course, re need a still more complete liberation than we have yet achieved om the dogma of the indissolubility of marriage.

The traditional objections to such experimental relations between he sexes are two. The first is that they tend to promote a habit of exual irresponsibility, a cynical promiscuity. The objection is based pon an illusion. The promiscuous type is promiscuous under any ircumstances; he cannot be changed into something different. But here is no danger whatever of more sensitive men and women de-enerating into promiscuity. Such men and women (strange hough it may sound to conventional moralists) *want* to find their nates. The objection really proceeds from that mistrust of human nature which has been the most dubious legacy of organized Christianity. The time when men and women could be kept faithful by making it ifficult for them to be unfaithful is already long past. We may as rell accept the fact and recognize that a willing loyalty in marriage the only loyalty worth having.

The objection to such unions, that they saddle young people with nwanted children, falls before modern methods of birth control. o say that birth control is an unnatural interference with the process f nature simply begs the whole question as to what "nature" is. sane philosophy would regard the inventions and discoveries of vilized man as no less a part of nature than the practices of the vage. They are natural extensions of human aptitudes. Unless we re to hold that ancient things are more natural than modern, and onsequently that polygamy is more natural than monogamy, and omiscuity than either, we may as well get it into our heads that birth ontrol is on its way to become as natural as wearing clothes.

It is eminently reasonable that men and women who live under odern conditions should seek to safeguard themselves against over-helming offspring; it would be a relapse into barbarism if they did ot. And to argue that such a safeguard, if desired, should be achieved y sexual abstention is a most unnatural argument for "naturalists." is very meet and right that a man and woman who have chosen to re together should take physical delight in each other for its own ke; it is preposterous and contrary to all experience that they should so only for the sake of children to be. And it is entirely in accord ith modern notions of civilization that children also should be wanted r their own sakes before they are conceived. There is no more danger at men and women will not want children than that they will not ant each other.

No doubt the main objection to "experimental" relations between e sexes, and to the practice of birth control which makes them cially unobjectionable, is based on the belief that they degrade the

sex relation and cheapen the mystery of marriage. But when it is brought to the test of experience, it is found that men and women who have indulged in "experimental" relations (in which commerce with prostitute is not included) have, if anything, a truer ideal of marriage than those who have not; and they bring to marriage when they enter it, as they almost invariably do, a sense of realities which is often completely absent from the ordinary "romantic" marriage. They know what they do not want, they know what does not suffice them and they have at least begun to learn what is possible and what impossible between a man and a woman.

It is indeed simply untrue that a greater freedom in "experimental" relations would cheapen marriage. On the contrary, it would help to make marriage more precious, more satisfying, and more permanent. The dogma of original sin still warps our sense of psychological realities. The realities are, first, that men and women do, very ardently, desire to find a companion for life; and secondly, that under the present system of marrying for keeps at an early age, they are required to possess a degree of life experience, of self-knowledge, of knowledge of the possibilities and the difficulties of the sex relation, which they simply do not possess. Even the fundamental necessity of physical satisfaction, without which any marriage is bound to be essentially a failure, is a matter of mere chance. The romantic age simply will not believe that biological compatibility is a prime necessity of marriage. Romantic love and married love are different things. Romantic love may, with good fortune and unusual understanding, pass unbruised into the condition of married love; but the disasters on the path are more frequent than the successes.

We may take the risk of setting forth some conditions of a true marriage. First and foremost is the necessity of biological satisfaction on both sides. Second, there should be on both sides a conscious awareness of function. It is the man's business to lead in married life; and it is the woman's business to know and to demand that the man should lead. There are realities which a man knows better than a woman, and there are realities which a woman knows better than a man. The man is the adventurer in the world of objects, the woman has the knowledge of the inward world. Man is centrifugal, woman centripetal. Awareness of function thus passes into a knowledge of reciprocal indispensability, not merely in the economic but in the spiritual order—which is the third condition. A man should have learned that he cannot really be a man unless he has a woman to renew him, to give him courage, and to restore his faith; and a woman should have learned that she cannot be a woman without a man to give direction to the abundance of her vitality, and to insert design into her life.

Marriage is, above all, a creative relation. The time when its creativeness could be limited to the merely physical is past. The

creation of children is good and as necessary as ever, but we have come to realize that physical creation must have its analogue on a spiritual plane. Marriage is also the creation between two human beings of a new organic unity which transcends the individuals composing it; man and wife are not only one flesh, but one spirit. Between them should exist the pregnant polarity at the heart of a creative whole. The necessity of this spiritual creation imposes restrictions on physical creation; a harmony has to be found between the two kinds of creation.

It is not necessary, it is positively undesirable that a sensitive modern woman should become a mere childbearer; and it is simply obtuse to speak as though that were her "natural" destiny. The natural destiny of human beings is progressively revealed to us by the gradual discovery of their potentialities. What was "natural" in marriage even a century ago is highly unnatural to-day. We have now to recognize a condition of things in which the old wasteful method of childbearing is felt to be intolerable. Not a dozen children—of whom half at most survived, and the remaining half were variously unfitted or unprepared for life—is the ideal of marriage to-day; rather two or three children, physically excellent, who shall imbibe from the rich and harmonious life of their parents that spiritual sustenance which is as necessary to their ultimate well-being as any antirachitic vitamine, or as the warm sun itself.

In so far, therefore, as a true marriage relation can be achieved, with its progressive mutual enrichment of man and wife, the problem of the ensuing generation is simplified. By the honesty which men and women to-day bring to the marriage relation, their children will profit, "with advantages." They will have fewer difficulties to contend with when their time comes to choose their mates. In so far as their fathers and mothers were complete and creative in themselves, they will be spared the extremer forms of psychological disability. For it is not on the sex education of children, by which reformers of the rationalistic sort set so much store, that their future happiness depends; but on the sex education of their parents. Sex education of children in the narrow sense can safely be left to itself in homes where the sex relation between husband and wife is living and true. To such children the essentials of sex education come unconsciously; and that is the way they should come.

THE SOLDIER

By Alan D. Mickle

THE battalion had been out resting in a back area, and now by easy stages was returning to the front. By some congestion somewhere ahead, it was held up for a little while. The soldier left the road and his companions and just a little way from them, threw himself down on a grassy hillside and watched rolling white clouds drifting swiftly along through the blue skies of France. It was a beautiful part of France too. From where he was he could see poplar-lined roadways stretching in all directions into the soft blue distance. And there was the River Lys winding and meandering through beautifully green and brown farm-checked country. And everywhere he looked, he saw scattered along the roadways or clustering in the hollows, little villages, everyone of which, he supposed, was hundreds of years of age. It was an old country this, and a country of romance. Only a few days back he had been in a town—a town that surely could not have changed in any way since D'Artagnan and Athos and Porthos and Aramis came riding into it after a thousand impossible adventures encountered on some very important mission of State. Anyway he was sure the cobbled inn-yard was just as it was when those gallant adventurers rode in and gave over their sweating horses to the ostlers, the whilst they swaggered up to demand food and wine and quarters from the quaking landlord. It was a bright, sweetly-warm day in spring. Flies and bees murmured and droned lazily in the fresh, crisp air. There was just the daintiest suggestive fragrance from the soil and the wildflowers shooting up amongst the green grass. Birds sang and chirped, and the young soft woolly buds were spreading a thin green mist over all the trees. . . .

The soldier began to think of another country—the country of his home. That was a young country—a country without history and without historical romance. But it was a good country and a beautiful country too. It would be autumn over there now. Down by the river the leaves would be falling from the willows, and the two old poplars would be shooting up into the blue skies like pale gold flames. And the Spanish Oak would be deep blood red in colour, and the holly berries would be scarlet, and the apples and quinces would be ripe in the orchard, and the dew bedecked cobwebs, swinging from every twig and leaf, would be sparkling in the brilliant silver light of the morning sun. Then a golden noontime would be, and evening and the mists, and the blue smoke would rise up straight into the still air,

and all around, settling themselves for their night's brooding and dreaming, would be the old dark, thickly-wooded mountains that he knew so well and loved. And the tuneful jingling of the cowbells would come as the cows came in to be milked, and the carolling of the magpies and the laughing of the old "jacks" in the big gum-tree in the paddock. . . .

Then something made him think of the suburban boarding-house where he lived and the people there. He wondered what they would be doing. The greatest war in history was raging, but that would not matter much to those people. He did not doubt but what things were going on there just as ever they had. Just at this time, had he been there, he would be preparing to rush off with his little brown bag in his hand to catch the train. There would be the same old streets, the same old station, the same old buildings. He began to think of one of those buildings—a red brick building with a tower. It was a state school, and he remembered the date on it—A.D. 1882. It was the date of its establishment. It was strange that he had never thought of it before, but that was the year in which he had been born. This building which at one time appeared to him to have existed since the beginning of things was only as old as he was. A long, long time ago it seemed to him now, he, a very shy, strange, abnormally timid little creature had gone into that building; for several years he attended that school. . . .

He remembered the first day he had gone there fairly well. He remembered sitting with his straw hat in his hands on a wooden form in the headmaster's office. His mother had just left him, and he was feeling very lonely and awed and afraid. Yet with a boldness and independence that was quite strange to him he had answered the headmaster's questions. Quite distinctly, but as one looks at the figures in a moving picture, he saw himself sitting there answering the questions. He wore a blue and white striped galatea sailor jacket with a deep blue collar shiny from the ironing his mother had given it, and a little "front" with a blue anchor on it, and short pants and socks and very round-toed little lace-up boots. He remembered the pale blue papered roll in which his name was entered, and a large brown, glazed, earthenware inkbottle with purple inkstains running down its sides, and a cupboard with sticky, brown varnish over the knotted wood, and the stacks of exercise books with red edges, and slates and pencils and chalks and canes, that he saw on the shelves through one of the opened doors. He recalled, too, the measured tramp of the other children as they marched in military fashion through the main door and up the stairs. He remembered a lady teacher who came in to ask the headmaster a question, but why he remembered these details and incidents when, try as he might, he could not recall a single detail of the headmaster's appearance, he did not know. "I must have been six or seven years of age then," he said to himself, "and that school

that seemed to have been built since the beginning of time was only as old as I was . . . !"

He began to think of the days he had spent at that school. He looked back into his memory, and every now and then glimpses would come to him of that far-off time. One by one incidents rose up and gave place to other incidents, and these incidents were never consecutive or in order. His sense of the time that covered those days had disappeared. He must have been at that school for several years, yet some incidents of his first year, trivial and unimportant though they were, were just as vivid and distinct in his memory to-day, as incidents that happened in his last year. He remembered, for instance, the smell of food that came when he opened the desk where his books and lunch were kept. He remembered the great yellow, shining, meaningless maps on the walls, and the flowers on the teacher's table, and the rows of hats and coats—boys' at one end of the long room and girls' at the other—and the horrible dry smell of the inkstained cloth used to wipe the chalk from the big black-board that stood on an easel in the corner. He remembered the early summer mornings, and the blue sky and the golden sunshine, and the murmuring of the flies and the way they used to knock against the wooden ceiling. They used to interest him a lot those flies, and take away his attention from the daily task. Then he remembered the frosty mornings in the winter time, and chilblains, and the rainy days when there was always the chance of being kept at home. And he remembered with almost a shudder the dread of going off to school in the morning with the all-too-little-prepared lesson in his mind, and the longing that was with him all the time for the day's work to be done. And the games he used to play with the other boys—games, the thrill of which he remembered even now with joy—cricket and football, and marbles and handball, and running games, and a gambling game played with cherry stones collected from all manner of places. Then there were the collections—stamps, match-box tops, birds' eggs, cigarette cards, and the first cigarette made from " butts " picked up in the street! Very distinctly and with quite a thrill and pleasurable interest and curiosity, he remembered all these things. . . .

He called to mind some of the teachers. There was a man—a coarse, brutal man he must have been, to whom every child in the class was just something to be moulded by brute force into a common, conventional shape. Whether the child was an imaginative dreamer or stolid like a stone was all one to him. He wielded a terrible cane, that man, and inflicted like punishment on all, whatever their degrees of sensitiveness might be. And he wore black mutton-chop whiskers. He hated and feared that man; he was not sure that he did not hate and fear him still. At least he took an instant dislike of and had an instinctive fear of any man he ever came across with black mutton-chop whiskers. . . .

He thought of a certain lady teacher. He liked her. Liked her! Looking back now it seemed to him that he had loved her with a great ardent, worshipping sort of love. He wondered how old she would be then. Probably seventeen or eighteen, but she seemed as old and as far away from him as the stars. If he had thought of it then, he never could have imagined himself ever being her equal or friend. She was grown-up, and, as such, a being apart. And now he knew that if he met that teacher she would in all probability look up to him. She would ask him questions as once he had asked her. He might be for her the all-wise as in those far-off days she had been for him. And she never knew what she was for him. She never knew how he had felt the whole day through if she smiled or said some kindly word to him. And conversely. He remembered how one day this teacher had looked in his direction, said something to another teacher, evidently about him, and laughed. He had been plunged into the depths of a child's hell that grown-ups only dream about at times, by that laugh. And she never knew anything about that. . . .

And the boys and the girls? Girls attended the school, but he hardly ever had anything to do with them. He did not understand them. He never spoke to them. But he always liked to be at his best before them, and he envied with a mighty envy the boys who could laugh and talk with them, and be easy and confident in their company. Sex, he knew now, was alive in him even then, but it was all instinctive; he had only the vaguest knowledge of sexual things. And the boys? Looking back now it seemed to him that the one and only desire that guided his life was just to be as those other boys were. He wanted to play games as they did, talk their talk, dress as they dressed. He wanted to be one of them, and he was accepted as one of them. He fought with other boys not because he liked it, but because it was the thing they did. He conformed implicitly to their code. If an orchard was to be robbed, he would be in with the boldest. If he was caned severely, he never winced and never a tear would be in his eye. Yet he knew that he was not brave or plucky in any way. The basis of all that he did was fear. He longed for the boys' approval; he feared their disapproval. And, become a man, it was just the same. He was not a patriot; he had no wild hungering after adventure; he was not a believer in war. Yet here he was, a soldier. He had enlisted, and, sensitive being that he was, had faced all the hell of training and camp life because he feared what his fellow-men would think of him if he did not. And now in action he stood up with the best of them, and faced a still more terrible hell, because his fear of their disapproval was a greater fear than his fear of wounds or death. . . .

It was all very strange and mysterious. A voice seemed to be everlastingly calling out—why? why? why? He had left that school to go to a private school, and later still he had attended one of the

great public schools for a time. Then he had travelled the world and lived in many countries, always interested and intensely curious regarding life and its ways. Now he possessed a memory stored with wide knowledge and experience. And what was the use of it all? All his life he had been learning and preparing—for what purpose? Why had he been put into the world just to gather and collect and store? He had an intellect above the average, but that intellect had never been used for any special purpose in the world, and probably never would be now. It was all so much waste. Here he was an ordinary private soldier sitting by a roadside of France. And looking back it seemed that every one of all the myriad incidents that had gone to the making of his life was but a step towards what he was and where he was. It had all been inexorably set down by Fate. It could not have been otherwise. And there were millions of others like him. Each one of them had been fostered and cared for and saved from this and from that. For what end? Without their carefully developed and conserved abilities being made use of in any way, they were just going on, hundreds and thousands of them, to be turned into useless broken beings for the remainder of their days, or to be with frightful suddenness blotted out and scattered to the winds of heaven. It was waste, waste—immense and colossal waste. And the reason of it? Well—God, and God alone, knew that. . . .

A little later a whistle blew and the soldier stood up, adjusted his pack, shouldered his rifle, and stepped down to fall in with his companions. Then in a few minutes he was just a typical one of them—a load-bearing, quite cheerful, irresponsible, khaki figure, trudging down a poplar-lined highway of the sunlit land of France.

A LOST LEADER

By Penrhyn Chave

THAT truth may be stranger than fiction everyone is prepared to admit, but it is not so generally conceded that fiction may be truer than fact. Yet in a world such as ours, subject to perpetual flux, facts are no more than cross-sections of Time and Space adapted to our organs of sense, and Truth must be sought in some realm freed from such limitations, a sphere in which our senses must indeed minister but can no longer dictate—the world, that is, of imagination. This is actually taken for granted in daily life by many who, if confronted with such a diagnosis would strive hotly to refute it. It is not only the metaphysician and the maniac who feel themselves exiles in this world of facts, but quite ordinary folk, the civil servant, the tradesman, the artisan, the components of that great laborious multitude for whom the approach to Heaven lies, as often as not, through the ormolu portals of Hollywood. They would be astonished to hear that fiction is truer than fact, though their habits prove them guilty of acting upon that unconscious knowledge. The demand for some path of escape, however crude, remains insistent and universal: an escape not from reality but to it.

There are some for whom the world of facts is more than wearisome, is definitely unreal. Of these was George Borrow, and his testimony is of interest because he was a strenuous hater of humbug. It gave him no feeling of superiority to know such doubts, even when he experienced what Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell has called "the unavoidable beauty of being young." He made no attempt to cultivate intellectual subtleties, and, when describing in *Lavengro* the persistency of his doubts, is careful to insist that they were the fruit of definite personal experience and not due to Spinoza or Berkeley whom he had never read. So far from awakening in him any spiritual pride, those doubts aroused in him a deep melancholy against which he had to struggle. Fearing that they might be caused by light fare and close quarters, he fled from London to Mumper's Dingle. But thither also they pursued him. They attacked him in Spain. Indeed, despite the comparative ease and comfort of his gruff East Anglian retirement with its boiled leg of mutton and hard old ale, he carried their memory to the grave. He makes the gypsy Antonio say:—

> There are some that believe in nothing; not even that they live! Long since, I knew an old Caloro, he was old—very old, upwards of an hundred years, and I once heard him say that all we thought we saw was a lie; that there was no world, no men nor women, no horses nor mules, no olive trees.

Old age has its victories no less than youth.

It is a testimony to the success which Borrow contrived to make of life, that his name and fame awaken thoughts entirely alien from any idea of hypochondria. If he is regarded as a paragon of bluffness, then not his temperament so much as his common sense earned him the title. He won his victory by running away. The hopelessness of the struggle and its eternal recurrence impressed him more than the glory of being a combatant. "This doubting in the 'universal all' is most coeval with the human race; wisdom, so called, was early sought after. All is a lie—a deceitful phantom—was said when the world was yet young." In Borrow such doubts awakened horror, not ecstasy. They left their mark on the first thirty years of his life, the period of his self-development, and when as a middle-aged man he sat down to his works of autobiographiction, they coloured the use and treatment of his materials. The sense of unreality had been, in fact, terribly real. To the condemned French soldier whom he met in the prison at Madrid he could attribute no more grim a reverie.

> His mind was perhaps wandering in that dreadful valley of the shadow, into which the children of earth, whilst living, occasionally find their way; that dreadful region where there is no water, where hope dwelleth not, where nothing lives but the undying worm. This valley is the facsimile of hell, and he who has entered it has experienced here on earth for a time what the spirits of the condemned are doomed to suffer through ages without end.

Like a sensible man, Borrow came to terms with the world: he acquired that mother sense which Jasper Petulengro and Ursula had told him that he lacked. There was nothing heroic in his temperament. He was not prepared to starve in the interests of scepticism, or of any other ideal; not even on behalf of his own personal independence. He admitted to himself that he was a gentleman gypsy and not a foul-weather one. "Had I not better become in reality what I had hitherto been merely playing at—a tinker or gypsy? But I soon saw that I was not fitted to become either in reality. It was much more agreeable to play the gypsy or the tinker than to become either in reality. I had seen enough of gypsying and tinkering to be convinced of that." Borrow was a man with a vigorous body and a healthy appetite. He desired to get every ounce out of life, however unreal it might seem. The shepherd at Stonehenge had cured him of any green-sick tendency to cynicism.

> "I suppose you would not care to have some milk?" said the man.
> "Why do you suppose so?"
> "Because, so be, there be no sheep, no milk, you know: and what there ben't is not worth having."

As good an argument as Dr. Johnson's, though Borrow countered it very prettily. "You could not have argued better," said I; "that is, supposing you have argued." The immense framework of Borrow's body dominated his mind. His sensibilities called out for appeasement. The exuberance of horsemanship and fisticuffs, the glow of tireless walking, the tang of good food and sound liquor were all to him delightful

sensations. In the latter pages of *Wild Wales* he set down his practical principles in a single sentence.

> The wisest course evidently is to blend the whole of the philosophy of the tombstone with a portion of the philosophy of the publican and something more, to enjoy one's pint and pipe and other innocent pleasures, and to think every now and then of death and judgment—that is what I intend to do, and indeed that is what I have done for the last thirty years.

Such a comfortable compromise was made possible for him by a substantial marriage, that being, in his own words, "by far the best way of getting possession of an estate."

Borrow, it must be emphasised, was not heroic: he had the average man's respect for the comforts and conventions of social life and willingly absorbed them once he had the chance. He had also more than average insight into the foibles of his countrymen, "foremost amongst which was a crazy admiration for what they called gentility, which made them sycophantic to their superiors in station, and extremely insolent to those whom they considered below them." But the best weapon against snobbery is humour, and Borrow's weapon, always a suspicious one, was spleen. When an opportunity occurred of acquiring gentility Borrow grasped it. It was his desire to be taken for a decent country gentleman and his boast that such he was. If he had had to hob-nob with vagrants, it was always on his own terms. He relates with great gusto how the gypsies almost worshipped him; and how when some merry-makers laughed at him his pride was so outraged that he took up stones to fling. He preferred, very naturally, a square meal to half a one. "No, that won't do—I shall go to the hotel: I have money in my pocket, and a person with money in his pocket has surely a right to be inconsistent if he pleases." The joys of solvency are sweet to a man with Borrow's memory of the past, and his honest delight in the jingle of sovereigns is as becoming to him as was his fortitude in their absence. "How one enjoys one's supper at one's Inn after a good day's walk, provided one has the proud and glorious consciousness of being able to pay one's reckoning on the morrow!" He was, in fact, like so many others, a rebel only so long as it suited him to be. The man who said he was ashamed to be an Englishman, yet wrote some of the most enthusiastic and well-weighed pages of patriotic prose, though he knew no politics, so he laughingly averred, save gypsy politics, which is the art of sitting on the fence.

Borrow's vagabondage began, then, in necessity, and his sympathy was with the vagabonds rather than with their manner of life. He imagined them as engaged in the same struggle as himself, the struggle against facts, and failed to realize that their method of salvation was by flight. His was the usual outlook of youth, abnormal only in degree. To a certain age tinkers and treasure-diggers always seem to get more out of life and put more into life than other folk. Emotion, enthusiasm, frenzy are then easily appreciated: convention is only envisaged as the piling of fresh frozen falsehoods upon one another. To those

engaged in the search for truth, as Borrow then indubitably was, it too often seems too obvious at first that one has only to strip life bare enough to get down to reality. But when Borrow grew to realize that a silver salver can reflect the stars at least as well as a swill-tub he was not ashamed to admit his change of outlook. The measure of his honesty—and of his failure also—is his attitude in middle-age towards his own youth. It is scrupulously fair, but it is, alas, too plain that he faltered and failed.

The exuberance of youth once flown, the sententiousness of age is only too apt to replace it. Borrow had developed, had attained a certain measure of social stability, which he distinctly valued, and he was confronted by two states of mind, that of irresponsibility and that of reflection. Much of his boyhood he would have liked to amend, but there was still more that he would have cared to recapture. "I shouldn't wonder," he makes the postillion say at the end of *Lavengro*,

> if now and then you look back with longing and regret to the days you lived in the damp and dripping dingle, had no better equipage than a pony or donkey-cart, and saw no better company than a tramper or a gypsy, except once when a poor postillion was glad to seat himself at your charcoal fire!

And again in *Romany Rye* he speaks himself:—

> Youth is the only season for enjoyment, and the first twenty-five years of one's life are worth all the rest of the longest life of man, even though these five-and-twenty be spent in penury and contempt, and the rest in possession of wealth, honours, respectability, ay, and many of them in strength and health.

Although become a gentleman weighing sixteen stone, a stalwart defender of Church and State, he was not too crusted or too respectable to decry the age of enthusiasm. If he hungered for the extraordinary, it was just because it ministered to this enthusiasm, and was—for him at least—the seat and soul of it. "Enthusiasm is never scoffed at by the noble, simple-minded, genuine Welsh, whatever treatment it may receive from the coarse-hearted, sensual, selfish Saxon." The trouble about life was that it tended to degenerate into a routine. Even the glory of being an ostler was short lived: "I confess that the poetry of rubbing down had become, as all other poetry becomes, rather prosy by frequent repetition." He declared that only once in a lifetime was it possible to experience unmixed wonder and delight. Life for Borrow was synonymous with adventure. But he had withdrawn from the most adventurous portion of all. He had shied at the depths when a lad, and he was left surrounded by the superficialities of old age to bemoan the lost superficialities of youth.

He tried to recapture the wrong things, all the old threadbare stage-properties of sensationalism. The wild and wonderful became meat and drink to him. He revelled in ghosts, dreams, presentiments, second-sight and fairies. There were not enough of such things in life to tickle his insatiable palate. Failing them, he had to be content with gypsies, sharpers, vagrants, ostlers, pugilists, bards, Bohemians,

Jews. He would have had poets declaiming ballads from every hill-top, and half-a-dozen gabardines within call of the most remote hamlet. "Why, there is not a chapter in the present book which is not full of adventures, with the exception of the present one, and this is not yet terminated." If the mannerism is stolen from Sterne the zest behind it is wholly Borrovian. He thirsted for adventure. A man who has once doubted the existence of the phenomenal world must needs find it difficult to confine his interests to the practical round of diurnity. The true solution is, of course, to appreciate how adventurous is that practical round. Borrow chose the cheaper, the Hollywood method, of substituting abnormality. That is fiction in its grossest sense, the mere flight of fancy, and as a protest against short-sighted materialism has its values, like all half-truths. But the real fiction, the insight of the imagination, became a kingdom barred and bolted against George Borrow. He saw life as a jig-saw puzzle, composed of queer enchanting fragments, each of them fitting into a definite design and fulfilling a moral purpose. "There's nothing strange in anything," he told Jack Slingsby, "provided you examine it to the bottom" (the truth being, of course, just the reverse: the more closely examined is a thing, the "stranger" it becomes.) Hence his continued love of the sensational, long after it has ceased to intrigue most men. Not only its own intrinsic thrill delighted him, but its scope for discovery. It led along endless by-paths and opened up innumerable side-issues wherewith to make life delightful. The pursuit of these delights absorbed his later years.

His quarrel with varnished gentility had been that it shrank from life, avoided both its buffetings and embraces, and tried to shelter from the wind on the heath behind some lath-and-plaster artifice or cowardly subterfuge. He cannot be acquitted of having himself shrunk from the struggle, though he may well be excused. Quite definitely he elected for safety first, knowing the alternative. "I have never been" are his own words, "an admirer of people who chose the safe side in everything. Indeed I have always entertained a thorough contempt for them." Out of his own mouth. . . . He was betrayed by that common sense which had seemed so sturdy and victorious. And the withdrawal at a critical moment from the supreme encounter with reality in life itself compelled him to assume throughout his writings a false air of showmanship.

Borrow could not afford to travel interminably at his own expense; and travel has its limitations, the limitations of fact, even though adventures "upon the roads of England are generally as plentiful as blackberries in autumn." So he was prepared to settle down in decent retirement and rely upon the fancifulness of his brain, since "only pleasant thoughts and illusions could render life agreeable." Life resolved itself into a search for such illusions. He discovered more scope in writing even than in walking. If he could not play with facts

in actuality—however unreal they might seem—he was free to play with them in reminiscence: and he did. For Borrow was not only an adventurer on foot or horse-pack, but also in fancy. Facts became to him nothing as isolated occurrences: they only put on reality when they hung together, coming somewhence, tending somewhither, pointing a moral and adorning a tale. Had he been a trained philosopher, he might have worked out for us the much desiderated organ of chance. As it was he made a romance of his life, and manipulated coincidence and retribution with a cunning that might have made Atropos envious. He had only to wave his wand, and Benedict Moll or Baron Turner would turn up. He could not resist the chance of playing providence: it was his favourite occupation. Because the old apple-woman on London Bridge had a son at Botany Bay, Borrow must, of course, meet him in the Wylye Valley returning to look for her, and give him some darkling hints of her being still alive. If the London Publisher insisted on his buying and studying *The Dairyman's Daughter*, he must needs find the Staffordshire dairymaid reading it. The bricklayer at Ty Gronwy must perforce start talking Spanish to him for no accountable reason whatsoever except that he was mysteriously impelled to do so. Before meeting the man at Pentre Dwr who had an uncle in Suffolk it was only right that he should receive a newspaper that morning, announcing the uncle's death, so that he might be in a position to communicate it to his nephew. This Welshman had been fattening hogs to sell to the gentlemen from Wolverhampton. In the next chapter Borrow dreams about a particular Wolverhampton gentleman: "I guessed he must have weighed at least eleven score, he had a half-ruddy, half-tallowy face, brown hair, and rather thin whiskers." On arriving at the White Lion at Bala, Borrow sees "lolling in a chair by one side of the fire, an immense man, weighing, I should say, at least eighteen stone, with brown hair, thinnish whiskers, half-ruddy, half-tallowy complexion." This individual is too young to have been the hog-merchant of the dream, so is accommodated with the rank of his son. "O there is much more in dreams than is generally dreamt of by philosophy." Thus it was, and thus only, that he could fully avail himself of his penchant for dreams and second-sight and prognostications, so dear to him and comparatively so rare.

> What strange things are the nerves—I mean those more secret and mysterious ones in which I have some notion that the mind or the soul, call it which you will, has its habitation; how they occasionally jingle and vibrate before some coming event closely associated with the future weal or woe of the human being.

Borrow could not wait for occasions of weal or woe, to introduce such sensations or experiences. He rarely encounters Jasper Petulengro without one of them being aware of the other's presence before actually setting eyes upon him. Nor does he confine himself to such curious instances as might be expected from, and are indeed still generally conceded to, such folk as the gypsies: and his last book contains more

manifestations than any other, though the gypsies are notoriously absent from it. It is always difficult—himself so intended it—to dissociate fact from fiction in Borrow's papers. But we know enough of him to be sure that he was quite capable of torturing events to fit his purpose. We do not mind very much if he does: in fact, because of that we read him.

The pity is that we should read him for little else. It may seem harsh to judge a man who has given us pleasure of one kind for failing to give us pleasure of another kind also. It would be harsh indeed if there were any evidence that such was beyond Borrow's powers, or would have meant endangering his sanity beyond breaking point. But the evidence tends all the other way. His books reveal, plainly enough, not only that he was favoured with unusual gifts but that the full employment of these gifts to the bitter-sweet end need not have been attended by any risk of mental derangement. He stopped short before the outside of things, wilfully, it would appear, and refused to risk the personal discomfort attendant upon the labour of identifying their essence. Facts as facts had thwarted him; they cried out for interpretation. Instead of striving to find within them their own significance, Borrow, refusing quite rightly to consider them as isolated units, sought to treat their ordered occurrence as the great solution. He threw a mantle of meretricious mystery over the scheme of things, drawing back before the wonder inherent in the simplest atom.

It is because even in his failure there lurks the promise of success that his work is so exasperating and so entrancing. He had to some degree that selfless attitude towards his own experiences which we associate with saints and philosophers. He was capable of learning the lesson of self-purification.

> Fool, for thyself, thou wast not born, but to fulfil the inscrutable decrees of thy Creator; and how dost thou know that this dark principle is not, after all, thy best friend; that it is not that which tempers the whole mass of thy corruption? It may be, for what thou knowest, the mother of wisdom, and of great works: it is the dread of the horrors of the night that makes the pilgrim hasten on his way.

Strong in his experience of the past, he was prepared to face the future.

> I shuddered to think how I should feel if suddenly deprived of my health. . . . At last, however, I thought that if God took away my health He might so far alter my mind that I might be happy even without health or the prospect of it; and that reflection made me quite comfortable.

Take also his attitude towards Fame, one of the greatest pitfalls of all time, and irresistible to a youth like Borrow, for whom it must have appeared the end and consummation of life. "Fame, after all, is a glorious thing, though it last only for a day." He gained it for a day, and then fell upon years of popular neglect. However deep his dismay and disappointment may have been, it was an experience thoroughly congenial to his central philsophy, wholly in tune with his

outlook upon life. And that had been already formulated long before he incurred either popularity or abuse. He was made by himself and not by the public.

> Here I have had to pay (he writes in *Wild Wales*) for the over-praise which I later received. The farmer on the other side of the mountain called me a person of great intelligence, which I never pretended to be, and now this collier calls me a low illiterate fellow, which I really don't think I am. There is certainly a Nemesis mixed up with the affairs of this world; every good thing which you get, beyond what is strictly your due, is sure to be required from you with a vengeance. A little over-praise by a great deal of under-rating—a gleam of good fortune by a night of misery.

The result of his treatment by his publisher? Not altogether, for at the height of his fame, when Murray was clamouring for another book from him, he had set down precisely the same animadversions in *Lavengro*. "What a difference," said I, getting up. "Last night I was fêted in the hall of a rich genius, and to-night I am knocked down and mired in a dark lane by the heel of Master Wise's horse—I wonder who gave him that name?" We know very well who gave him that name.

It was this desire to rob the world of its secret wonder, to make it schematic that rendered vain his consummate powers. Borrow enjoyed mystery as an intellectual pastime, a mechanical puzzle, and propagated it: but mystery as the central fact of being, the purpose and justification of life itself he never grasped. The dictum of Goethe, *der Zweck des Lebens ist das Leben selbst*, would have been darkness to him. Fiction was used by Borrow to supply the missing links between facts, and the basis of his fiction was superstition, a superstition founded on sentiment, rather than dogma. He himself declared that superstition is the soul of poetry. At Strata Florida he informed the farmer that monastic times "were horrible times—times in which there were monks and friars and graven images, which people kissed and worshipped and sang pennillion to." Yet ten minutes previously—on the other side of the very same page—before a yew tree which *might* have stood above Ab Gwilym's grave, what did he do? "Relying on the possibility of its being the sacred tree, I behaved just as I should have done had I been quite certain of the fact. Taking off my hat I knelt down and kissed its root, repeating lines from Gruffyd Gryg." Ab Gwilym's yew was no more, no less, real to Borrow than the bones of St. James to the pilgrims at Compostella. Both ministered to devotion, both excited love and reverence. Not authenticity, but enthusiasm, could make either of the relics real. Borrow, despite his rabid Protestantism, was not an iconoclast. "The idea is a pretty one," he told the man at Pont Fadoc, of some legend; "therefore cherish it." And again at Penmynydd, when shown the tomb of Owen Tudor and his wife, "I forbore to say that their bodies did not rest in that church, nor anywhere in the neighbourhood, for I was unwilling to dispel a pleasing illusion."

Yet we can be grateful to him. Borrow is more than a dealer in

ricities or even a faker of them. He is only less valuable because
e dreaded introspection and, so far as might be, eschewed it as an
nervating habit. He himself should be the hero of his work, not any
f the lurid rogues whom he encountered. For he has left us a fairly
etailed portrait of a particular type of man, compact of opposing in-
erests, reverie and activity, respectability and vagabondage, broad-
mindedness and bigotry, complacency and idealism, who managed
make all the lions and lambs not only lie down together, but work
harness at pulling the waggon of work-a-day existence. It is easy
or either side to dispense with the other and common for both to fail,
ut that they should work in harmony is a rare phenomenon. That
man should not only succeed in achieving such a synthesis of character
nashamed of either side, but leave us a record of it, is something
emorable. Borrow's life might easily have been a triumph of the
acabre and grotesque, or of the brutish and cynical. Conceivably,
might have been one of martyrdom and self-sacrifice. He had
iled as a poet and a scholar: as a novelist he did not get even as far
failure; he was utterly incapable of creation. He could transfer,
ansmute, transmogrify any given record, but not conceive original
vents or characters. He was forced to rely upon personal experience,
ksome, humiliating as it was. Autobiography he called "a last
source with most people." It was in this last resource that he found
mself. Yet even now the story of his reaction to circumstance has
een obscured by his pictures of the strange people whom he met.
his is the penalty he must pay for his own extravagance. A man who
eeds unicorns in his back garden at Ealing will always find a host
people greedy to swallow the report of his investigations, even though
ey have never heard of Mendel. And so Borrow is generally remem-
ered by the lessons in Armenian which he gave to Isobel Berners—
idea almost certainly stolen from Byron's life—or the poisoned
kes which he received from Mrs. Herne. Perhaps he himself valued
ich episodes, true or false, more than the chronicle of his own self-
evelopment. No doubt but that they gave him greater pleasure in
e composition.

Probably the truth is that he was by nature a reticent man. He
as driven to write originally in order to make money. His last work
as the only one produced entirely on his own initiative. *The Bible*
Spain is based on reports furnished in fulfilment of his duties;
wengro he wrote by request of his publisher. *The Romany Rye*,
ough anything but requested, is a mere continuation of its predecessor.
orrow wrote with difficulty and not very well, himself painfully
vare of his own deficiencies in that respect. The deepest experiences
e those which a man is least willing to give to the world. Borrow
ntured so far as to give them, but in false perspective. They had
een harrowing experiences, and Borrow, like the Englishman he was,
ought the acknowledgment of them as such was bad form. So

he put an antic disposition on and cloaked them as fantastic escapades. Such an attitude of boisterous common sense, however disappointing, yet commands respect. We have no claim upon the sanctities of a man's own solitude. We can be grateful for having got even so much as Borrow spared us, and it should be remembered also that the most vital Borrow bored the contemporary public and so far justified his reserve. Without doubt his half-revelations, jaunty as they appear, cost him more pain than he would have admitted. There is no comment more applicable to him than his own on Huw Morus, " After all, what a beautiful thing it is, not to be, but to have been, a genius."

RECOMPENSE

By Herbert E. Palmer

IN RESPONSE TO R. S. CHALMERS-HUNT'S POEM "FINALITY" *

" *We shall not hate their triumph when the night is long,*
But to our darkness turn again and smile."

Only our darkness will be filled with light
Brighter than any beams of earthly day;
No joy that shone in sudden music's flight
Will burn with clearer, more ascendant ray.
Conscious, but one with honour, truth and song,
We shall not brood upon our earthly wrong.

By every star in which we took delight,
Each crystal flame that silvered a far morn,
We, one with starlight, shall suffuse the night.

And our long torment will seem but the thorn
That jarred the hedgerow ere the flower was born.
For all we shaped will bloom without a stain,
Unfold a rose, fade, rise to life again,
Eternal gift of Springtime by our pain.

* *See* THE NEW ADELPHI, *December*, 1928, *p.* 120. *In Mr. Chalmers-Hunt's poem the tenth line should have been printed:*
All will be quiet in a little while.

HE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

E DOG AND THE DINNER-BELL.—It may safely be said that when the experiment of Pavlov with the "conditioned reflexes" of is adduced in support of any thesis in psychology or the arts, that whole thesis and all that arises from it must be regarded ispect, and will probably be found to be essentially wrong-headed unsound. The pathetic readiness of expert and layman alike idorse the claims of every new "Wizard of the Laboratory" and xaggerate the significance of his "results" is one of the most essing symptoms of the confusion and obscuration of values of 20th century, which seems to have become disillusioned about iocus-pocus of religious dogma only to rush blindly into the equally xious illusions of mechanistic pseudo-science. It is not necessary re more than a rough outline of Pavlov's experiment to show the of reality to which it belongs and consequently to enable the er to decide how far such an experiment can legitimately be taken account in matters pertaining to human values.

vlov developed an experimental technique whereby the stomach dog was exposed, without killing the dog, so that the secretory sses of the gastric lining (mucous membrane) could be observed living state. He found that when food was shown to the dog was a flow of gastric juice, obviously stimulated by the dog's rs of sight and smell. This automatic response to a stimulus iat is called a reflex action. (Such a reflex action might be pre-d to take place even if it were not possible to observe it.) The stage in the experiment was to ring a bell every time the food hown to the dog. This was done over a long period with the object aking an "association" for the dog between the appearance of ood and the sound of the bell ringing. Finally, the association ig been established, it was found that the mere ringing of the bell, ut the food being shown, called forth the same physiological nse in the dog's stomach as the appearance of the food itself. response, evoked by the simple ringing of the bell, is the famous ditioned reflex." In its way it is undoubtedly an interesting omenon, and it does suggest a possible explanation for certain in idiosyncrasies, such as the feeling of nausea which besets some le as soon as they set foot upon a steamer, even when the harbour smooth as glass. It enables us to presume that the sights and s associated with previous experiences of sea-sickness do set n actual physiological condition in the stomach of such a person, when the original determining cause of such a condition, namely, ocking motion, is absent.

similar theory has been made use of in psycho-analysis to account

for apparently inexplicable nervous suffering. For instance, there is an authenticated case of a man who felt unwell, for no apparent reason, whenever he smelt the scent of lilacs. By the method of analysis, however, he was enabled to remember that he had been sitting by a lilac-bush in full bloom when the girl he was in love with refused to marry him. He had succeeded in burying his memory of the whole painful incident; yet a feeling of unaccountable distress still continued to be associated with the scent of lilac. This case is, of course, not exactly parallel with the automatic "conditioned reflex" of Pavlov's dogs, because the lilac-nausea was able to be eradicated when its painful association was brought to light, but I mention it because, like Pavlov's "conditioned reflex," it is liable to be adduced in support of an undiscriminatingly rationalistic and materialistic interpretation of life. There are psychologists who tend to assume that *every* case of psychological disharmony and suffering can be traced back to some buried memory of the sufferer's past life. For such people the problem of human suffering is little more than a cross-word puzzle or a detective story—"Find the Buried Memory."

The Behaviourists, and all who attach such undue importance to "conditioned reflexes" and other nine-day wonders of the laboratory, are of the same type. If such people had their way there would be no hierarchy of values left in the world; everything would be reduced to the same dead level of materialism. All our likes and dislikes, our enthusiasms and our pains would be "nothing but" conditioned reflexes or "unresolved complexes." In itself this might not be so very terrible, since it amounts to nothing more than the familiar attitude of those who deny free-will. The danger lies in the insidious way in which these "scientific proofs" of materialism can be abused. Thus we may find it suggested that the world-conquering genius of a Napoleon was "nothing but" a psychological compensation for sexual frigidity; that Goethe's preoccupation with the theory of colour was "nothing but" the result of his short-sightedness, and so on, and so on; until all human achievements have been explained away or depreciated, and nothing remains but the all-powerful Laboratory Wizard with his rats and dogs and guinea-pigs.

The psycho-analytic technique of "finding the buried memory" is all very well in its place, and so are the theories based upon laboratory experiments with reflex actions and the like; but when we find them made the basis for any general judgment upon human values, we cannot be too much upon our guard.—James Young.

Marcel Proust and the Exhibition of Dutch Art.—The name and the ideas of Marcel Proust seem to impregnate the air these days, and like invisible fern-seed to germinate in sporadic thoughts in all manner of mental by-paths and crannies. In the realms of Freudian fantasy, for instance, where I dreamt the other night, after a surfeit

ie *Daily News*, that I was having a friendly chat with the Prince Vales who assured me that in spite of his exertions on behalf of miners, he had found time to read every word of *A La Recherche du os Perdu*; and that Proust's portraits of the aristocracy were too ently the work of an outsider! And, on the other hand, in the ely Dutch interior of Burlington House, where "reminiscences of lost" in perusing Proust's interminable masterpiece will thrust iselves upon me, and forbid me to be absorbed in my own sensa-, even in moments of keen delight.

sooner am I past William and Mary than I look about curiously ie hope of seeing Swann there. Vermeer and Swann have been id for so many years now in bonds of association that even death the grave cannot separate them. Surely Swann's ghost will have ason-ticket for an exhibition where hang ten of the Dutch Master's and-forty masterpieces! Perhaps the impulse will be great enough iduce Swann to complete the shade of his treatise on Vermeer, oublish it, on "pur fil lafuma" in two hundred numbered copies his friends of the Guermante clan who share his post-terrestrial le.

id Bergotte! How many among the thousands of visitors who swarmed round the marvellous *View of Delft* by Ver Meer ("prêté le musée de La Haye pour une exposition hollandaise"), to quote, ets and all, from *La Prisonnière*, have searched eagerly for oetit pan de mur jaune," the fateful bit of yellow wall, painted xquisitely that it was like a precious Chinese miniature, which cost gotte his life? How many go home and turn once more to the rkable pages which tell how that renowned author, after years etirement, is stimulated by a critic's remarks on the yellow wall, rose-coloured sand, and the blue figures in the *View of Delft* to it the picture that he thought he knew so well. In so doing he -exerts himself and is struck down there, in the Exhibition of Dutch

And after relating the manner of Bergotte's death, Proust goes o give us a fleeting glimpse of his own notions about Art and iortality.

Bergotte was dead. Dead for ever? Who can say? Sure it is that osychic experiences, no more than religious dogmas, bring man any proof hat his soul subsists. All that we can say is that everything about our life uggests that we entered it bearing with us a burden of obligations contracted n a previous existence. There is no reason implicit in the conditions of our ife on this earth, why we should consider ourselves obliged to do good, to be efined, to be polite even; nor why a cultured artist should think it incumbent on him to begin over again, twenty times, some bit of work, earning of posterity an admiration that will leave his body—food for worms—entirely cold: a piece of work, for instance, like the bit of wall painted in yellow with so much kill and delicacy by some artist for ever unknown, scarce identified under the name of Ver Meer. All these obligations, which are without their sanction n our present life, seem to belong to a different world, a world based upon oodness, and sacrifice, and a fine sense of duty; a world entirely different rom ours, and from which we emerge to be born on this earth; only, perhaps, to return eventually to live again under the sway of its unknown laws to which

we have been obedient because we have carried their teaching engraved in our hearts without knowing who traced them there—laws towards which every profound effort of the intelligence brings us nearer, and which are invisible only—and still invisible !—for fools. So that the idea that Bergotte was not for ever dead is not altogether unreasonable. *

(No doubt Plato has by this time shown Proust the "idea," the heavenly pattern of the beauty that Ver Meer saw faintly reflected in seventeenth-century Delft.)

Art, for Proust, seems to have connoted the effort to preserve and enrich the memory of those exalted and timeless moments which come to a great artist only at rare intervals in a lifetime. These moments "of joy and certainty," though inextricably bound up with apparently trivial sensations—in his own case with the flavour of a cake dipped in tea, the smell of rotting wood, the sight of the belfries of Martinville —are moments

In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lighten'd . . .
. . . we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

Such moments, he thinks, are connected for each artist with the memory of some lost paradise, some "patrie perdue," different from Earth; different, too, from the "forgotten fatherland" of every other artist.

Talking of Elstir the painter, Proust says:

The data of this world do not count, for the artist; they merely serve as the occasion for the display of his genius. You realise at once, when you see ten portraits of different persons painted by Elstir, that every one of them is, above all, an Elstir. Only, after the rising tide of genius which floods life over, when the brain tires, little by little the equilibrium is disturbed, and like the river asserting itself along its own course again after the high tide has ebbed, life once more gets the upper hand. Now, while the first period lasted, the artist has, bit by bit, deduced the law, the formula of his unconscious power. He learns, if he is a novelist, what situations; if he is a painter, what landscapes furnish him with his material, indifferent in itself, but necessary to his labours as a laboratory or a studio might be. He knows that he has created his masterpieces with certain effects of subdued light; or with remorse modifying the idea of a crime; or with female figures posed under trees, or half submerged in water like statues. A day will come when from mental exhaustion he will no longer possess, confronted though he be with these materials of which his genius has made use, the energy to make the intellectual effort which alone can produce his work. But he will nevertheless continue to search for these materials, and be happy to have them near at hand by reason of the mental pleasure they arouse in him. . . . He will chat at great length with reformed criminals whose remorse and regeneration furnished the subject-matter of his former novels; he will buy a country-house in a district where mists veil and subdue the light; he will pass long hours watching bathing women; he will collect beautiful fabrics.†

"Il collectionera les belles étoffes." Yes—if he is a Gerard Ter

*_A La Recherche Du Temps Perdu_, Tome VI, Vol. 1, pp. 254-256.
†_A La Recherche Du Temps Perdu_, Tome II, Vol. II, pp. 187-8.

ch and has unrivalled skill in painting a silvery satin petticoat. ch Exhibition: Numbers 226, 228, 231, etc.)

arcel, talking of Dostoïewski, explains to Albertine that every t writer, every great artist has produced no more than one work— rather, has done no more than display, refracted through diverse ia, the single beauty, the unique gift, that he has to offer to the d.

nd at the Dutch Exhibition I have that explanation in my ear, notice that every Hobbema, whatever its title, is the painting n avenue of trees; that Frans Hals gives us in every picture a hing cavalier; and Jan Steen, that jolly old toper Jan Steen.— . HARRISON.

NOTE ON HENRY JAMES.—Three novels of Henry James, taken ther, afford very strong evidence that his chief concern lay not uch in the interested study of society in given situations, but in the amental problem of "morals," of the inner value of sincerity integrity contrasted with the conventional rating of them. *The assadors*, *The Awkward Age*, *The Wings of the Dove*, are not primarily els of the conventional world, although the action takes place in world. It is noteworthy that the contrast between the subtle er-like weaving of situation, and the impression of the final severity plainness of the chief characters' code of honour is essential. y move in a complicated world and take their part in the pulling ther of the strands, but their response to a critical moment or ation of "value" is perfectly clear and direct.

The Ambassadors the problem which is solved consists in the ge in Strether's attitude—from desire to bring Chadwick Newsome , free from his "entanglement," to not only an acceptance of situation, but a positive injunction that Chadwick, though without or conventional right, shall stay and reward Madame de Vionnet's ices to him with the strictest loyalty. But behind this there is ond situation, even more important to Strether than Chadwick's rs. His relationship with Maria Gostrey has come to a critical t:

> He took a minute to say, for, really and truly, what stood about him there n her offer—which was as the offer of exquisite service, of lightened care, or the rest of his days, might have well tempted. It built him softly round, t roofed him warmly over it rested, all so firm, on selection

e final and crucial passage of the book comes with Strether's sal to permit himself to accept this offer.

> That, you see, is my only logic. Not, out of the whole affair, to have got anything for myself.

ven more clearly *The Awkward Age* and *The Wings of the Dove* al this point. In both the same theme is discussed with slight rences, and brought to the same inevitable end. Love versus—

not material advancement only—but much more subtly, versus material advancement plus deep regard, is depicted in each. Densher has to choose between Kate Croy and Milly Theale. In all the queer connivances and falsities which his secret love for Kate leads him into, one of the most vital and clearly "valuable" situations is that in which Kate, to make valid their compact, gives herself to him. It is obvious that the delicate niceties of conscience and honour are involved and that what is stressed is the value of integrity in personal relationships. The whole bizarre situation is made not only possible but intensely moving by the strength and resignation of Milly's own feeling for Densher. This is what brings about the final rejection of Milly's money, on an impulse which follows on conviction after a long and trying "purification." That is what Densher's attendance on Milly has amounted to; and that is why the close of the book in its pathos and acceptance impresses one with its truth.

The Awkward Age is concerned, to put it baldly, with the question whether Van will marry Nanda to please old Mr. Longdon and to advance his own interests, or not. That he does not do so is due not only to his own sense of honour but to Nanda's quivering but resolute abnegation from what she might have—a situation of withdrawal which is brought out all the more clearly by the converse alliance of Mitchy and Agnesina. It is all involved and intricate in the telling: but the delight in the subtle management of the intertwined situations ought not to obscure the real issue—that what is emphasised is the importance and value of personal integrity and loyalty. *The Wings of the Dove* and *The Awkward Age*, indeed, express in different terms the same equation, and what that is may best be given in Henry James's own words—"What I hate is myself—when I think that one has to take so much, to be happy, out of the lives of others, and that one isn't happy even then. . . . What it comes to is that it's not, it's never, a happiness, any happiness at all, to *take*. The only safe thing is to give. . . ." (*The Ambassadors*). It is curious to find this secure, though delicately poised morality as the basis for that art, the technique of which has aroused so much discussion that it has obscured the matter—it is curious, but it is there, and it remains permanently.—DOROTHY M. HOARE.

"MOVIE" OR "TALKIE"?—Charlie Chaplin is the only great artist at work in the films. He seems also to be the only first-class critic of his art. That is not surprising. As Lessing said, every genius is a critic, but not every critic a genius. Chaplin is a first-class critic of the film, because he is a first-class artist in the film. Faithful readers of the ADELPHI will remember his brilliant essay "What does the Public want?" which the magazine had the honour (for it was no less) to publish in January, 1924. Now he has said his mind on the subject of the "talkies"; and for the first time we have read sound

sense on this much boosted innovation. In an interview published in the *Evening Standard* of January 16 he said that to introduce speech into the moving picture would be to put the art back ten years. "The art of pantomime is complete; it doesn't need words."

> As for myself, I can say more with a gesture than I can with words, because the audience finishes the gesture for me. Where I can only look sorry they will supply for me all the words that were ever said when they were sorry, all the words they ever heard that made them sorry, all the sad things in their lives, and all the sad things they ever read; and I can have them crying not because of anything I do so much as because they see me sorry and begin to feel sorry for themselves.
>
> For the word "sorry" you can substitute the word "happy" or "frightened" or "worried"—or what you wish.

He will admit nothing more than that the introduction of sound-effect (not speech) into moving pictures, if done intelligently, has come to stay.

All this only shows once more, what has been abundantly made evident by his work, and his infrequent but always pointed criticisms, that Charlie Chaplin is perhaps the only film-star or film-producer who has a clear *idea* of the nature of his art. This may be primarily because, before Chaplin began film-work, he was a mime. The Karno comedies (*Mumming Birds, Gaol Birds* and the rest), in which he played in the music-halls before the war, were pure "film"—which is pure pantomime. Because the cinema is more popular than miming ever was, we speak of pure "film" instead of pure pantomime, and forget that pantomime is the parent art. Cinema essentially is only a mechanical multiplication of the art of the mime; and in so far as cinema is art at all it is art because it is true pantomime. Its popularity, the wealth invested in it, its gorgeous palaces, are accidental results due to the mechanical multiplication of the art. In the old days one set of mimes (I can remember only two: Karno's various Birds and the great O'Hanlon Brothers) could be seen only in one place, at one time, and by at most a thousand people. Now a set of mimes, in their new glory as movie "stars," can be seen simultaneously in a thousand places, and by a million people. That, and that alone, is the difference between pantomime and cinema as *art*.

Chaplin knows it. He has the tradition in his bones, and an awareness of it in his brain. His genius consists not least in his secure possession of the tradition; and he is rightly afraid of speech in moving pictures. He knows how many years it has taken for Hollywood to reach even a rule-of-thumb awareness of the limitations and possibilities of the movies. Since the producers have attained no knowledge of principle, the new technical development will simply bring back among them that utter confusion of purpose which Chaplin so pointedly described in "What does the Public want?"

If the "talkie" is to become an art, instead of a mere novelty, it is clear that the basis of the "talkie" art must be quite different from that of the "movies." What now becomes theoretically possible is a

mechanical multiplication of the art of the theatre—a radically different art from the art of pantomime. It appears, then, that the wise "talkie" producer will be he who, at the critical moment, shuts up shop at Hollywood for a year or more, and goes off to study the New York or the London theatre. There is the art which he now has to emulate and to expand. If the mechanical development of the "talkie" is adequate to the reproduction of a complete theatrical performance, then the theatre will have an immense proliferation exactly like the proliferation of pantomime into the "movie." Whether this immense development of the theatre takes place or not depends solely on the technical efficiency of the "talkie" machine. If it is not capable of rendering a complete theatrical performance people will quickly tire of it. Instead of tolerably competent pantomime, they will simply be getting poor theatre; and they will recognise the difference, even though they may not be able to define it. Meanwhile Chaplin, by remaining an extraordinary mime and refusing to be an ordinary actor, will become still more certain of his art—and of his universal popularity as well. Pantomime is current everywhere; the theatre is not.—Henry King.

NOTES ON SHAKESPEARE

CONCERNING SONNET 107:

Not mine owne feares, nor the prophetick soule
Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love controule,
Supposed as forfeit to a confined doome.
The mortal Moone hath her eclipse indur'de,
And the sad Augurs mock their own presage,
Incertainties now crowne them-selves assur'de,
And peace proclaimes olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmie time
My love lookes fresh, and death to me subscribes,
Since spight of him I'll live in this poore rime,
While he insults ore dull and speachlesse tribes.
    And thou in this shalt find thy monument
    When tyrants' crests and tombs of brasse are spent.

This sonnet is generally supposed to contain a specific reference to the death of Elizabeth, and the liberation from prison of the Earl of Southampton, which occurred on James's accession.

The question is of importance, chiefly because sonnet 107 is squarely and firmly set among a number of sonnets which are obviously connected, so that if it must be dated as late as 1603 it is either necessary to date some of the adjoining sonnets equally late—which involves us in difficulties—or we must conclude, against the evidence of our senses, that the Sonnets are a mere hotch-potch arranged in any order. On the contrary, the order of the Sonnets seems substantially correct, and none of the many attempts to establish a new order has ever been really convincing. It is worth while, therefore, to examine the Sonnet carefully, and in its context.

Sonnets 100-103 all have a similar burden. The poet apologizes for his recent neglect to write in praise of his friend. His excuses are various and fanciful. In Sonnet 104 he tells how his love for his friend has lasted now three full years. In Sonnet 105 he apologizes for always sticking to the one theme: the beauty, the kindness, and the loyalty of his friend. Which comes, very naturally, at a moment when he is trying to rouse his Muse again. In 106 he declares that all beauties sung by poets of the olden time prefigured the beauty of his friend: but he, who has the prophesied reality before him, lacks a tongue to praise it duly.

The order of these seven preceding sonnets is eminently natural, as will be evident to anyone who reads them with care and responsiveness. We will omit the disputed sonnet 107 for the moment, and proceed.

Sonnet 108 asks, "Is there anything more he *can* write to express either his own love, or his friend's deserts?" Yet he must go on repeating his song like the Lord's Prayer. Their love, though old, is young. Where one would have expected it to die, it lives on undiminished.

Sonnet 109 opens a new theme. Shakespeare replies to definite reproaches of his friend for his neglect of him—a neglect which naturally seems to be that excused in Sonnets 100-108. He confesses that absence did "seem to qualify his flame," but denies that he was disloyal at heart. 110-112, famous

sonnets all of them, confess that he had, during this absence, "made old offences of affections new," that "public means" had bred in him "public manners," and he sighs "to be renewed." But he cares not what men say, now that "the love and pity" of his friend fill the impression

Which vulgar scandal stamped upon my brow.

At this point a well-defined and extremely important group of sonnets ends. This group of sonnets seems quite coherent. The sequence is natural, the psychological process revealed convincing. First, an acknowledgment that his poetry in praise of his friend had dropped off; then a backward look over the three years of their friendship; then, a certain embarrassment at beginning his sonnets again; then, Sonnet 107; then a delighted but slightly wondering recognition that their love had lasted, though length of time and appearances would point against it; then an embarrassed confession of disloyalty in absence, and of scandal which his friend's love has forgiven. The story seems clear enough. An absence, a neglect to write poetry about his friend, a fear that his friend would not forgive, a meeting, a delighted discovery that his friend was still fond of him, and an awkward—but moving—defence of himself for his apparent defection. In this story Sonnet 107 appears at a crucial point. Does it belong to it, or not? It seems evident that it does.

But first let us observe a detail of vocabulary. The word "confined" appears in three of these sonnets and nowhere else in the whole of them. The detail is of some importance. It not only points to the sonnets having been composed at the same time; but it gives a hint towards the interpretation of the word in Sonnet 107, which is much disputed. "Confined" in Sonnet 105: "my verse to constancy confined," and in Sonnet 110: "A God in love, to whom I am confined"—clearly means "limited." There is no sense of irksomeness in the limitation, no hint of imprisonment.

With this preparation we may undertake the interpretation of the first four lines of Sonnet 107:

Not mine owne feares, nor the prophetick soule,
Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love controule,
Supposed as forfeit to a confined doome.

Naturally, and particularly in regard to Shakespeare's fondness for "legal" figures, it is "the lease of my true love" and not the "true love" that is "supposed forfeit." We may compare among many other parallels, "My bonds in thee are all determinate." Which serves to remind us that leases are not subject to imprisonment, but merely to determination. So that the natural sense of "a confined doom" is precisely a fixed date of expiration. To imagine that Shakespeare's friend is supposed condemned to perpetual imprisonment is to show ignorance of the language of the Sonnets. His fears have already been amply explained by the preceding sonnets: he feared, and he had good reason for fearing, that the love between him and his friend was over. Further, "Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom" is exactly paraphrased by the concluding couplet of the next Sonnet, 108:

Finding the first conceit of love there bred
Where time and outward form would show it dead.

Thus the meaning of the first four lines is rendered certain. "Neither my own fears of its decease, nor even the prophetic soul of the wide world, can

yet set a term to the lease of my true love, which has been supposed to be at an end."

The "mortal moon" of the next four lines has been generally supposed to be Queen Elizabeth. It needs to be emphasized that, *if* the "mortal moon" is the Queen, the natural meaning of

> The mortal Moon hath her eclipse indur'de

is not: "The Queen is dead," but "The Queen has recovered." The normal meaning of "endure" in Shakespeare is "to suffer and survive." You endure torments in Shakespeare's language; you do not endure death. The natural meaning of the line, leaving aside the problematic reference to Elizabeth, is: "The mortal moon has been obscured and now shines as bright as ever," and that meaning is confirmed by the next line:

> And the sad Augurs mock their own presage

Why, unless the moon had recovered from eclipse, should the augurs *mock* their own presage? Otherwise we must suppose they had prophesied prosperity, and were now despondently jeering at their own mistake. Such an interpretation hopelessly conflicts with the tone of the following two lines:

> Incertainties now crowne them-selves assur'de
> And peace proclaimes olives of endless age.

The conclusion is that if the reference is to the Queen, it is to her happy recovery, not her death.

The next lines:

> Now with the drops of this most balmie time
> My love lookes fresh,

mean, simply, "this time of happiness is like the elixir of youth to my passion."

> and death to me subscribes
> Since spight of him I'll live in this poor rime
> While he insults ore dull and speachlesse tribes

As my love has triumphed over a threatened death, "so I have also my own particular triumph over him, in the immortality of my poems."

> And thou in this shalt find thy monument
> When tyrants' crests and tombs of brasse are spent.

"So, too, my friend triumphs over death in this verse of mine."

The sonnet thus appears perfectly coherent in itself, and perfectly appropriate in its context. Indeed, the best commentary on it is contained in the surrounding sonnets. The substance of it can be reduced to "Our love which threatened to die has survived, and no one dares to set a term to it. Our uncertainties are resolved; and there is a prospect of everlasting peace between us. Just as our love has survived the threat by death, so we, the two lovers, have each our separate victory over death, I as the writer, he as the hero, of these poems."

If, thus interpreted, it is read in its place in the sequence of Sonnets 100-112, it seems not difficult to read the story.

It is now three years since Shakespeare met his friend. Shakespeare has been absent a long while; in his absence he has made new friendships, encountered infatuations even, and his flow of sonnets in praise of his friend and their love has been slackened. The friend reminds him of this loss of ardour; and Shakespeare, with an embarrassed conscience, begins again. He feels

at once guilty and grateful; guilty, that he has deserved the reminder, and grateful for the proof of his friend's constancy that it gives. They meet again, and to Shakespeare's surprise and joy all is as it was between them: the golden years return. But, when the first joy of meeting is over, Shakespeare has to submit to the just reproaches of his friend, for his behaviour during absence: he excuses himself by saying—with deadly seriousness—that his behaviour is due to his discredited and discreditable profession.

I have been concerned to establish a positive and a negative case. The positive case is that the sonnet fits with perfect appropriateness in its context. The negative case is two-fold, namely, that it is unnatural, and does violence to Shakespeare's language to interpret (1) ll.3-4 as meaning: "it has been supposed that my friend would die in gaol" and (2) l.5 as meaning "Queen Elizabeth is dead."

The positive and negative issues are interdependent: for if it could be established that 1-5 means "The Queen is dead," it follows that the date of the sonnet is 1603 and the period of just over three years given to the friendship would begin in 1599—a date to me nonsensical.

If we suppose that the friend is Southampton, as I do, the beginning of the friendship was probably in 1593—the year of the dedication of *Venus*. That would give, if my interpretation of the sonnet is correct, about 1596 for the date of it. On grounds of style, that date is convincing to me.

J. M. Murry.

P.S.—Since the foregoing note was written, Mr. G. B. Harrison, in a letter to *The Times Literary Supplement*, has shown that in the year 1596 Queen Elizabeth was ill, and that her illness caused great alarm in England; further, that peace was established in France. The complete agreement of Mr. Harrison's purely historical argument, with the conclusions here independently drawn from the internal evidence of the Sonnets, is striking.

BOOK ILLUSTRATION

ILLUSTRATORS OF THE 'SIXTIES. By Forrest Reid. (Faber & Gwyer.) 3 guineas net.

EVE'S LEGEND. By Lord Holland. Adorned with Engravings on Wood by Hester Sainsbury. (Etchells & Macdonald.) 3 guineas.

Connoisseurs showing us their treasures can be terrible bores. Mr. Reid is a connoisseur of the black-and-white art of the 'sixties, and in his book he shows us his treasures; but he isn't a bore. On the contrary, he holds our attention: he even quickens it to a point at which we begin to share his enthusiasm. Presently, if we aren't careful, he'll have us on the trail ourselves, prowling round second-hand bookshops, grubbing through stacks of old *Cornhills, Quivers, Good Words, Argosies, Once a Weeks*, hoping to track down some of these engravings before they become the vogue, and possible game for nobody but millionaires. With Mr. Reid's hobby we should adopt his book as our guide. It is packed with information. Hardly a passably good illustrator or illustrated book or magazine of the period (1855-1870) but it mentions: and as for the greater artists who made the period what it was and remains—incomparably the greatest in the history of book-illustration—Millais, Rossetti, Whistler, Pinwell and Boyd Houghton, Sandys and North, Charles Keen and du Maurier—of these there is abundance of accurate guide-book information, but also sensitive and sound criticism and ninety-one excellent reproductions of their best work.

In his anthology * *Apostate*, Mr. Reid told us how as a boy he first fell under the enchantment of these wood cuts. He dreamed over them, enchanted by their poetry. They accepted life as it was and turned it into beauty: they gave to the most homely materials a delicate and poetic charm. There's the clue to his critical attitude. It explains his impatience with current nonsense about art. People without enough artistic judgment to choose a passable wallpaper are nowadays ready to condemn such masterpieces as Millais's set of Parables, on the ground that they "represent" something, forsooth! They have the courage of other people's opinions. And of fashionable taboo. "Representational" art they think taboo (as if there could be an art which represents nothing). It is a horrible mixture of art with something not art (as if one could distil an unmixed essence of art). So sneer the arty chatterers, who have about as much art between them as Millais or Sandys had in his little finger. And Mr. Reid is impatient. Justly he protests that the æsthetic value of a picture need not suffer because of some story or sentiment in it:

> If the sentiment is false or cheap it is bad, that is all. Take Ghirlandajo's famous portrait of the bottle-nosed old man and his grandson: does not much of its charm lie in the relation of trust and affection that obviously exists between the old man and the child; lie, that is to say, in its sentiment? It is certainly there, the dreaded quality, yet, being the expression of an emotion that is true and fine, it becomes a part of the picture's beauty; in other words, possesses a definitely æsthetic value.

Many attempts have been made to define the ideal relation between the

* Constable's Miscellany, 3s. 6d.

design and the text it illustrates. Some of them are recalled by Mr. Reid. There was much discussion about Rossetti's *St. Cecilia—The Palace of Art*, for the Moxon Tennyson. Of this design Mr. Laurence Housman remarked that "the illustrations of the Pre-Raphaelites were personal and intellectual readings of the poems to which they belonged, were not merely echoes in line of the words of the text. Often they were the successful summing up of the drift of an entire poem within the range of a single picture." Alas! Tennyson himself quite failed to appreciate Rossetti's summing up in this particular instance; he finally gave up all attempt to see what the illustration had to do with his poem. Rossetti could have enlightened him. Said he: "One can allegorize on one's own hook on the subject of the poem, without killing for oneself and everyone a distinct idea of the poet's." And there it is, plain and pat. The artist takes his material where he finds it, moulds it to express his own mood and inspiration, allegorizes a little on his own hook. The result may be regarded as a direct or indirect comment on the text, but it is also a work of art in its own rights. Not explanatory diagram. The diagrams of Euclid's theorems mean nothing apart from their text. But burn and forget the text of such illustrations as those reproduced by Mr. Reid, transplant them as he has done—and they continue to allegorize on their own hook, with less allusive richness, perhaps, but otherwise none the worse.

In Mr. Reid's comments, however, analysis of the illustrator's art in general is only an occasional aside. His chief concern is with individual artists and particular examples of their work. He has an eye: he has critical acuteness: and he both cares and knows a lot about his subject. So what he says is always interesting, and sometimes has the surprise of a good metaphor, as when he says of Millais's *The Lost Piece of Silver* that the "line has the flowing elastic quality of a water weed streaming in a current." Collectors will treasure his book, "the chronicle of a hobby"—indeed it is a book to make collectors of us all.

Turning to the engravings with which Miss Sainsbury has adorned (her own word) *Eve's Legend*, one realizes how completely modern illustrators have forsaken the methods and ideals of the 'sixties. Maybe the change was inevitable. The development of reproduction processes has left no room for their art in the modern magazine. The larger public is entertained by photographs and slick wash-drawings: the connoisseur has his expensive editions adorned with wood-engravings.

This change has had good results and bad. Among the good I count the greater regard now paid to the proper use of the artist's medium and material. He has learned what can best be done with the photographic plate, and what with the graver and block. With this lesson in mind he is turning back to the earlier practice of his craft and again making designs not merely for, but, as it were, *with* the graver. They are designs which cannot well be mistaken as pen and ink sketches for oil painting, or anything else but what, in fact, they are. They have the beauty of fitness, the appropriate manipulation of materials.

Among the bad results is a tendency to "preciousness," mere dilettantism—the besetting sin of contemporary art. It isn't fashionable now to aim at investing homely materials with poetic charm. The aim now is to compose (significant word!) patterns (equally significant!). But amusing, decorative patterns which can't be accused of borrowing anything from the sentiment

of the subject—or from anything else but their own rhythm and form. (Really a narrowing of interest to two only of the various elements in any art worth the name.) However, it is the affair of illustrators to-day.

Miss Sainsbury's designs exemplify these changes. She has adorned an elegant literary curio, written in 1824 with the use of no other vowel than "e." Written with ease! A trifle. Very ingenious. Decorative. Amusing. In a word—modern!

WILLIAM ORPEN.

THE LETTERS OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD

THE LETTERS OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD. Edited by J. MIDDLETON MURRY. (Constable.) Two volumes. 15s. net.

Anything of Katherine Mansfield's must be more or less disappointing now, I suppose. She set a new standard of truth. By some means, which, perhaps, no one else has been able to discover, she could reproduce, framed in the form of an apparently artless short story, not, as it seemed, an image of the object refracted through an intervening personality—but the *object itself*. In reading her stories we don't say—"How cleverly she puts it there . . ." but rather—"Good Lord—there it is!" I have always imagined her as a person with a blessedly diffused identity—someone who *was* everything rather than *saw* everything. Whenever I hear anyone mention the expression "a man's man," by the way, I think—"Why, that's easy—some people can go much further than that, and be a frog's frog or a murderer's murderer or a baby's baby or a button's button. . . ." Katherine Mansfield herself expressed this feeling in one of her letters :—

> When I write about ducks I swear that I am a white duck with a round eye, floating on a pond fringed with yellow-blobs and taking an occasional dart at the other duck with the round eye which floats upside down beneath me . . . In fact, the whole process of becoming the duck (what Lawrence would perhaps call this consummation with the duck . . . !) is so thrilling that I can hardly breathe, only to think about it. For although that is as far as most people can get, it is really only the "prelude." There follows the moment when you are *more* duck, *more* apple, or *more* Natasha than any of these objects could ever possibly be, and so you *create* them anew.

In her letters, Katherine Mansfield, it seems to me, often misses the absolute directness of expression that she always achieves in her stories. Perhaps it is inevitable that she should. Impersonal writing is the sacrifice before the Unknown God—such an artist as she was, makes no compromise before that altar. But letters, after all, are written not to gods but to men and women—and to men and women made vulnerable by friendship and love. And it so happens that these letters are haunted by something faintly unreal—a ghost—ambiguous and gracious—of a terribly real thing. Katherine Mansfield was, in fact, showing that she could be not only a thing's thing—a child's child—a duck's duck—as she was in her stories, but also, as in these letters—a friend's friend. And that is a much less austere rôle, of course. She shows herself here quite often, I think, writing the thing she felt she

ought to write in order to comfort or please—she dresses up her words to hide their bright nakedness. "It is so hard not to dress one's ideas up in their Sunday clothes," she says, "and make them look all stiff and shining in a letter. My ideas look awful in their best dresses." Or, "I wish when one writes about things one didn't dramatize them so." In her letter to Mr. Gerhardi on page 156 of the second volume she seems to me to hide herself altogether—to write with the pen of a pretender. Yet after all, why not? A hairsbreadth miss, if Katherine Mansfield is responsible for it, is more subtle than a bullseye achieved by the rest of us. Letters are but moods and charms, after all, and should keep no rules and impose no austerities. To publish letters in book form is like clothing a fairy in steel armour and sending it out to challenge battle by the very portentousness of its look.

Katherine Mansfield did not want to be quite clearly seen in her letters, often—and she wasn't. She was like a sailor marooned on a rock, waving gay and gallant signals as the tide crept higher and higher about her. Would she have been astounded, I wonder, could she have seen this orderly resurrection of her moods in two neat volumes—astounded to find how perceptibly and ruthlessly her life and her desperate creative mind moved behind the dancing veil of words that she held between herself and her friends?

STELLA BENSON.

UNDERTONES

UNDERTONES OF WAR. By Edmund Blunden. (R. Cobden-Sanderson.) 10s. 6d.

There was a poet whose friends used to worry him to write a book for us. Tell us tales of war, Blunden!

Here is the book. It is what we might have expected from a poet—a yarn we could not have predicted. It has the compulsion of *The Ancient Mariner*, this narrative; and what manner of albatross is in this story, and what does the fateful symbol mean? Those critics and cynics who feel, after the last war and the following peace that justified every blasphemy with which the soldiers mocked their own ardours and endurances, that the human multitude is not worth troubling about, and probably and deservedly will end as did the dinosaurs, through unadaptable bulk and fatuous confidence, must at least admit one thing in our favour. After no other war have soldiers related their brave adventures so curiously as the young men who fought the last war for us. First they would say nothing. And now, instead of survivors proudly displaying their wounds and fighting their battles over again, they behave as though we were the cripples whom the war hopelessly damned. They are sorry for us, but their pity is without hope. This is confusing, because unprecedented, and may mean anything which predilection or senility allows us to read into it; and may mean, so far as the civilizing of the mob is concerned, nothing whatever. Here is Blunden's story. There is no anger in it, not even indignation, rarely a faint hint of reproach; no pride, no exultation, no patriotism. He did not hate the enemy—he rarely saw him, except to regret his carcase in a mudhole;

he chuckles over the official attempt to give him and his brother officers "an offensive spirit" that they might "establish superiority" over the foe. As though merely across a quick-set hedge to a neighbour in similar hard-luck on a wet day, he salutes his enemy with ironic jollity. He greets the accurate dismissal of a comrade, as though at cricket, with Out. There can be no doubt about it. He is, or was, an inhuman soldier. He is not true to the Christian type, and that is not fair to us, for it leaves us unjustified in the sacrifice we demanded of heroes. It is true that among other defiances of fate once he walked through heavy barrages four times in the course of a fancied duty, and turned up again, alive but scared, to the astonishment of his mess, with news he had learned in Gerry's own territory. But what of it? He is still unmanly, if we measure by the popular standard for cadets, which we got from the rigmaroles of brigadiers; or by the Tennysonian code of chivalry. Yet uneasily we guess that Blunden would greet that code with heartless mirth. It would be to him much the same as the enemy's frightfulness, or the instructions issued to him by Headquarters for the proper patrolling of No-Man's-Land and raiding the opposite trenches. Once Blunden, who then had not reached his twenty-first birthday, told a general that he was fighting for one side because he was not born on the other side. He blurted out that by Ypres. We gather, however, that this unusual general understood young Englishmen much better than the patriots who then were treasuring unsullied love for their country in places where it could come to less harm. The general did not write to the *Daily Mail* about it.

It must be confessed. There is something more than odd in Blunden's story. As you read on into it your uneasiness grows. This poet's eye is not in a fine frenzy rolling. There is a steely glitter in it. It appears to be amused by drolleries not quite obvious to us. It is as though, in the midst of a pleasing and animated conversation after dinner, you fancied you heard distant and indeterminate music not altogether unfamiliar. What was that? You withdraw your attention a little from the talk to get a clue to those disturbing strains; then become absent in mind from the lamp-light and the cosy talk, and see an outer world of dubious reflections and ominous shapes, a region vast and dark and as cold to human hope and aspirations as a polar solitude. Yet there the heads of those happy talkers remain between you and that foreboding night, still animated and unaware, and continue to say nothing while making foolishly eager movements. You have to pull yourself together—come out of that disturbing dream—begin talking with the others.

This book, in fact, is by a ghost for other ghosts; some readers will not know what it is all about; they will say so, not being ghosts, and seeing none. Yet it is a humorous book, though its fun is wan; through its pale fun you can see the tangibilities of to-day solid in their appropriate places. You soon have more than a suspicion that Blunden is not addressing you at all, you the reader, but presences not visible. His cheerful voice is addressed over your shoulder, and your amusement fades when that fancy chills it. You turn round. Nothing there! This ghostly play, once you are aware of it, disturbs confidence in the tangibilities of your own hearty day with a hint that there are tidings withheld. What is it the shades know and laugh over?

Blunden says nothing about that. Why should he? The shades would know it, and so need not be told. Yet the uneasy reader persists in trying to find it out. He suspects that this is a rare book in which much is secreted

in the blank spaces; the best of it, maybe. He might be overhearing, by chance, allusive but exciting reminiscences by men out of sight. At first he supposes their shattering adventures were by the body and of the sword; then becomes awed by more than a suspicion that these reminiscences are of something worse than the blood, mire, and the shocks of the explosions. Somebody was shot through the heart, we gather, yet continued to smoke and laugh. Something was worse than the fury of the enemy. What was it? The listener wonders whether it might have been the old folk at home; the soldier appears to have been lonelier in spirit when in London and more antagonistic to what was current than when guessing on his belly at night behind the German wire whether he would get what was meant for him. He had a better understanding of Fritz than of us. We were the aliens. There was companionship in adversity in France; in London there was but a revival of the old horrible hue-and-cry. Yet no. Though that may have been so, it will not account for all that is in this book—or rather, for what falls across it like a shadow, sounds through it as an elfish laugh. Is it any good trying to understand the ghost of a child who has played knuckle-bones in Hades for shocking forfeits? As a haunting presence it has some upsetting ways, especially when it would play with us by the study fire, after midnight. You find yourself hoping that nobody else in the house heard that laugh. Somehow, though, its spectral merriment is more to us than all the starry host.

There is loveliness in this book. Let no man read it who fears the magic of names—Mesnil, Beaumont Hamel, Givenchy, Festubert, Mazingarbe, Zillebeke, Thiepval, Richebourg St. Vaast. And Ypres. The jags of that pallid ruin with its imprisoned echoes jibbering at the hurrying wayfarer rise again in Blunden's story. The fellows who went through the Menin Gate and vanished, they are here, they live again, and glints and suggestions of the night which swallowed them; the face of a boy seen for a moment by the light of a star shell; the friends in a dug-out eyeing each other while waiting to be buried ("we do not exist"); the elder chum who ignored the worst of it, whose complexion was always rosy, whose solidity could not be moved by any sudden frightfulness, and who jollied his weaker brethren then with steadying advice; the boozy sergeant-major, good-humoured and soft, who became a centre of gravity when things went wrong. After all, the men are the best of the book; and that is right. That at least we were sure to get from a poet. This story of war stirs and proceeds with living figures, and its scenes are authentic with trifles forgotten till Blunden reminds us of them. The old front line comes back. It is solid. You can hear the mud of the Salient when the duckboards squelch under the feet of unseen men "going up" at night. You can smell the Somme. You may potter around Mesnil, and shudder again in a veritable silence of ghastly sunlight. And if to stir those apprehensions does not mean we are reading the best prose, then there is no other way of proving it. Yet there is more in the book than that. Something æolian breathes through its lines. You may hear echoing, as one used to hear desolation murmuring when the night was suspect and the flares were few before dawn, the wonder and awe of the sacrificed who did not know why this had come to them; for Blunden's is a tribute to the unknown soldier more lasting than the pomps about a cenotaph.

H. M. TOMLINSON.

MEMOIRS OF A FOX-HUNTING MAN

Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man. By Siegfried Sassoon. (Faber and Gwyer). 7s. 6d. net.

A really good book, good in warp and woof, stubbornly and steadily good, not in pockets and promises, but in grain, is a very rare thing. This is such a book; and anyone who fails to find an opportunity of reading it will be the poorer by a positive experience. There are no might-have-beens about this book; everything that it promises is paid, to a farthing. Nor is it a book for this man rather than that one; it is for every member of the vast company which believes that there are good things in life.

Of those good things the author had more than a common share. Yet his would be a very meagre and bat-eyed soul who would say, after reading this book, that the author did not deserve them. He has richly made good his right to them, by giving what was given to him to others. That power to give, through the written word, is also a gift; but it depends upon being able to live one's experiences. To that capacity the nature of the experience is fundamentally indifferent. If a hard life had been Mr. Sassoon's portion before the days of the war, when his life, like most men's lives, was hard, his record of it would still have been rich.

The book describes the life, from boy to man, during twenty-seven or twenty-eight years before the war, of a boy without father or mother, who lived in the devoted care of an aunt, in a pleasant place on the edge of the Kentish Weald. There is no place more English; nor anything more English than his surroundings. Poised securely in the ease of the upper middle-class, the half-conscious focus of an adoring household—a delightful aunt, a splendid groom, a timid, tender and self-effacing maid, he grew leisurely like a Kentish apple-tree. The sole spur to this existence was the well-concealed and carefully pursued ambition of Dixon the groom that the young master should become a rider to hounds. The gradual fulfilment of the plan is the theme of the book.

From first pony to first hunter, then with a sweeping crescendo to the young man's suddenly buying a horse for himself, and soon after winning a Hunt point-to-point on it, then to the final though more diffused glory of living at the kennels as the sole intimate of a young and completely efficient Master of a pack in the famous Shires—it is a decorous but truly triumphant progress for a boy whose home was a good ten miles from the nearest meet of hounds. Is he, or Dixon, the real hero? It is hard to say. And the difficulty of that decision is an index to the native subtlety of the writer; for the progress towards the heights of Dixon's ambition is also a process of growth from boy to man in the subject of the story. The reality of this process is remarkably conveyed. His hesitations, his shyness, his lack of all confidence in himself—all these are rendered almost solely in relation to his progress as a rider to hounds. But the touch is so sure, and the realization of character so complete, that we have no sense at all that the aspect under which his life is viewed is a

narrow one; and when the unexpected moment comes when he, in a burst of sudden confidence, suddenly offers a man fifty pounds for his horse, we feel—and rightly feel—not that he has reached a stage in the life of a fox-hunter, but that a boy has become a man. The ride home on the newly acquired Cockbird to the unsuspecting Dixon is a masterpiece of drama in miniature: no knight-errant ever had a more essentially glorious return.

The effect of solidity in the narration is notable. We are given the sense that, although we may be looking at a life as it were in profile, it is there in the round; and that it is due solely to the author's choice that one aspect rather than another is mainly turned to us. The chief means by which this effect is achieved is the variety and richness of the subsidiary characters: they are a world. We seem to catch a glimpse of the devotion with which Mr. Sassoon set himself to recover their reality from oblivion in the concluding sentence of this picture of Miriam the maid. (Since the whole book invites quotation, it may as well be this piece as another.)

> Miriam was a gaunt woman who had looked more than middle-aged ever since I first saw her. Miriam's hair had perhaps begun by being golden, but it was now a faded yellow remnant, drawn tightly back from her broad forehead and crowned by a skimpy lace cap. Her wide-set eyes had a strained and patient expression, as though expecting to be rather sharply ordered to lug a heavy scuttle of coals up four flights of steep stairs. She was unobtrusively humpbacked and round-shouldered, which suggested that when not carrying scuttles upstairs she had been burdened with heavy trays or had been stooping over a scullery sink to wash and wipe a lifetime of crockery. Her voice, too, had a long-suffering note in it—most noticeable when she was doing her best to be gay. . . She was no more than an odd-looking factotum, whose homely methods and manners occasionally incurred my disapproval, for I had a well-developed bump of snobbishness as regards flunkeydom and carriage-and-pair ostentation as a whole. Now and again, however, I was remotely affected by the smile which used to light up her sallow, humble face when I said something which pleased her. It is the memory of that smile which has helped me to describe her. For there was a loveliness of spirit in her which I did not recognize until it was too late for her to know it.

There is another kindred indication at the end of the book when the writer is in the Army and in France, towards the end of a weary day's journey of his battalion into billets in a strange French village.

> We had some tea. . . . If I could taste that tea out of the dixies now I should write it all very much as it was. Living spontaneity would be revived by that tea, the taste of which cannot be recovered by any effort of memory.

One recalls, immediately, Marcel Proust's second taste of the sodden madeleine, and the growth of forgotten memory which sprang from it. Some analogous effort, evidently, has gone to the making of this book of memories—a patient waiting for the clue which would lead to the "living spontaneity" of a past not remembered, but relived; to that recapture of the "essence" (as the word is used in Santayana's philosophy and Proust's æsthetic) which is the inimitable bloom on the living nature of things. This arduous labour, implicit in its texture and unrecognizable there, is the reason why this book will outlast a thousand more pretentious narratives.

J. M. Murry.

FRANÇOIS VILLON

The Judgment of François Villon: A Pageant Episode Play in Five Acts. By Herbert Edward Palmer. (The Hogarth Press.) 25s.

> And something of the Shorter Catechist,

wrote Henley of Stevenson, even at the beginning. Later, his gorge rose at him; and to read Stevenson's *Villon* is to understand why. The Shorter Catechist had it in him to be the Persecutor. There is something lamentable in the spectacle, this complacent Pharasaic moralising (at seven-and-twenty) on the discovery of the fifteenth century police records of night-walking and safe-breaking, this hounding of a fluttering rag of humanity to an everlasting bonfire, discounting its penitence, poisoning its poor gratitude, the whole illuminated with uncanny flashes—" and his heart flowed over with curses as he thought of Thibault d'Aussigny walking the streets in God's sunlight and blessing people with extended fingers." They were not so very profuse, those curses: though profound enough. Villon had spent six months in Bishop Thibault's prison at Orleans; once free, he wished Thibault in curiously quiet verse one thing, and one thing only—

> God be to him as he has been to me,

and modifies it, someone having expostulated with him for cursing, by a petition still quieter, still deadlier—

> S'il en a ést misericors,
> Ihésus, le roy de Paradis,
> Tel luy soit à l'âme et aù corps!

It is easier to wish one's enemies well when one has not suffered the torture by water.

Yet this is not like Stevenson, for such priggishness as he had lay rather in his preaching of tolerance. " For God's sake," he himself wrote to a younger prig, " avoid the primness of your virtue; hardness to a poor harlot is a sin lower than the ugliest unchastity." The reason for this particular uprising of John Knox in him may be what Mr. Palmer and Mr. De Vere Stacpoole suggest, an involuntary movement of revolt against the Villon-cult of Henley and Swinburne, and the faked-sulphurous atmosphere of the Neo-Devil worshippers. And there may be a deeper reason still. A generous egoist is apt to damn the sins he feels inclined to more harshly than the sins he has no mind to; and in that consumptive, shivering, jesting scoundrel, histrionic even in its prayers, " a sinister dog, but with a look in his eye, and the loose flexile mouth that goes with wit and an over-weening sensual temperament," he may have recognized a fleeting likeness. It does not matter. Time is the judge that tries all these offenders, and when the prisoner at the bar begins to speak, the prosecuting counsel holds his peace.

> Frères humains, qui après nous vivez,
> N'ayez les cuers contre nous endurcis.

There is Holy Writ for it, that if a man would judge himself, he would not be judged: and posterity could not easily be harder on Villon than Villon was upon himself. If he pleads necessity, the hunger that brings the wolf

out of the wood—he has a curious sympathy with wolves, those too close companions of a bitter night—he confesses in the same breath that he brought that necessity upon himself. If he had plied his book, it might be Villon with two plump fingers outstretched, blessing the people walking in the sun, instead of Villon, tapdrawer and worse to Grosse Margot, leaping, the officious earwig, to hand the tankard, truculent at the door. For a verse or two the tongue of fire flickers about and sears his own gaunt body, and then illumines hell—

> Vente, gresle, gelle, j'ay mon pain cuit.
> Ie suis paillart, la paillarde me suit.
> Lequel vault mieulx ? Chacun bien s'entresuit.
> L'ung vault l'autre ; c'est à mau rat mau chat.
> Ordure amons, ordure nous assuit ;
> Nous deffuyons honneur, il nous deffuit,
> En ce bordeau ou tenons nostre estat.

Mr. Palmer is too diffident in suggesting that if ever his play comes to be acted, the tavern scene in the Fifth Act might be cut. It is the wisest and most poignant of them all, more poignant even than the death in the snow, where those supernatural ministers of Good and Evil that brought reconciliation both in Greek and medieval tragedy and which Shakespeare did not scorn to use, have still their ancient power. The hag that is a woman and yet not a woman—" Before midnight I shall be thy mother "—is a piece of splendid and horrible invention : and if the Angel-Lover, the Heavenly Muse, is a little sentimental, the heart of man cries out for sentiment.

> On some fond breast the parting soul relies,

and this was a breast less gross, if not a kinder, than that of Grosse Margot. There is reality in Grosse Margot, and in the Canon, most shadowy and blessed of ecclesiastics to father this strange changeling, and even in Catharine de Vaucelles, academic and coquette, and the laymen crooks, a little jealous of their tonsured confrères ; and if the old laundress, his mother, is less alive than these, it is because in the Ballade that Villon made for her the whole world has heard the cracked voice quavering through its prayers, and no other will carry conviction. In Villon's own speech the accent is caught now and then beyond mistaking—" Black I know and white I know, when milk is blotched with flies " ; and the Canon's wistful " François, François . . . a spoilt child with me still for all your one-and-twenty years, and that old, old look, and the crow's feet round your eyes," is far beyond any portrait.

It has been the custom, since Boileau first said it, to speak of Villon as the first of the modern poets of France. It would be nearer the truth to say that he is the last of the medieval poets whom Boileau did not know, not the trouvères and the romancers, but the nameless, vagrant scholars, whose fierce sincerity he first translated into the vernacular tongue. There is more poetry of Villon's quality in the obscurity of medieval Latin than in the bland daylight of Ronsard and Bérenger and de Musset, even than in Verlaine. For something died with Villon ; some quality passed out of French verse in the fifteenth, out of French prose in the sixteenth century, so that the Book of Job, for instance, might have been translated into the French of the Chanson de Roland or of Rabelais, but never since. Something of Villon survives, it is true, in Panurge : Rabelais took the shell of him, " like a poor, lank, slender cat, walking gingerly as if he trod upon eggs," and the leaping, impish intelligence ; but the spirit, which cannot be translated by the French

esprit, escaped him. For Villon believed in something more than the Paradise which his old mother saw painted on the church walls, where are harps and lutes, and the hell where the damned are plumping in the pots; he believed in God, who must surely have patience with His poor.

> Yea, though a man be dead in sin,
> God lives.

Once again, in English verse, you get the same accent of shattering sincerity, but this time absolute faith has turned to absolute despair—

> But I beneath a rougher sea,
> Am whelmed in deeper gulfs than he.

It was better to fall into the hands of Thibault d'Aussigny as to the body, than have the ministrations of the Rev. John Newton upon one's soul.

HELEN WADDELL.

ELIZABETH AND ESSEX

ELIZABETH AND ESSEX. By LYTTON STRACHEY. (Chatto & Windus.) 15s. net.

Mr. Lytton Strachey has, of course, written a very able book. The most admirable of its qualities is its inward order, its *ordonnance* as Coleridge called it. The development of the theme, in terms of the personalities of Elizabeth and Essex, Cecil and Bacon, is very satisfying. We feel, at least, that this is how it may have happened, and very likely did happen. The chief characters, whether contradictory and plain (as Essex) or contradictory and enigmatic (as the other three), are all convincing. *Elizabeth and Essex* is therefore a positive contribution to the art of history.

As such it should be judged. But since Mr. Strachey's reputation is also rather ambiguous, in the sense that he is currently regarded as something more than a subtle practiser of the art of history, it is not sufficient to register his success as a historian. One has to take account of the small critical battle now being fought over the question of Mr. Strachey's prose, which has of late been impugned as a conspicuous example of the *faux bon*. That seems to us an excessive judgment, which could only be arrived at by comparing it with excellences of a kind to which it does not belong. It is not creative prose, nor does it pretend to be; it is on the whole careful, subtle, and languid—an excellent instrument for Mr. Strachey's particular attitude and for the particular subjects of his investigation. Certainly, not an original prose, but why must everybody be original?

More worthy of remark are its many curious lapses from its own standard of distinction. Thus:

> If only time could have stood still for a little and drawn out those halcyon weeks through vague ages of summer! The boy, in his excitement, walking home through the dawn, the smiling Queen in the darkness. . . . but there is no respite for mortal creatures. Human relationships must either move or perish. When two consciousnesses come to a certain nearness, the impetus of their interactions, growing ever intenser and intenser, leads on to an unescapable climax. The crescendo must rise to its topmost note; and only then is the preordained solution of the theme made manifest.

That is, surely, very poor stuff. The whole paragraph, which is t first in the book of those chapter-endings of which Mr. Strach seems to lavish himself, is unnecessary to the narrative. It wo be far better away. And, intrinsically, it seems to us both cheap clumsy. Cheap : "Human relationships must move or perish." a human relationship to perish is to move. Mr. Strachey has merely written the old apothegm that love must either grow or decay, and written it badly. Clumsy : "When two consciousnesses come to a cert nearness, etc. . . ."

Also, Mr. Strachey looks like falling a victim to his own mannerisı Some of his later pages are painfully disfigured by dots and dashes. Aposiope is running to seed. Cecil's musings at the end are a formal repetition Queen Victoria's final dreams. *Ars est celare artem :* the repetition flau the artifice. Mr. Lytton Strachey the historian has great qualities. does genuinely attempt an imaginative realisation of his subject : he is good deal more humble than his imitators, and to the full exte of that greater humility, an artist. But he is nothing like so simple as ought to be. In this respect *Elizabeth and Essex* shows, chiefly, how mu he is the slave with his own fashionable reputation. The *Elizabeth a Essex* he ought to have written would have resembled his *Queen Victo* scarcely at all. This is, as we have said, a very able book, but confirms some of our suspicions of Mr. Strachey.

T. E.

LITERARY ATHLETICS

ACTION. By C. E. Montague. (Chatto & Windus.) 7s. 6d. net.

The claim of *Fiery Particles* to be considered one of the books by wh Mr. Montague's name will be remembered is not endangered by the publicati of the last of his short stories. *Fiery Particles* contained many fine thi which can stand confidently alongside the most poignant and beauti passages from *Disenchantment* and the sane, clear judgments of *Dramc Values*. From these three sources an anthology might be made which sho set forth frankly those vagrant excellencies and self-deceiving idealisms whi combined to make Mr. Montague's work such a record of irritating a purposeless ability ; nor could selections from *The Right Place* be jus omitted. No satisfaction could be derived from this anthology. Mome of delight would be born from it in quick succession, but the short range the author's apparently ambitious journeyings would too soon be expos The crowded hour of glorious life soon palls. The faults of its perspecti begin to weary, if not to alarm.

Action is in many respects a much quieter book than *Fiery Particles*. light is often dimmer and the triumphant manipulation (no artist's attitu of language is, on the whole, much more temperate. The authen individuality of the author breaks out in comparatively few of those elabor phrases which glittered up and down the pages of his earlier books. O recognizes it in such a sentence as "Somewhere out of Bell's sight th forfeited objects of his pride and joy were shuffling punily through life"

i.e., his son and daughter had married unhappily; or in some sentence whose rapid, adjective-dogged progress resembles this, "Only here, in the deep peace of an idyllic countryside, could the malign infestation of space reach its dread maximum of ungraspable vagueness." But the purple patches are few.

Soldiers and Thames-side watermen, both classes invariably including Mr. Montague's favourite Irishman, fervent in the language which embroiders a plain story, are the leading characters in the majority of the stories. The psychology of the spy and of the woman who is prepared to act for her country as Judith acted, the reaction of war upon the born gambler and upon the man who is afraid only when there is nothing to fear—these are discussed along with the comedy of the trenches in swinging rhythm and with the author's accustomed vigour. Much less happy are such stories as *The Wisdom of Mrs. Trevanna*, in which the "plain man" home from the Equator, he who exclaims on being reminded of certain passages in *All's Well*, "You know those croppers of old Shakespeare's?" meets a party of young intellectuals whose outspoken ways—rendered with an amazing lack of skill—leave him thirsting for ancient pieties and the days when young men at Oxford quoted Browning to one another in the twilight. *Ted's Leave*, again, is much inferior to those parts of *Action* which deal with Alpine climbing, a subject which never betrayed Mr. Montague into writing sentences on the level of "It should always be dark when a mother is hearing a harlot try to put some decency into her son."

The old sense of disappointment persists. Such deft use of materials, so fine a sense of the moment for a quotation, so great an enjoyment of the act of writing—and then, nothing. The residuum is merely the frenzied appeal of the sentimentalist that you shall not think him sentimental, and the triumph of cleverness over vision, of timidity over true bravery; for all this talk about the necessity for action is a mask for fear and an excuse for inertia of soul—a retreat from the business of living which, however gallant, remains a retreat.

DORIS N. DALGLISH.

ENGLISHMEN, FRENCHMEN, SPANIARI

ENGLISHMEN, FRENCHMEN, SPANIARDS. By SALVADOR DE MADA
(Oxford University Press.) 12s. 6d. net.

The English people tends towards action, the French people tends t
thought, and the Spanish people tends towards passion. This is the sch
framework of Señor de Madariaga's study in comparative psychology
this way," he says, "the three characters will appear, not as radically di
but rather as transpositions of the same melody in three different ke
key of action; the key of thought; the key of passion." A carpin
might object that there is something suspiciously too simple about a cla
tion of three great historical nations under three clear-cut headings;
suspicions would grow stronger when he saw these headings tabulated
mathematically with sub-headings and cross-headings such as Pas
the Man of Action and Action in the Man of Passion. But, in the mai
a critic would be wrong. True, Madariaga's book does suffer in place
a kind of dryness, reminding one of a lecturer who, for simplicity in exp
arranges all his facts schematically—and forcibly includes those facts
do not fit the scheme, because they are part of the total subject whi
to be covered; but on the whole his scheme more than justifies itself.
this passage from the chapter on "Passion in the Man of Action." (
been explaining that passion, like thought, is subordinated by the pragr
English to the needs of action, whereas action, like thought, in the m
Spaniards is only effective when it is directly controlled by the subcon
stream of elemental passion):—

> The English equivalents of the great heroes of action of Spanish hist
> not English men of action, but great English men of passion. The
> Cortés of England are its great poets—Shakespeare, Byron, Shelley—
> the great crystalline peaks, witnesses of the oceans of fire which rage u
> under the earth's cold plains, the great men of action of Spain rise in hi
> assert the high potential of energy hidden under the normal indifferenc
> race, and the great men of passion of England tower over the quiet l
> the English soul as a testimony to the profound passions hidden un
> crust of her apparent calm.

An illuminating idea, clothed in language which is surely remark
one who is writing in a, presumably, acquired tongue.

No one who knows France will quarrel with Madariaga's definition
Frenchman as pre-eminently the man of thought, who imposes upon
clarity and order dictated by the intellect, unlike the Englishman,
reluctant to formulate his ideas and prefers to improvise theories t
the facts as they arise. The section of the book describing the
attitude towards physical passion, *amour*, is so just and penetrating t
is tempted after reading it to assume that the action-thought-passion
fication is absolutely valid. But it is, of course, obvious that a
approach to the comparative psychology of national character which ex
the three main categories in dealing with the first three nations

cannot be more than a convenient *ad hoc* hypothesis on which to base a study of the three nations in question. If it were absolute, what would there be left to say about the Germans, the Italians, or the Russians? The author himself forestalls this criticism in a characteristically intelligent and sensitive passage.

One of the best chapters in the book is that in which the three languages are shown to correspond to the respective genius of the three peoples; but the whole book is strewn with passages which invite quotation, so the temptation must be resisted, and some attempt made to see the book in relation to other books of the same type. Spengler and Keyserling at once come to mind, and suggest a very clear distinction between the German and the Western European type of thinker. The two German authors are far more ambitious in their scope, more stimulating, more "romantic," but also looser and vaguer and less convincing. Spengler's theory of world-history aims at all-embracingness, whereas Madariaga isolates three nations for study and is content to study them as they appear at one given moment, the present. His analogies, therefore, are less striking but they convince, while Spengler's, in spite of his apparently encyclopædic knowledge, sometimes give one an uneasy feeling that they are too remarkable and too "effective" to be quite sound. Keyserling also is not content to be anything less than universal, and it is satisfactory to note that his conclusions about England, France and Spain in the book that he pretentiously described as the "spectrum analysis of Europe" correspond quite closely with those reached by Madariaga in the sober pages of *Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards*.

It is interesting to observe how Madariaga's work confirms his own theory that "every Spanish artist or man of letters begins afresh, from bedrock upwards . . . one finds in his work a blend of all the 'qualities' from the primitive and naive to the polished and sophisticated." Every page of Keyserling or Spengler is obviously indebted to a great philosophical ancestry, Goethe, Kant, Schopenhauer; but Madariaga, though unquestionably a representative of general European culture at its best, is not essentially indebted to anything but his personal intuition and mother-wit. In the last sentence of his book he speaks of "the admirable variety of national characters" which "is one of the manifestations of the wealth of Creation," and it is only fitting in the last sentence of a review of the book to hail the author as one who is excellently qualified to work for the evolution of a higher unity out of that variety; a unity which will be based not upon American standardization, but upon a mutual complementation of one another's gifts by the richly and variously endowed peoples of the world.

RICHARD REES.

CIVILIZATION AND LEISURE

CIVILIZATION. By Clive Bell. (Chatto & Windus.) 7s. 6d.

DIOGENES, OR THE FUTURE OF LEISURE. By C. E. M. Joad. (Kegan Paul Trench, Trübner & Co.) 2s. 6d.

These are two bottles of medicine offered to a distempered age. Mr. Bell wishes us to create a civilization. By civilization he understands a sense of values, a power of preferring higher to lower values, and a belief that everything requires and admits a rational explanation. He finds civilization incarnated in Athens of the fifth and fourth centuries, in Renaissance Italy and in France between the Fronde and the Revolution. There is not much more than this in his book, apart from some stone-throwing through the windows of respectability. A vivacious and admirable style disguises some want of novelty in the prescription. All educated people have always desired civilization as above defined, and we already possess the two conditions which in Mr. Bell's opinion might create it—freedom of thought and speech, and the existence of a considerable class with incomes sufficient to allow of leisure. Yet apparently we remain uncivilized. What is wrong with us ?

Some of us are brutalized. There is in this age " the strong smell of Rome " which reminds Mr. Bell " of petrol and patchouli, plush and red leather." But perhaps the chief difficulty is that some of us desire a civilization rather different from Mr. Bell's ideal. He fancies that his ideal existed at Athens. It is not so. The Athenians of the great age did many things which Mr. Bell thinks inconsistent with civilization. They were violently active, theirs was the chief commercial city of Greece, they refused to divorce art and morals, they had compulsory military service, they were patriotic and not cosmopolitan, though that did not prevent them from doing justice to foreign peoples.

No, it is not Athens for which Mr. Bell is homesick, but Alexandria. (He betrays himself when he says that " the essential characteristic of a highly civilized society is not that it is creative but that it is appreciative.") He would have been more at home with Callimachus and Theocritus than with Pericles and Plato, more at home still in second-century Smyrna with Polemon and Ælius Aristides. And the civilization of our age, imperfect as it is, has this much in common with Athens, that it is a civilization of activity rather than of appreciation. Still there are plenty of Alexandrians with us and their numbers will increase. If the time ever arrived when we became a subordinate State in an American Empire, we should be ripe for Mr. Bell's civilization.

Meanwhile, acute, well-written, entertaining as *Civilization* is, Mr. Joad's prescription is more likely to agree with most of us, though it is not so sparkling or stimulating. He has learnt from Athens, and his medicine is a redistillation partly of Platonic idealism, partly of Aristotle's definition of happiness ; for he wishes to replace our present forms of unintelligent activity by the Aristotelian " activity of the soul in accordance with the best and most complete virtue " (if ἀρετή may be so mistranslated). That " activity " includes Mr. Bell's " civilization" but it is something wider.

R. W. LIVINGSTONE.

.YSTICISM AND REALITY

PERIENCE OF REALITY. By EDMOND HOLMES. (Cobden-Sanderson.) 5s. net.

-EXISTENCE AND REINCARNATION. By W. LUTOSLAWSKI. (Allen & Unwin.) 7s. 6d. net.

TEMPLATIONS. By W. L. WILMSHURST. (John M. Watkins.) 10s. net.

HORITY IN CHURCH AND STATE. By PHILIP S. BELASCO. (Allen & Unwin.) 12s. 6d. net.

.ere are four books about mysticism, and although they deal with very ɪrent aspects of the problem, they all serve to direct one's mind to the ɪe question—the nature of the reality with which the mystical conscious- finds itself concerned.

his suggestive little volume Mr. Edmond Holmes makes a direct attack the problem. He begins by insisting with justice on the fact that the mate measure of reality is an inward state ; it is on what we *feel* to be real ; we finally take our stand. But there are degrees of reality ; objects events which are equally *actual* nevertheless present themselves to the as not being equally *real*. To many the notion may appear unsym- ɪetic or incomprehensible, yet unless it is accepted it is clearly meaningless mploy such a term as *ultimate* reality (which, by the way, logically implies he other end of the series the conception of ultimate *ir*reality). For Holmes the progress of the mystic is endless, an ever-increasing approxi- ion to an Infinity which, if it were ever attained, would merely collapse the finite. But this view of the question, satisfying as it is to one's mon sense, is apparently in conflict with that of just those whose testimony his matter is entitled to the most serious consideration of all—the great tics themselves. They insist, almost unanimously, on the fact that in r highest flights they have attained to union with something which is nate. We must listen to them with respect. Yet, as Mr. Holmes points the fact does not constitute a proof that they are not deceiving them- es, for how can anybody possibly know that what presents itself (and even ribes itself) as being a final stage may not in reality be transcended by ething lying still farther beyond ? Such souls, he would suggest, have ı betrayed into extravagant language as the result of the splendour ı which they have been confronted, and he makes what would seem to be stified attack on Miss Evelyn Underhill for uncritically accepting the tics' own ideas—formulated, be it noted, only when they have returned urth from their dizzy flights—of the nature of their experience. Altogether y interesting study by an expert hand.

ɪt the mystic finds himself engaged with less lofty problems as well ; intuition furnishes him with testimony not only regarding the nature ıbsolute Being, but concerning the invisible processes of cosmic life. ɛ, for instance, Prof. Lutoslawski, and his speculations regarding Reincar- ɔn. Here again the appeal is to " an inward state." It is his privilege— 'vilege which he shares with thousands of others—to *know* by an inner ɜ that palingenesis is a fact. This is a matter which one is, of course,

unable to question; one can only be persuaded or not by his presentation of his thesis. And here for myself I must confess to some disappointment. He is a remarkable writer—there are two chapters in the middle of this curious book which reveal an astonishing understanding of the nature and relations of the different planes of spiritual being—but somehow when he touches the theme of palingenesis he seems to become suddenly naïve and puerile. There creeps in a note of over-confidence—the over-confidence of the crank who is eager to press upon the War Office some positively infallible contrivance or weapon of destruction. In fine, he makes us thoroughly uneasy, in spite of his conviction that he *must* be right. But it is not really enough to demonstrate that the theory of palingenesis has always been under the most august patronage; so have many other beguiling notions. (And we are hardly satisfied by being told on page 74 that those men of genius who haven't referred to reincarnation failed to realize the existence of the principle because they were too busy to give thought to the subject.) Nor are we moved either by the challenge to produce in its place any "explanation" that is equally comprehensive and satisfying; logicality and plausibility are criteria which in these matters must be treated—as Prof. Lutoslawski as a mystic should realize—with considerable caution. And finally we encounter the curious phenomenon of Polish Messianism. It is intimately related to the principle of reincarnation; "all the greatest poets of Poland," we learn with some astonishment, ". . . mention their past lives as a matter of course." And Prof. Lutosławski (who is apparently able to reincarnate at will) proposes to clothe himself periodically with flesh with a view to assisting his nation in its mission of leading the rest of the world towards that condition in which we shall all inhabit a transformed earth in glorified and immortal bodies.

Mr. Wilmhurst's *Contemplations* is a book which is already familiar to students of the mystical and it has now been republished in a revised and enlarged form. It is a remarkable work; the author, besides possessing a singularly persuasive literary style, writes on some of the most abstruse and "interior" problems of the mystical life with insight and power. Yet he does not altogether contrive to win our confidence; his interpretations and unveilings are performed with too suave and effortless a gesture to be satisfying; we feel that it is all somehow too good to be true. But of this the elect must judge for themselves.

Dr. Belasco's careful study of early Quaker thought raises some weighty problems. Men like William Penn, who, although they relied only on the inner testimony of the spirit, were yet guided by principles of the most elevated type, have yet to be reckoned with more seriously by modern thought. They were not concerned, like the great mystics, with the problem of ultimate reality, or like the reincarnationist, with that of the cosmic mechanism; what interested them was the question of political behaviour. But they united with them in taking their stand on what they *felt* to be true, and this fact alone must make them living figures for a modern intelligence.

LAWRENCE HYDE.

FROM BEERBOHM TO GOGOL

THE DREADFUL DRAGON OF HAY HILL. By Max Beerbohm. (Heinemann.) 7s. 6d. net.

THE LOVER. By Naomi Royde-Smith. (Constable.) 5s. net.

MIRGOROD. By Nikolay Gogol. (Chatto & Windus.) 7s. 6d. net.

THE UNFORGIVEN. By P. N. Krassnoff. (Allen & Unwin.) 12s. 6d. net.

It often happens, in reading a new book, that some seemingly irrelevant image, or sequence of ideas, comes into one's head, crossing the apparent motif at a haphazard angle. And by following such a clue one often arrives at some quite unlooked for conclusion; the thread winds away through a twisting maze, an intricate labyrinth, and when we least expect it we find ourselves in Rosamund's bower or the Minotaur's den; at all events in a place whose existence the author suspected as little as ourselves; his secret mainspring, and, for us, the secret source of the mysterious sense of comfort or irritation, which persistently haunted us as we read an apparently straightforward story.

Mr. Max Beerbohm is always disconcerting, if not sooner, then later; and in his new book the moment comes precisely at this point in the pursuit of elusive clues. For when we arrive at the heart of the maze, we are confronted neither by Fair Rosamund nor by the Minotaur, but by Mr. Max Beerbohm himself, collected, a little mocking, wholly prepared for us, since he holds up a mirror in which the unexpected thing appears—our very selves. In fact, far from being unaware of clues and underlying meanings, he has pre-arranged them all; and we, thinking to come upon his own unsuspected secret, come instead upon what he meant us to find from the first.

The story is of prehistoric times, when a dragon took up its abode in cave on what is now Hay Hill, and terrorised the countryside to the destruction of some of its inhabitants, and the moral and physical improvement of the rest. But the odd thing about the story is this: it reads lightly enough, almost flippantly; but as one goes on, all unsuspecting, enjoying Mr. Beerbohm's easy, dry style, and laughing with him at his living if limited stone age characters, a brooding discomfort begins to make itself felt. "This reminds me of something." And in a flash comes the consciousness of what that something is: August, 1914. By some amazing conjuring trick Mr. Beerbohm has captured that atmosphere, and reproduced it in a superficially trifling story, in a way that there is no mistaking; and he has done it without making it jar, even in spite of occasional shallow facetiousness.

> As the sun drew near down to the west, the breeze dropped with it, and the smoke was again an upright column, reddened now by the sun. Later, while afterglow faded into twilight, to some of the homelanders it seemed that the base of the column was less steady, was moving. They were right. The time of their testing was at hand. The dragon was coming down the hill.

It is almost a pity that Mr. Beerbohm ends his sermon with a moral; for most of us, having been made thoroughly uncomfortable by that picture o

ourselves, would be inclined to take refuge in abstract generalities such as morals mostly are, rather than to get to work to put ourselves right. Perhaps he puts it in (and this may, after all, be his own hidden weakness) to spare us, out of a dislike of seeming too unkind. A feeling we are unaccustomed to associate with him; but even satirists find ruthlessness more difficult as they grow older. Acquaintance with pain is apt to make the infliction even of necessary pain more difficult. But we needed this, and, for my part, I wish Mr. Beerbohm had left out his moral, and left us to the sting of his unflattering mirror. Being there, the moral must be taken into account. "It is not in the nature of things that anything—except the nature of things—should last." Having yielded to say so much, he might have finished his moral, and added that precisely in the lastingness of the nature of things there is something satisfying which would be destroyed by any inelastic permanence of the kind which in our more foolish moments we sometimes desire.

In *The Lover* Miss Royde-Smith has made an attempt after permanency of another kind; she has tried, gallantly, but not successfully, to convey the fact that if in one sense nothing is lasting, in another all that has ever been eternally is; that in some platonic world of essences, events and objects put on immortality; in other words, that annihilation is a logical contradiction.

Her story is of the meeting again of two frustrated lovers when a renewal of their former relation has ceased to be possible; her object, to present it so that behind its apparent triviality the eternal value may be felt. But it is not felt; the characters and their situation remain negligible, transient, unimportant. There is no light behind the dome of many coloured glass to scatter its radiance; it remains opaque. Yet her intention is clear, and her earnestness unquestionable. But earnestness is not sincerity, though we are all apt to persuade ourselves that it is, because it is less hard to attain, and demands a less inexorable discipline. The trouble is partly due to her over-admiration for her model; she cannot keep her eye on the ball because she has it on Henry James; it is not possible for her to follow his technique so closely, and have a genuine technique which she has made her own; the consequence is that she has to be conscious of technique at that vital moment when everything, including technique, should be forgotten.

> She gave him back neither pain nor joy, but a sense of an abiding revelation in which joy and pain were of equal account, being the means by which the things time had taken from them had been made eternal and were now revealed to them as existing out of time in an indestructible continuity of established experience that had passed beyond their reach.

But, after all, it is better said in other ways:

> A slumber did my spirit seal;
> I had no human fears:
> She seem'd a thing that could not feel
> The touch of earthly years.

With Gogol we are back with the instinctive genius who does not allow himself to be worried with philosophies. It is pleasant to read this reprint alongside the translation of General Krassnoff's novel, if only to be reassured once and for all that we do not admire the great Russians merely because they are Russian, but because they really are great. General Krassnoff's book is interesting, and solid, but it is not a work of genius. Never was Keats's

view that the excellence of a work of art depended on its capacity to evaporate the disagreeable part out of life by showing it in its truth better exemplified than in a comparison between these two authors. The brutalities and bloodshed in General Krassnoff's book nauseate the reader by playing on his weakness, illegitimately; in *Taras Bulba* something virile in ourselves is roused to respond. The horror is there; but it does us good by stirring us; in the other case we merely feel sick and helpless.

Gogol is a delight in a way in which none of his successors are, even where they are his betters. It is, above all, his vitality that marks him out. The only person who seems his equal in that respect is Martin Luther; there is something of the same dynamic quality in Gogol as caused Luther to carry through his reforms where a subtler and finer nature would have failed. Even in a quiet and exquisite story like *Mirgorod* itself that vitality cannot be suppressed. What should be rather a sad story of old people and things that pass has a serene and sunny quality which is yet perfectly in keeping. But how much more vivid and vital in conveying an atmosphere is this direct method than the kind of oblique approach which Miss Royde-Smith chooses.

> All these far-away extraordinary adventures had been followed by a peaceful and secluded life, by the soothing and harmonious dreams that you enjoy when you sit on a wooden balcony overlooking the garden, while a delicious rain keeps up a luxurious sound pattering on the leaves, flowing in gurgling streams and inducing a drowsiness in your limbs . . . or when you are swayed in a carriage that dives between green bushes while the quail of the steppes calls and the fragrant grass mingled with ears of corn and wild flowers thrusts itself in at the carriage doors, flicking you pleasantly on the hands and face.

The selection in this book is *Mirgorod*, *Taras Bulba*, *Viy*, and the immortal *Tale of how Ivan Ivanovitch quarrelled with Ivan Nikiforovitch*. These illustrate, of course, rather one side of Gogol—the side responsible for *The Cloak* is not greatly in evidence. But they make a homogeneous whole, and a delightful one; one that can be read and re-read many times, and each time bring renewal by the springing vitality, the sunny equability of every line; not a solution of the mystery of life, nor an explanation of its difficulties; but a tonic to revive our powers, and, after all, a good deal of very sound, unexpressed philosophy as to the best way to take the life that comes to us.

M. Robinson.

ISLANDERS. By Peadar O'Donnell. (Cape.) 6s. net.

Mr. O'Donnell's style inclines to jerkiness, with very short sentences, and preponderance of monosyllabic words. However, this accords well enough with the simplicity of the island people of whom he writes. The book gives an impression of truth to life; but Mr. O' Donnell is a little too near his subject. The result is an impression of matter of factness which dulls the edge of sympathy in the reader, unless he is prepared to make a considerable effort to realise what he is reading. But it is worth making, for Mr. O'Donnell's book is his own, and owes nothing to Synge, nor anyone else.

M. R.

MORE FICTION

In the Beginning. By Norman Douglas. (Chatto & Windus.) 7s. 6d. net.
St. Christopher's Day. By Martin Armstrong. (Gollancz.) 7s. 6d. net.
We Are the Dead. By Ann Reid. (Constable.) 6s. net.
The Bride Adorned. By D. L. Murray. (Constable.) 7s. 6d. net.
The Case for the Defendant. By H. Aufricht-Ruda. (Allen & Unwin.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Norman Douglas is a most seductive Pagan, who has great literary gifts with which to plead his cause. Those who enjoy the satirical-allegorical style will be delighted with his latest book, *In the Beginning*. The characters are gods, half-gods, demons, satyrs and mortals, and they all receive an approximately equal share of friendly mockery; but Mr. Douglas' kindest feelings are clearly reserved for the wild untameable demon, Aroudi, "Haunter of the Outskirts," to whom he allots a heroic mock-Promethean rôle. The trouble about his frolicsome Arcadian Utopia is that, after the first intoxication of freedom, it begins to seem a little bleak and almost dull. One may appreciate the savage humour of the "great medical discovery" that the only remedy for the plague of the "goodness germ" maliciously inflicted upon mortals by the Great Father is castration of all those susceptible to its ravages; but, for all its efficacy, castration is a negative measure, and when one looks for positive ideas one finds in Mr. Douglas none of that tension of will which gives dynamic force to the fantasies and satires of Anatole France and Samuel Butler.

Mr. Martin Armstong's *St. Christopher's Day* is a complete contrast. It marches on very heavy feet, but it deals seriously and conscientiously with a typical case of psychological suffering brought about by the lack of what is healthy in Mr. Douglas' paganism. The hero, Christopher Brade, has endured six years of hell with his wife, Rosamund, who has a grievance against life in general which she vents upon him in particular. In the one day which contains the whole action of the novel he passes through a spiritual crisis and breaks out of the vicious circle of his married life by deserting Rosamund. We are told that he is "born again," but there is nothing to show that he has learnt much and one feels that his idea of a solitary walking tour on the Continent represents rather a return to the enthusiasms of undergraduate idealism than an advance into a mature philosophy. Rosamund's problem is more interesting than Christopher's. Is her soul merely wounded, so that sympathetic understanding could break through her vicious resentment and make her whole again, or is she so fundamentally weak—or delicate, for no moral judgment is necessary—that the rude breath of life must inevitably shrivel up her humanity and leave her torn between her sound and unsound instincts? Mr. Armstrong describes her carefully and well, but he does not touch these deeper issues; nevertheless, there is material in *St. Christopher's Day* for much interesting psychological speculation.

I finished Miss Ann Reid's *We Are the Dead* with the impression that she knows more about life, and life in mining villages, than she has yet learnt how to say. Revolting words are not necessarily the best words to convey

horrible experience, and this book is full of clumsy and revolting phrases. Yet on the whole its crude style suits the crudity of the life it portrays, just as the genteel writing of *St. Christopher's Day* is appropriate to the atmosphere of domestic tragedy in Knightsbridge, S.W. Miss Reid appears to write instinctively and without laborious subtlety, but in this story of the disastrously unhappy marriage of a miner's daughter, she manages to convey the truth that the sins of the parents are visited upon the children and that social maladjustment and ignorant conventionality are often at the root of apparently unique and individual suffering.

The Bride Adorned, by D. L. Murray, is not calculated to provoke introspection or psychological discussion. You will either enjoy it or be bored by it. You will enjoy it if you can appreciate a masterly evocation of a famous episode of nineteenth-century Italian history. The love story is more a peg on which to hang a brilliant picture of Rome during the last days of the Pope's temporal power than a main motif in itself, but it is very discreetly and tastefully worked out. The English girl with her "liberal" prejudices and the Roman nobleman with his passionate religious loyalty masking a profound and desperate scepticism are really interesting in themselves, but they are overshadowed by the mighty pageant of Roman history at one of its great crises of "historic necessity"—a crisis which, by a curious coincidence, has been reversed by events in Italy almost simultaneous with the publication of this book.

Herr Aufricht-Ruda's *The Case for the Defendant* is described by the publishers as a "tragedy of two complexes," but it is not nearly as bad as that implies. It is said by Jakob Wassermann in an *Afterword* to be written "with the integrity and certainty of the true stylist." The translation makes it hard to judge of this, but it is certainly a very sincere and straightforward study by a young writer whose feeling for life has not yet been falsified by his preoccupation with psycho-analysis. It tells of an officer in the France of Louis-Philippe whose career is ruined by an hysterical girl who writes forged letters in his handwriting. The motives of his action in signing a false confession in order to save her, and her reactions after her crime are very well presented. Though immature, the book has a strong resemblance to Joseph Conrad's work; only it is simpler. Definitely, a very promising book by a man of only twenty-seven.

RICHARD REES.

THE PILLOW-BOOK OF SEI SHONAGON. Translated by Arthur Waley. (Allen & Unwin.) 6s. net.

This diary of a Japanese Court lady, a contemporary of Lady Murasaki, who wrote the *Tale of Genji*, is well worth reading, both as a comment on contemporary manners, and as a vivid picture of a person. Shonagon was clever, sarcastic, one gathers unremarkable for beauty, and very human.

"*Things that make one happy:* To pick up a letter that someone has torn up and thrown away and find that one can fit the pieces together well enough to make sense." That revealing disclosure gives in a sentence both the alertness, and the curiosity—perhaps interest is a kinder word—which ensure that the reader will not find her dull, whether he reads her book for the sake of history or of human nature.

M. R.

ANCIENT AND MODERN

LYRICAL POETRY FROM BLAKE TO HARDY. By H. J. C. Grierson. PHASES OF ENGLISH POETRY. By Herbert Read. (Hogarth Press.) 8s. 6d. net each.

After a little preliminary exercise on the subjects of lyrical quality and form, Professor Grierson becomes the literary historian to the full extent of detail that his limits of space allow; his book is a companion volume to any sensible anthology of the nineteenth century poetry, and would have been better or worse chiefly if it had been larger or smaller. The test of style is not notably applicable to it, for it is principally set forth in the tranquil tones of criticism addressing the critically accustomed reader, who is nourished with such statements as this in elucidation of Keats:

> It was in the odes that the full current of his soul, his deep sense of the beauty of nature, the significance of art and mythology as the symbols in which the human soul had sought to give expression to its adumbrations of the true values in nature and man, his impassioned sense of the fundamental mystery of beauty, fleeting yet perennial, was given richest and most harmonious expression.

But the question is what range of the poetic scene is here reflected, and what unexpected and unusual light is cast upon what parts of it; and in these respects, as we said, all that is needed is something more like a full-dress performance of Professor Grierson's reading and decisions in nineteenth-century poetry. What is allotted now is attractive in selection and in the significance of the commentary. We do not always subscribe to these, but we attend to them with pleasant confidence in the earnestness of our lecturer. He may shelve the problem of the successful lyrics of his period, and shut the door severely on Moore, Mrs. Hemans, Pringle, Macaulay, H. F. Lyte, with their "singing for the million"; he may leave the mysterious Darley and cordial Hunt out; but then he champions Peacock and Clare, and in later times John Davidson and Ronald Campbell Macfie. If he seems to us to be astray in considering Browning's lyric "Heap cassia, sandal-buds and stripes of labdanum" as vieing in the exotic power with "anything in Beddoes," at least the challenge is formidable, and excellent alike for Browning and Beddoes. Professor Grierson renews one's faith in the "rich variety" of English verse, and such is the main intention of the series of Hogarth Lectures to which he contributes.

Mr. Read, also, accepts English verse as a magnificent thing, the harmony of many elements in a rich language; it is a proof how fruitful our poetry has been when we find a taste so acute and particular as his remaining so vigorous and so well rewarded. "English poetry," he writes, having defined his attitude as that of the modern poet, "as a living and developing organism, is my greatest interest." But he eliminates considerable tracts of it, of which many would say something akin to what he says of Shakespeare: "In a sense, Shakespeare *is* English poetry." Blessed with a remarkable candour, and strong in the faith that the philosophic touch is the final issue, Mr. Read replaces his Milton on the shelf and resumes his Crashaw:

> I have no wish to decry the great intelligence, the general felicity and immense achievement of Milton. But to compare his diction with Crashaw's

(or with Donne's) is to realise that what he took he polished, and that the lustre which he gave to English verse, though brilliant, is not vital.

The discovery that Milton was not profound enough naturally obliges Mr. Read to dismiss the later seventeenth and half the eighteenth century as not providing " a phase " of English poetry, in his meaning. He certainly annotates a little of it—Thomson, for example, from whom he chooses an inferior passage on a thaw in mountain country, and sets against it "'When icicles hang by the wall." There is no criticism in that juxtaposition, even if Mr. Read had admitted one of Thomson's most masterly renderings of nature. He speaks of Shakespeare's " realistic intimacy " against " this flashy word-painting " ; now there is no question about the superiority of Shakespeare's genius in characterising country life as every other form of life, but why did not Mr. Read quote, for instance, Thomson's excellent portrait of the robin in winter ?—who

> In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
> His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
> His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
> Against the window beats ; then, brisk, alights
> On the warm hearth ; then, hopping o'er the floor,
> Eyes all the smiling family askance,
> And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is . . .

This seems intimate, in the manner described by Keats.

But it is not the justice or completeness of Mr. Read's divisions of previous poetry which makes his book important ; it is rather that he deliberately explains the position " of the modern poet," and his last thirty pages are the creed of that figure, and the view of his place in society. Even here, the reader will be disposed to bring forward his own evidence that Mr. Read shuts out all that does not suit his text. Defending unconventional verse, for instance, he caricatures the problem set by the sonnet to any one who intends to write one. The answer is that there is no problem ; the sonnet form is by now so well established in the mind of many readers of poetry that to use it is no more of a conscious attempt than to walk into the garden. However, Mr. Read strikes with such style and courage that those who reply must be glad that they have encountered a mind so eagerly discontented.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

FIVE AMERICAN POETS

EZRA POUND. Selected Poems. Edited with an Introduction by T. S. ELIOT. (Faber & Gwyer.) 7s. 6d. net.

THE BLACK ROCK. By JOHN GOULD FLETCHER. (Faber & Gwyer.) 7s. 6d. net.

THE BURNING BUSH. By LOUIS UNTERMEYER. (Cape.) 6s. net.

ROAN STALLION AND OTHER POEMS. By ROBINSON JEFFERS. Hogarth Living Poets, No. 4. (Hogarth Press.) 7s. 6d. net.

JOHN BROWN'S BODY. By STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT. (Heinemann.) 10s. 6d.

Of these five books, two represent the work of poets in voluntary exile from their homeland, one is by a popular anthologist and parodist, one by a Californian poet of sudden note, and one by a young man who has shown increasing power in handling indigenous material.

The work of most expatriates is like stuffs used by a cripple to cover his scrawniness. This is particularly true of those Americans to whom the geographical accident of birth has denied old or congenial soil. The modern poets of the eastern seaboard, New England especially, have not been impelled to spend their best force in adjusting themselves to the world, for they have found, as poets of the Old World find, deep soil for their roots. Whether they conform to the tradition, like Frost and Robinson, or at times revolt against it, like Amy Lowell, the tradition is there, the English tradition changed and in some ways enriched by its three centuries of transplanted growth. But others, born to bleaker regions, pass their lives in an attempt to escape their origins—in other words, to escape themselves—and like Lucretius's frantic gentleman, rush from place to place and from culture to culture. They dissipate their energies. They will always be found in the van of every new movement and at the same time ardently studying the remote past. They gather in groups, encouraging each other; because the spiritually homeless must become gregarious. They are apt to be more interested in the forms than the thoughts of art because they themselves lack central impulse. Frequently they are bitter, cynical, and make themselves masters of the disillusioned epigram. Themselves shy and introspective, they support, at least so far as the forms of art are involved, the post-romantic doctrine of extreme individualism, rather disdaining those concessions to universal speech and experience proper to less self-concerned makers, and giving themselves up to all manner of oddities and obscurities. Their lyres are strung with their own nerves, almost to the breaking point. They prefer a world of kaleidoscopic fragments to one struggling toward design, and demolish even such small hints of pattern as nature affords us. Hence, the confusion of the machine age pleasures them. They are loud in proclaiming their dogmas, yet almost hysterical before the first sceptical comment. Sometimes they leap over the surface of a dozen literatures, seizing phrases from Greek, Provençal, or Sanscrit to confound the vulgar. But whatever they do lacks the focus of a man at ease in life. Nearly all American writers who have embalmed themselves in England or France display some of these traits. Mr. Ezra Pound displays practically all.

They are bad qualities in themselves, but Mr. Pound, so long and so passionately in flight from his native Idaho, has raised them to heroic size. From the French symbolists to the latest orchestration of Mr. Antheil, Ezra Pound has darted into the armies of all the arts in turn and led them forth even beyond their objectives. Leader of the Imagist group, he soon left those poets in the rear, and flinging back mockery at them over his shoulder, he advanced to spur on a yet younger generation to even wilder schemes. Gaily and generously he has distributed his energies, energies of pioneer resource. He has gobbled up languages ancient and modern, called the dead from their tombs to reinforce the most lively of the living, and altogether made himself the most fascinating man who never wrote a great poem. But poets are ungrateful folk. "I owe nothing to anybody but myself!" exclaimed an ex-Imagist. "What," expostulated another, "have you forgotten poor Ezra?"

His *Selected Poems* are not likely to enter the living organism of our literature, in spite of Mr. T. S. Eliot's rather pontifical introduction. We find a few exquisite passages; some entertaining deviltries and others gone stale; heaped up potsherds from all the glittering past, Greece, China, Provence; epigrams a-plenty, sometimes less wise than adroit; and now and then a wistful music which is hushed as soon as the author becomes conscious of it, as if he put his hand over a vibrating string. "Hugh Selwyn Mauberly," which Mr. Eliot considers a great poem, will not so impress critics who ride on evener keels. On the whole, these shorter poems by Mr. Pound are like the stars shot out from a rocket which, by some mischance, has been fired off horizontally.

The poems of John Gould Fletcher have long enjoyed, among a small group, a reputation for fantastic imagery and delicate phrasing. Except for bearing his part in the Imagist movement, Mr. Fletcher has not ridden hobbies with the gusto of most uprooted Americans; rather he has drawn in his lines and cast his eyes inward. This we write not as biography, but as criticism, judging from his poems alone. His new volume, *The Black Rock*, presents the phenomenon of realistic imagery projected into the more abstract life of the spirit. The result is sometimes the successful translation of mood into symbol, more often a metaphor strained by the effort of conjoining two worlds so remote from each other. He observes as keenly as ever:

> Great billows of haze rise up, slowly uncoil
> Their heavy folds in silence . . .

but he has lost freshness of emotion, and (like Humbert Wolfe in some of his sketches) too frequently substitutes formulæ for truth in his notes on human kind. We can best perceive this tendency in his "Painted Women," a piece belonging to the tradition, probably begun by Thomas Hood and so avidly enjoyed by the Aesthetes, of the romantic harlot (that quite Impossible She!):

> With mincing steps they march along the street
> Proclaiming themselves shameless whores . . . .

They do nothing of the kind, poor dears. Mr. Fletcher is merely dramatizing them and pointing a moral in the most approved manner of the late nineteenth century. On the whole, this poet has developed since the days of the Imagists, but as yet he has not succeeded in conveying his experiences to a reader. We admire his occasional pictures, but those have always been good. His

mysticism and deepened emotion are still too entangled with romantic apparatus to do more than blur his pictures. Hence, recognizing a richer force in the man, we find the poet merely less clear than on former occasions.

We pass over Mr. Untermeyer's *Burning Bush*, which is capable but not memorable verse, to confront Robinson Jeffers, the Californian poet, a dark and violent apparition who has thoroughly scared the book reviewers in America. The man has immense power, and, furthermore, it is not diffused, as was Whitman's, into escaping steam. Mr. Jeffers directs his to the piston of his poetic machine; the thing moves and rumbles. But the product is flawed. All this dark philosophy, this bitter and destructive hatred of humanity, which has so frightened the critics, is quite false, because Mr. Jeffers himself is not sound. Like Thomas Hardy, he has chosen to concentrate on a small territory and a few people. But whereas Hardy gathered the whole universe into his domain, Jeffers works on exactly the opposite principle, and scattering his folk throughout the world, implicitly sets them up as usual human types. These are miserable, cracked specimens whom he has chosen, and to base on them any philosophy of humanity whatsoever is grotesque. His morbid preoccupation with incest and other vagaries defeats his argument against the race as a whole. Surely Swift would have found better evidence—even in California! In *Roan Stallion* a woman is driven by sexual disgust for her drunken husband to attempt intercourse with a horse. Of course the stallion is a symbol for cleanly nature, and so forth, but no reader with a sense of humour can entirely lose sight of the factual story from which the symbolism is drawn. We must leave the Houyhnhnms and Yahoos to their inventor, who was quite aware how and when to be funny. *Tamar* is an extravaganza of incest within incest accompanied by a chorus of two demented and withered females. *The Tower Beyond Tragedy*, glorious poetry much of it, falls at last before the same obsession. Mr. Jeffers's subject matter debases his work to the level of a "case document" in an alienist's office. Let us add that this judgment is wholly literary, not moral. Indeed, his attitude toward his subjects is as cold and and as sexual as a physician's toward a venereal patient. His skill is professional; his subjects are revolting.

The last work on our list is Mr. Benét's epic of the American Civil War. It has been looked at obliquely by the supercilious because it has sold better than a popular novel and its entrance was accompanied by a sennet of extremely vulgar publicity. For all that, the poem is well conceived, admirably realized, and lacks only ultimate polish and organisation to command high respect. In a series of narrative episodes, Mr. Benét has conveyed the mass emotion of the war. It may be objected that he has included too many themes or that he has not sufficiently clarified them; that some of his apostrophes seem too rhetorical for sincerity. But in spite of flats between elevations, the work is alive.

Shall we conclude by confiding that we are beginning to understand Plato's remarks on poetry and the well-ordered state?

ROBERT HILLYER.

A SCHOOL FOR PLAYWRIGHTS

Mr. Ervine has a conscience. Even as he dons cap and gown and announces the title of his lesson *How to Write a Play* (1) he warns us : " The title is entirely catchpenny. . . . Neither I nor anyone else can tell you how to write a play. . . . All that I propose to do is to state some elementary facts about dramatic craftsmanship, and I will illustrate my statements by samples drawn from the works of established authors." And this, shrewdly and entertainingly, he does. It is a characteristic demonstration of Common Sense, in the person of schoolmaster Ervine, exercising the Critical Faculty.

That his title is entirely catchpenny Mr. Ivor Brown and Mr. Ashley Dukes would agree. They would go further and assert that plays are not *written* at all, except in the sense that symphonies are written. " Plays," says Mr. Dukes (2), " have no separate existence in a written or printed text; they await the hour of visible and spoken life." And to the creative act in that hour there are other parties beside the author—Mr. Brown's *Parties of the Play* (3)—actors, producers, even the public, whose relative importance in the making of the play varies with changing modes and times so that there is now an Actor's, now an Author's, now a Producer's Theatre. As for the public, if since Dionysian dance and rhapsody the public has not been the dominant party, at least it has not been merely the party to be entertained. For acting, as Mr. Dukes is persuaded, " is bound up necessarily with the response of a living audience which is present at the moment of dramatic creation."

The aspiring but bewildered playwright may perhaps turn for enlightenment on this point to contemporary printed plays : Are they plays for Author's, Actor's or Producer's Theatre ? And by what sign may he know them ? Mr. Brown will instruct him. The play is for Author's Theatre " when the dramatist stages a debate in which the players sit round to broadcast faithfully the various points of view which they represent." For Actor's Theatre plays are " not written under any artistic compulsion seizing upon the author, but . . . carpentered to make a spring-board for the high-vaulting ambitions of performers." The play for Producer's Theatre " will put design before discussion ; it will attempt to make the spoken word or the musical accompaniment an element in a composition in which the producer will drive directly at the senses, while he touches the mind more by hint and sidestroke than by frontal attack." Yet if the novice turn to any random collection of modern plays, such as that in the footnotes below, he will find but one or two which are not a medley of debate, histrionic opportunism and producer's mountebankery : he will find, in general, an experimental theatre cleverly reflecting the experimental morals and wayward sophistication of the age ; something of this ; something, much less, of imagination illumining

(1) *How to Write a Play.* St. John Ervine. (Allen & Unwin.) 5s.
(2) *The World to Play With.* Ashley Dukes. (Oxford.) 6s.
(3) *Parties of the Play.* Ivor Brown. (Benn.) 8s. 6d.

the ancient secrets; and for the rest, miscellaneous play-mongering unashamed in its purpose of supplying the entertainment industry with what its patrons want.

It has been assumed that the vogue of Author's Theatre is over, but on the present evidence that is manifest nonsense. All that has happened is that the basis of the dramatic debate has been widened to include the speculations of Freud and Jung. But this only in a few plays. Most of them still carry on with the old weapons the attack begun in 1887 by the playwrights of M. André Antoine's *Théâtre Libre*, the *Verein Freie Bühne* in Berlin and the Independent Theatre in London. To that extent they begin to be dated. But the ideas of Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, Samuel Butler and Karl Marx are still potent, and the naturalistic technique of Ibsen, Hauptmann, Galsworthy, is still adequate to the purposes of all but a few problem-dramatists. From the work of the latter, consequently, our apprentice playwright will learn nothing new. Dr. Schnitzler's *Professor Bernhardi* (4) might almost have been written by Ibsen. And without reading Somerset Maugham's *The Constant Wife* (5), Mr. Miles Malleson's *Four People* (6) or Mr. Halcott Glover's *Three Comedies* (7) he could have learned in what manner the logical development of the dramatic argument can be sacrificed to the exigencies of theatrical opportunism. Pinero and Jones could have taught him. Their work was first-rate "theatre"—but Author's, Actor's, Producer's Theatre—their less scrupulous naturalism did not forbid a dexterous mingling of the three.

Mr. Brown's categories again fail us when we turn to the plays of Mr. Lennox Robinson (8). There is debate in them; but they are not Author's Theatre. The *dramatis personæ* are not "mouthpieces"; their dialogue may be loaded with dialectic, but because it is the dialogue of the most incorrigibly disputatious people on earth, namely, Mr. Shaw's countrymen, it remains strictly in character, and Mr. Robinson is absolved from the charge of merely "staging a debate." The themes of his plays arise from observation and reflection, as Mr. O'Casey's (9) from insight and meditation upon the contemporary Irish scene. The themes arise and work themselves out in dramatic form, life coming for organised expression to the theatre. The sequence is significant. It is what in the approach distinguishes serious play-writing from specious play-mongering. The play-monger comes from the theatre with a property pail and draws water where he may. The result —Actor's or Producer's Theatre, or both—is at worst a falsification of the facts of life in the interests of theatrical sensationalism; at best an amusing display of theatrical baroque, high-falutin' gestures and "elocutionist" speeches which, if they do not illumine, at least do not darken counsel on the actualities of life simply because they are so remote from them as to be totally irrelevant. If our student-playwright would know more of this let him turn to Mr. Dukes's masterpiece of sophisticated barnstorming, *Such*

(4) *Professor Bernhardi.* Arthur Schnitzler. Translated by Hetty Landstone. (Faber & Gwyer.) 6s.

(5) *The Constant Wife.* W. Somerset Maugham. (Heinemann.) 5s.

(6) *Four People.* Miles Malleson. (Gollancz.) 3s. 6d., paper.

(7) *Three Comedies.* Halcott Glover. (Kegan Paul.) 7s. 6d.

(8) *Plays.* Lennox Robinson. (Macmillan.) 10s. 6d.

(9) *The Silver Tassie; Two Plays; The Plough and The Stars.* Sean O'Casey. (Macmillan.) 7s. 6d. and 5s.

Men Are Dangerous (10). It expresses the full revolt from naturalism; it is "theatre" for the sake of "theatre": its *theme* is the theatrical.

Not revolt from naturalism, but adaptation of the naturalistic technique is exemplified in the plays of M. Lenormand (11) and in Mr. Eugene O'Neill's *Strange Interlude* (12). With them we return to debate, to Author's Theatre: but not to Author's Theatre as it was before the advent of the psycho-analysts. The researches of Freud and Jung inform these plays, as they do (though less explicitly) Mr. John Van Druten's *Young Woodley* (13). They make us sharply aware of the complexes. Aware, too, of the technical difficulty of dramatically articulating the vague promptings and intimations of the borderland of consciousness. And if, in attempting to circumvent the difficulty, discredited devices such as the aside are again not merely employed but made an indispensable part of the technical apparatus, at least this is done with the justification of dramatic necessity.

The apprentice-playwright is not encouraged by Mr. Ervine to study the plays of the Expressionists. He regards them as curiosities of the drama, capable of appeal only to neurotic imbeciles. Ernst Toller's play of the Berlin revolution of 1919—*Hoppla* (14)—deserves no such contemptuous dismissal. It may indeed be but the "emotional skeleton of a play, the scenario"—but the cinema has taught Toller that much may be expressed in pantomime, and it may be that in production this bio-mechanical skeleton would galvanize into life of remarkable activity. But for a thorough-going piece of Producer's Theatre the student need look no further than Miss Velona Pilcher's *The Searcher* (15). This play or scenario might have been expressly composed to exemplify Mr. Brown's definition. Design is put before discussion, spoken word and musical accompaniment are but elements in the composition in which the producer will drive directly at the senses, and so forth. The musical analogy is complete: the text here is to the play precisely as the score to the symphony. The war theme of the play is that of Mr. Sherriff's now justly famous *Journey's End* (16): the technique is different —so radically different that if Miss Pilcher's scenario should be efficiently produced a comparison of one and the other would probably be the most instructive and steadying object lesson the student of dramatic technique could have. It might convince him that, as Mr. Dukes after all admits,

> the writer of plays at the present day may take courage from the assurance that his words, if they be good words, will endure longer than any of the other symbols he erects upon the stage. They may not endure for three hundred years and more like the words of *Hamlet*: but the images they cast are the true images of drama, and from the seed they carry generation after generation of performances may come to flower.

JOHN W. COULTER.

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(10) *Such Men Are Dangerous; The Fountain Head.* Ashley Dukes. (Gollancz.) 3s. 6d. each.

(11) *Three Plays.* H. N. Lenormand. Translated by D. L. Orna (Gollancz). 10s. 6d.

(12) *Strange Interlude.* Eugene O'Neill. (Cape.) 7s. 6d.

(13) *Young Woodley.* John Van Druten. (Gollancz.) 3s. 6d.

(14) *Hoppla.* Ernst Toller. English Version by Herman Ould. (Benn.) 6s.

(15) *The Searcher.* Velona Pilcher (with twelve wood-engravings by Blair Stanton). (Heinemann.) 7s. 6d.

(16) *Journey's End.* R. C. Sherriff. (Gollancz.) 3s. 6d.

BIOLOGY AND MODERN PHYSICS

Of much importance is the great work of Prof. A. S. Eddington: his Gifford Lectures on *The Nature of the Physical World* (1). It has sometimes seemed as if biologists, while vigorously insisting that their science was based on physics, paid insufficiently close attention to the progress that was being made in that fundamental field. Henceforward they will have no excuse. There is no need here to expatiate on the remarkable charm of style of Eddington's book and the fresh and almost childlike way he has of facing and dealing with the most complicated questions. In *The Nature of the Physical World* he sets out to answer the question—what effect has the "new physics" as a whole upon the philosophy of science; what is the philosophical outcome of the recent changes in physical theory. It might therefore be supposed that its effect upon biological thought would be rather small, and this may well be so as far as detailed technique of investigation or analysis is concerned, but I think the effect will be very considerable in acting upon the undiscussed and perhaps unconscious urges which make theoretical biologists take up one or other of their several attitudes.

I hope this statement will become clearer in what follows. It seems to have become a commonplace of ecclesiastical exhortation that "relativity" or the "researches of modern physics" have destroyed the old-fashioned materialism of science, and by substituting electrical charges for atomic billiard balls, have made matter less material. This idea even finds utterance in circles which ought to be better informed; thus a few months ago it won much support at a meeting of a philosophical society in Cambridge, and evoked from one member the sensible remark that "you cannot turn matter into spirit by making it thin." But these sentimental misconceptions should not blind us to the fact that very real and very great changes have taken place in physics during the last fifteen years, of which perhaps the most important is (*a*) the realization that science is concerned solely with what Eddington calls the metrical aspects of the world, and (*b*) the realisation that research has come up against phenomena for which there is no analogy in our everyday experience, and therefore no possible model. In the last century the mathematical formulation of a set of experimental facts was not regarded as complete unless at the same time a model could be constructed (in the mind's eye, of course) consisting of cogwheels, syringes, levers, squirts, etc., which would show "how the thing worked." Perhaps the Bohr model of the atom is the greatest achievement of this kind. But when more than three dimensions were introduced to explain events in the physical world, the model almost inevitably had to give up the ghost, for no household article very closely resembles the curved space-time continuum in which Einstein showed that the celestial bodies move. The astronomer and the physicist were therefore left with sets of numbers and algebraic symbols, *i.e.*, the metrical aspects of the world. This way of looking at the matter would always have been tenable, but the virtue of the recent dis-

1. Eddington, A. S., "The Nature of the Physical World." Univ. Press, Cambridge, 1928.

coveries and theories is that they make any other way untenable. The Victorian physicist habitually forgot that all he really had in hand was a collection of pointer-readings, and numerical data, and he projected into the microscopic sphere his experiences at the billiard table.

Physics can therefore proceed with a complete scepticism regarding the nature of the enigmatic background which supplies the metrical aspects. Its legitimate materialism is a logical phenomenon, objects only being material in so far as scientific thinking makes them so, *i.e.*, in so far as measurements may be made on them, and in this sense modern physics has nothing to do with classical metaphysical materialism. Scientific naturalism, of course, can still exist. Thus Bertrand Russell in his recent book *Sceptical Essays* (2) remarks that if the world is fundamentally mathematical, he as a mathematician can hardly be expected to regret it. As a man he ought to regret it.

Another important point about modern physics is, as Eddington shows, its attitude towards determinism. Whereas in the past the motions of all individual particles in the universe were thought to be rigidly determined from the first cause onwards, now less and less is asserted about individual particles, and more and more about swarms of them. Modern physics would refuse to predict and tends to give up the hope of ever being able to predict which of two paths a given particle will take, and would confine itself to calculating the odds on the direction. More and more arguments are becoming probability arguments. In my last note in *The New Adelphi* I referred to R. S. Lillie's paper *Physical Indeterminism and Vital Action* (3), in which he indicated that the voluntary and "free" actions of animal bodies might be due to infractions of the (statistical) second law of thermodynamics, and I mention it here simply to hint at the important biological consequences that may follow Eddington's elaborate funeral of Laplace's Calculator. What has happened in physics is that the concept of causality has lost its force, and whereas previously it applied to all the actions of individual particles, it now only applies to the actions of immense numbers of them.

> Some of the greatest triumphs of physical prediction (says Eddington) have been furnished by admittedly statistical laws which do not rest on a basis of causality. Moreover, the great laws hitherto accepted as causal appear on minuter examination to be of statistical character. Whether or not there is a causal scheme at the basis of atomic phenomena, modern atomic theory is not now attempting to find it; and it is making rapid progress because it no longer sets this up as a practical aim. We are in the position of holding an epistemological theory of natural knowledge which does not correspond to the actual aim of current scientific investigation.

Enough has been said to show that modern physics is becoming quite a different discipline from that which caused neo-vitalist biologists in the past to object so strenuously to the penetration of physics and chemistry into biology. This is, I feel, the outstanding result which we may expect. I have often thought that the neo-vitalists were thinkers whose religious sense had got into the wrong place; unable to rest in common-sense watertight compartments on the one hand, or to work out a Hegelian philosophy of the forms of experience on the other, they insisted on bringing the numinous into biology and abusing biophysics. The fundamental contention of the mechanists always was that science and the scientific method were one, and that biology was complicated physics—this remains unaltered. But if

2. Russell, B., "Sceptical Essays." Allen & Unwin, London, 1928.
3. Lillie, R. S., *Science*, 1927, Vol. 66, p. 139.

physics is more and more obviously throwing off the links which bound in the past to metaphysical materialism, and admitting itself to be the stud of the metrical aspects of the world, there will perhaps be less inducemen for this misplacement of the numinous. In a word, the vitalists wished introduce mysticism at the wrong level; the right level would seem to b as it were, underneath the metrical abstractions of physics, *i.e.*, outsid science altogether. *If this is realised*, the vitalist and the mechanist ma fuse into one and the same person—presumably a happy consummatio though meetings of biological societies will be tamer. It is amusing tha at the present time, when physics is moving in such a non-deterministi direction, biologists are sometimes found to support scientific naturalism *bloc*, while still further away from the inorganic world, literary criticis tries to make itself modern by using a psychological jargon, and applyin to its problems all the rigour of a materialistic metaphysic.

There is no space to do more than touch on other recent writings in th philosophy of biology. R. S. Lillie (4) has written well in support of ne mechanism which he combines with a realist epistemology. Adolf Meyer' work is also of interest. In several historical studies (5, 6) he has traced th development of various typical biological and physical sciences, treating the conflicts in the light of a tension between two poles, "Mechanismus" "Naturalismus" and "Historismus." The former ideal consists in th complete mathematical description of nature, the latter in the use of concept involving the individual and the organism. The former always prevail over the latter, but never so as to overcome it completely. "In der Natu wissenschaft," says Meyer, "besteht die Tendenz, die Idee des Mechanismu auf Kosten des Historismus immer weiter auszudehnen, die Wirklichkei immer mehr zu enthistorisieren." Meyer illustrates his theme with man biological examples. He has also called attention to a Renaissance think who has not had sufficient justice done him, namely, Joachim Jungiu Jungius, unlike Bacon, fully appreciated the work that was being done b his contemporaries, Harvey and Galileo, and in his work *De Mathese Dignitate, praestantia et usu*, published at Giessen about 1630, emphasize that very metrical aspect of nature which Eddington is now stressing. Mey has translated parts of other works of Jungius (7) and has written an appr ciation of this important and neglected figure in the history of biology (8)

Prof. A. E. Boycott's presidential address to the Pathological section of th Royal Society of Medicine (9) raises anew the problem of spontaneous genera tion. Everyone agrees that Pasteur demonstrated that this does not tak place as far as visible bacteria are concerned, but now that we are quit accustomed to the ultrafiltrable viruses and such minute organisms as th bacteriophage, the problem is reopened. JOSEPH NEEDHAM.

4. Lillie, R. S., *Journal of Philosophy*, 1928, Vol. 25, p. 589.
5. Meyer, A., *Verhandlungen d. naturwissenschaftlichen Vereins zu Hambur* 1922, Vol. I, p. 13.
6. Meyer, A., do., p. 69.
7. Jungius, J., "Zwei Disputationen über die Prinzipien der Naturkörper, ed. A. Meyer. Festgabe d. 90 Versammlung d. Deutscher Naturforscher u. Ärtzte Hamburg, 1928.
8. Meyer, A., "Joachim Jungius' geistesgeschichtliche Gestalt" Hamburgische Staats- und Universitäts-Bibliothek, Hamburg, 1928.
9. Boycott, A. E., Proc. Royal Soc. Med. (Pathol. Sect.), 1928, Vol. 22, p. 5

P.T.O.



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THE NEW ADELPHI

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE MYSTICISM OF MODERN SCIENCE.

In a recent number of that excellent journal *The Outline* appeared an article entitled "The Philosophy of Mysticism." It belied its title. It contained nothing about mysticism, which is a belief based upon a very definite form of experience, thoroughly substantiated, though by no means thoroughly examined. The religious critics of mysticism beg the question; but so do the "scientific" critics of mysticism. By the former it is prejudged as truth, by the latter delusion; in fact, it is neither.

But mysticism is not in question now. It was not discussed in the article. Yet the article called itself, deliberately, "The Philosophy of Mysticism." That, we think, is deplorable. For what the author meant by mysticism is something quite unworthy of the name—namely, the tendency now remarkable in eminent men of science to let themselves slide into "religiosity." The author of the article quotes with evident approval some words of Professor Eddington.*

> We all know that there are regions of the human spirit untrammelled by the world of physics. In the mystic sense of the creation around us, in the expression of art, in a yearning towards God, the soul grows upward and finds the fulfilment of something implanted in its nature. The sanction for this development is within us, a striving born with our consciousness or an Inner Light proceeding from greater power than ours. Science can scarcely question this sanction. . . .

Again, he quotes with the same evident approval, Professor J. S. Haldane's description of his Gifford lectures on *The Sciences and Philosophy*. (Hodder & Stoughton, 15s.)

> The argument of these lectures is that the physical world is not the real world, but only an ideal and quite insufficient representation of it. The real world is the spiritual world of values, and these values are in ultimate analysis nothing but the manifestation of the Supreme Spiritual Reality called, in the language of religion, God. What we interpret as physically determined is only what is imperfectly seen.

On the strength of these passages, our author declares that "Science and mysticism are, nowadays, on very friendly terms."

* In *The Nature of the Physical World*, reviewed on p. 855.

If it were true, it would be significant; but then it would not be expressed in those words; what is significant is that the author should use the word "mysticism" in this flabby fashion. Professor Eddington does much the same thing; he speaks of "the mystic sense of the creation around us." That reminds us of Stephen Phillips's worst line of poetry—one of the worst lines in all poetry—

> The mystic yearning of a garden wet.

After all, poor Phillips had to scan; and Professor Eddington had not. To use the word "mystic" for the word "mysterious" is not merely a solecism; it promotes a most unholy confusion.

Science and mysticism are not in the least on friendly terms. What has happened, and is happening, is that the physical Sciences have become dubious of their own naive epistemology. They have rather suddenly become aware that they deal only with elements which have been abstracted from reality, and that they cannot out of these elements make up reality again. So we have eminent Fellows of the Royal Society playing rather clumsily (if the truth be told) with the notion that there may be something—reality even—in romantic poetry and romantic music, and even in romantic religion.

That is very human; but it is not, though the author of the article seems to think it is, really inspiring. The cobbler had better stick to his last. Men of science should take care not to expose themselves as mediocre literary critics, or parvenu men of religion. Such a notion is evidently remote from the mind of the author of the article. He belongs to the tribe himself. He thinks that a new type of mysticism has emerged in these pathetic tergiversations of the Royal Society, and that it is vastly superior to the old.

> There is a "muddle-headed" type of mysticism which is poles apart from the mysticism to which thinking minds have been led; an outcome of the new scientific view of the universe. The materialistic views of last century have now few supporters. We have the vision of a higher order of reality. All increase of knowledge, as someone has said, is in itself a revelation—an *unveiling*.

Now this is itself the acme of muddle-headedness. The facts are quite simple. Men of science have become dubious of their own epistemology, mistrustful of their own assumptions. That in itself is excellent. But it does not follow that their utterances concerning art or religion are worth the paper they are printed on.

This pseudo-mysticism, because men of science indulge in it, is not "scientific mysticism." What men of science do in their spare time is not science. One might as well say that the gardening of a man of science who planted his cabbages bottom upwards was "scientific gardening," or that it is "scientific motoring" when an F.R.S. drives into a lamp-post. But listen to this:—

> There are as many definitions of mysticism as there are of religion. Men in all ages have had strange forms of experience and insight, abnormal experiences and revelations, often due to a disturbed emotional state, but the mysticism of the sane and cultured philosophical mind is not to be thought of

in that way. Neither is it a sort of naturalism "touched with emotion." Its roots are in Reason; it is the outcome of Faith firmly grounded on the knowable and the known. "Only a system with order and progress in the heart of it could elaborate itself so perfectly and so intricately." Modern psychologists, like Dr. William Brown, attach great importance to the mystical experience where the human mind comes into communication with a spiritual power or presence above itself.

The mysticism of a Plotinus, a pseudo-Dionysius, an Eckhart, a St. John of the Cross, is due to a disturbed emotional state; far otherwise the mysticism of the sane and cultured philosophical mind.

We note, with interest, that "philosophical mind" has been substituted for "scientific mind." Evidently our author believes they are the same thing. Let him read Mr. H. W. B. Joseph's penetrating criticism of the philosophy of Professor Eddington's book in the last *Hibbert Journal*; if he can understand it, he will understand that eminent men of science can be very shaky philosophers.

But the paragraph is interesting for other reasons. Try to summarize it, and it would run. "There are many definitions of mysticism." (Our author has avoided giving us a single one.) The mystical experience is often due to a disturbed emotional state. Scientific mysticism is not; 'it is the outcome of Faith firmly grounded on the knowable and the known.' Dr. Brown attaches great importance to the mystical experience where the human mind comes into communication with a spiritual power or presence above itself."

Obviously there is no means of knowing whether by the last sentence the author meant that Dr. Brown "attached great importance to the mystical experience, because in it the human mind, etc.," or that Dr. Brown "attached great importance to that kind of mystical experience in which the human mind, etc." Is the mystical experience to which Dr. Brown attaches importance due to a disturbed emotional state? Is it the new "scientific" mysticism? And what importance are we to attach to Dr. Brown? What does the paragraph really mean? We do not know the answers to these questions; and we doubt whether the author knows them either.

The only specimens of the new non-muddle-headed mysticism which are put before us are the two quotations from Professor Eddington and Professor Haldane respectively. We are not impressed. The first is vague romanticism; more worthy of an exponent of the Higher Thought to a Chatauqua audience than of an eminent astronomer and physicist. The second awakes in us all kinds of misgivings. Take the crucial sentence. "The real world is the spiritual world of values, and these values are in ultimate analysis nothing but the manifestation of the Supreme Spiritual Reality called, in the language of religion, God." Those capital letters are suspicious; they recall the Supreme Reason of the French Revolution.

The word "values" always puts us on our guard. That particular coin is one which we insist on ringing on the counter. What *is* a "value"? Nowadays, we know, the Good, the True, the Beautiful

are generally called "values." A sort of debased and emasculated Platonism is in vogue. And the sentence of Professor Haldane *might* be read as declaring his allegiance in the peculiar language of modern "philosophy" to the Platonic system. For Plato the real world was the world of the Ideas; the world of appearance was essentially unreal, corrupted by change and becoming. We do not believe in that philosophy, but we understand it. But we are perfectly certain that Professor Haldane does not believe in it either.

And what on earth is "the physical world" which is only an "ideal representation" of the real world? It must be, we suppose, the world which is constructed by the effort to visualize the coherent (or incoherent) concepts of the physical sciences. But since when have philosophers or scientists been allowed to call this "the physical world" without more ado? And what is this "spiritual world of values" which is opposed as "the real world" to the "physical world"?

Quite frankly, it does not exist. Its only reality is logical. And as a logical real this world contains a great many things besides what a naive mind suspects to be contained in the word "values." It contains the idea of the Bad as well as the idea of the Good; the Ugly as well as the Beautiful; the False as well as the True. It is the home of all logical universals, once they have been separated from their particulars. It is not a comfortable world; the one comfortable thing about it is that it is non-existent.

No doubt it is unfair to judge Professor Haldane's book by a sentence; and indeed we are concerned less with Professor Haldane than with the author who quotes him as an example of the new clear-headed "scientific" mystic. There is nothing at all clear-headed about his crucial sentence. After pondering it, we have come to the conclusion that the new "mysticism" consists in using the blessed word "values" mysteriously. A "value" sounds good. A world of "values" sounds like a world full of good things. But when some vulgarian blows the gaff and reveals that "values" are absolutely indifferent; and that if they make up the "real and spiritual world," that world is as full of horrors as is our own ordinary world of immediate perception, the foundations of the new "mysticism" begin to totter before they are laid. The old mysticism was infinitely more secure. The blessed word "values" had not been invented then.

All this, we know, seems ungrateful; but we find ourselves more and more opposed to modern attempts to smuggle in God by the backstairs. A God so smuggled in will, we are convinced, do no good to anybody in the long run. A God who cannot be worshipped, and who cannot respond to worship, is only a simulacrum of God—the name but not the thing. If the word "values" really means what it suggests, namely, the qualities that belong to the objects and persons which a humane mind thinks good, then a God who will maintain and embody

"values" must needs be a personal God. In short, if "values" are the "values" we value, God who maintains them must needs be like ourselves; and it is hard to believe that such a God is the author of the universe that is. A real act of faith is necessary.

We hold that it is much better to make such an act of faith quite openly than to smuggle it in by loose thinking. And modern thinking on the matter of "values" is very loose indeed. It is vitiated by a flagrant self-deception. "Values" are really in themselves indifferently good and bad; as objects for the contemplation of Science they are without moral quality. This modern "scientific" religion puts them into the hat without moral quality, when it takes them out they are an anthology of human desirables. This is simple conjuring. The conjurors are unconscious of their own trick. That is their misfortune.

In other words, those who want God must pay the price for him, in an act of faith of which they are perfectly aware. Those who refuse the act of faith must put up without God: the nearest they can come to such a person is the God of Pantheism, who is no God at all, and had much better not be called by the name. Religion cannot be had on the cheap. The dearer and more conscious the price paid, the better the religion. The real issue to-day is between Christian orthodoxy in its most stringent and comprehensive form, and a complete and conscious supersession of Religion by a true Science. Well-meaning scientists who dabble in romantic religion are the enemies of Religion and Science alike. The "reconciliation" of which they dream is a delusion. Science and Religion will never be reconciled. One day they may become identical, instead.

When we say that the real issue to-day lies between Christian orthodoxy in its most stringent and comprehensive form and something else, which must be as stringent and comprehensive, we are not suggesting that Catholicism is the enemy, in the simple meaning of the phrase. Catholicism is, indeed, *the* enemy; and because it is *the* enemy, it is *the* friend. We have to keep Catholicism before us for what it indubitably is, a perpetual reminder that no system less comprehensive nor less stringent than Catholicism will avail. In this spirit we welcome such a book as Mr. Hilaire Belloc's *Survivals and New Arrivals* (Sheed & Ward, 7s. 6d. net). It helps to clear the issue; it reminds us of the conditions we must satisfy. We have to work for a new orthodoxy. Nothing less will do—a Catholicism without God.

This necessity is being realized, in different ways, in unexpected quarters.

World Peace and Mr. Wells.—We have before us at this moment Mr. Wells's address before the German Reichstag, *The Commonsense of World Peace* (Hogarth Press, 2s. 6d. net). The simple and day-clear

point he makes is that in all our fervid contemporary discussion of the way to achieve a *Pax Mundi*, one fundamental difficulty is always being burked and shirked. This difficulty is the *sovereign independence of world states*. So long as the sovereign independence of the nations of the world endures, so long must world peace be precarious and illusory. Nothing, it seems, could be more obvious. But who, save Mr. Wells, has dared to say it, plainly and repeatedly?

And what is this realization but the realization that what mediæval Catholicism posited in theory, and at moments achieved in practice—namely, the absolute political unity of Christendom—is the supreme political necessity to-day? The mediæval unity was based on the Catholic religion. It is *impossible* to restore Catholicism as the foundation of a new unity. How, then, shall it be achieved?

It cannot be achieved through Christianity. History does not repeat itself. Mr. Wells hopes for a new universal religion of world peace with a militant order after the pattern of the Fascists or the Communists. But his hopes will not be realized. "World peace" is not a religion, nor can any religion be based upon it. The "Resist not evil" of Jesus, really understood, might polarize thousands into activity; "world peace" will barely move one. Mr. Wells looks wistfully for the signs of the organization for which he was calling over a year ago. They are not manifest; we do not believe they ever will be.

Sustained religious devotion can only be aroused by a religious vision. World peace is not a religious vision. Peace in itself, we will dare to say, is not even a good. Why should there be peace? The only answer is: because men in their souls know that there *must* be peace. And men who know that in their souls will not band themselves into a militant organization to secure it. They would violate their vision, and in themselves annihilate their own ideal. Peace, on any other level, is simply a desirable among a host of conflicting desirables—happiness, prosperity, possessions, power. You may perhaps convince men that they can have happiness and prosperity only by peace; you will never convince them they cannot get possessions and power by war. They know better.

World peace will only be secured by the working of a new religion which, like all true religions, sets a desirable beyond all desirables—beyond happiness, beyond prosperity, beyond possessions, beyond power—points to a desirable of a different order from all desirables. Catholic Christianity did this. Yet we cannot return to it. What then? That is our problem to-day. The more consciously we face it, the better.

WHY ADONIS LAUGHED

By Sarah Gertrude Millin

I.

DOWN at the Vaal River Farm where we sometimes go to ease our hearts of the strain of living in Johannesburg, six thousand feet above sea-level, Adonis, a graceful but very dirty young Kaffir, was languidly drawing water from the well. As David, another farm-boy, passed, Adonis began suddenly to laugh. David walked on without looking round. No word was spoken on either side, but the loud and persistent laughter of Adonis followed David right up to the house.

I called to Alita, our native cook, who had come with us from Johannesburg. She was standing at the garden wall conversing with some friends in a Kaffir dialect I did not understand. I judged from the sound of her voice that she was very angry about something. She threw a last indignant sentence at them as she answered my summons.

"Why does Adonis laugh at David?" I asked her as she came up to me.

The uncommon but natural red in Alita's brown cheeks deepened.

"I have just been speaking of it," she said. "I will tell missis."

II.

It was the story of a great romance Alita unfolded to me, and it concerned Dinah, the daughter of Hercules, the herd.

There was a time when Dinah had come daily to fetch the sour milk which was one of her father's perquisites; but lately, for good reasons, she had not come. Except on the day of her wedding, I had, indeed, not seen Dinah for over a year.

That wedding took place a month ago, and David was the bridegroom.

Why David or anyone else should have chosen to fall in love with Dinah was one of those mysteries which Nature keeps secret in her own heart. She was a grave, thin little girl, who resembled her wizened and inappropriately named father. All over the Cape Colony there are brown people who have adopted such names from their Dutch masters . . . And she used to squat in the sunshine outside the kitchen door while David went to get her the sour milk for which she was waiting, very quiet, very solemn.

I assume she must have been about sixteen, but she looked twelve; and she was really singularly ugly, even for a Kaffir of Griqualand

West, with her flat nose, small eyes, protuberant forehead, and high mouth. Nor could it have been her solitary physical merit of cleanness which captured David, for cleanness is not, among the River Kaffirs, a greatly cherished attribute . . .

Yet here commenced an idyll which, but for an unexpected mercenary intrusion, would have ended as simply as all idylls end. Of all things Hercules must needs insist that David should pay him, for Dinah . . . as if these were the good old days, as if River Kaffirs were Zulus, and had such a thing as dignity left.

"But what had David to give Hercules?" I asked Alita. "Had he cattle or horses or sheep or goats?"

"There lies the thing," said Alita. "He had no beasts and no money. That was how the trouble began."

She went on to explain.

"Missis must understand," she said, "I am not one who believes the new fashions are the best. It is right the father should get something for his girl-child. He put her in the world and gave her food that she might work for him, that she might grind his mealies and carry his water. What does it mean if a father gives away his daughter for nothing? Does it not mean that she is of no value to him? When John Itumeleng married me he paid old Frans, my father, ten oxen and seven cows and fifteen sheep, and it was agreed also that we must give old Frans our eldest child when it was a year old. But those times are gone. Then we had our lands and our herds. Then Alita would have sat in the kraal with her daughters-in-law and her grandchildren, and her ten fingers would not have been her only span of oxen. Then it was a different life . . . Missis, we Kaffirs are not the people we used to be, and it is best we should know it."

"And so when Hercules wanted Lobola for Dinah, what did David do?"

"He had to work for him, missis; he had to let him have every month the whole of what he earned. Only if someone gave David a present could David keep anything for himself."

I remembered David's eagerly cupped hands as last year we had given him a farewell gift.

"And how long was this to go on?"

"For a year, missis. And because David and Dinah were anxious to marry soon, Dinah herself also went to work. She went to work for Mr. Jackson who has the farm on the other side of the river."

In this way, as Alita went on to tell, the year passed, and the time came when David was released from his bondage to Hercules, and could begin to work for himself.

But, even so, the wedding-day was not yet at hand. Now Hercules wanted David to save towards a wedding in the church and a feast. For that he had to have, not only a new coat and trousers and hat and

shoes, but fifteen shillings for the missionary who came to perform the ceremony, and a pound for what they called the tea-meeting. Even the fifteen shillings was more than many Kaffirs were prepared to spend on sanctifying their unions, and most of them in these days came together like any other of the earth's creatures, hoping vaguely that the Lord would understand how hard it was for a Kaffir to save fifteen shillings for a wedding in the Church, and would excuse them.

III.

In the meantime David and Dinah built their home. They built as the birds build. They gathered reeds in the river, and filled the spaces in between the reeds with mud, and covered them with grass. And thus they achieved a hive-shaped hut, into which, in due course, they might crawl through an opening about three feet high and two feet wide. This opening would be the only concession to air and light; and when they went to bed they would hang bags over it, and shut out the world of night; the clean warm air; the faint rumbling of the river; the distant croaking of the frogs; and all the little dear noises of loneliness. They would lie, their heads covered, in the clothes in which they lived by day, between dirty skins and blankets on a dung-smeared floor; they would hide themselves from the frank, unclouded stars . . . But, if it were full moonlight and summer time, they would gather together the young folk for miles around, and they would dance and dance all night to the music of their own wild and harmonious singing, and the rhythmic clapping of girls' hands.

IV.

"And in this manner," continued Alita, "another year went by . . . And then one day David comes to Hercules and tells him that now he and Dinah must go and live together. It is the time. They cannot wait for weddings now, he says."

"And what did Hercules answer to that? Was he angry?"

"Well, missis knows Hercules. He is not an easy man. Yes, he was angry. He looks at David with his little eyes, and he does like this with his finger (Alita put her right forefinger in her mouth, pulled it out with a sucking noise, and pointed it upwards), and he says so true as his dead father, without a wedding David shall not have Dinah."

"But that wasn't so wrong of Hercules," I commented.

"No. That is true. It wasn't so wrong," admitted Alita. "But the first thing was he still spoke of a big wedding, and the second thing is David had to buy this and that for the house too. He had to buy a Kaffir pot, and some mugs and a bag of mealie-meal. Missis knows what is a bag of mealie-meal with us Kaffirs."

I did know. It was a rampart against the future. Alita actually sent mealie-meal from Johannesburg to her family in Bloemfontein because she could not trust them not to waste her substance before life was thus made safe. . . .

"And so for five months," Alita continued, "David ate just once a day—in the evening: he ate a little mealie-meal cooked with fat. Only when it was his chance to get the offal at a killing, or a beast died, only then did David eat meat. And at the end of five months they were able to have the wedding."

I had seen part of that wedding. When the ceremony was over, David in his new coat and trousers; Dinah in a white muslin dress, with a wreath and veil on her head; Hercules in an old frock-coat, riddled with moth, that some white man had once given him, and a pair of khaki trousers; flower-girls also in white veils, placed themselves at the head of a procession that went singing and dancing down to the river. They accepted presents from anyone who chose to give them, and when night came they feasted and danced until the food was gone and the stars were dead. . . .

Then David took Dinah to his home.

The next day he spent his last money on a blanket and some yards of print for the approaching baby.

Now only a few days ago David had come to announce to Alita that the baby was here.

"I asked him," said Alita, "if it was a fine baby. And he said yes, he heard it was a fine baby."

"He heard! Didn't he know? Hadn't he seen it?"

"It is not our custom that the father should look at the baby before three days," Alita told me.

"I see," I said, and, having arrived at what appeared to be the end of the romance, I was about to turn away when I remembered suddenly why I had called Alita.

"But about Adonis," I asked. "Why was he laughing?"

"Adonis?" said Alita. "Yes. It was on the day after the baby was born that Adonis began to laugh. And not only Adonis. Other people too."

"Why?" I asked, and remembered the bewildered and stricken look on David's face. "What was there to laugh about?"

Alita's eyes met mine across a world of experience.

"They laughed because it was not David's baby," she said.

"How did they know?"

"They had to know," said Alita in a tight voice. "And when David heard he went in too before the three days, and saw with his own eyes that it was not his baby, because it was a white baby. And he asked Dinah, and she told him it was the baby of the man

for whom she had worked that they might save money to get married, she and David. She said it was Mr. Jackson's baby. . . . "

Alita looked away to where Adonis was winding the bucket into the well again, and I looked too. A smile still lingered on his face. And, suddenly, without another word, as if a physical force drove her, Alita went from me to Adonis and struck him with her flat hand on his widened mouth.

The rope of the bucket ran sharply out as the hand of Adonis abandoned its work. Adonis stared at Alita. Then he made a little snort of contempt, turned back to his windlass, and deliberately laughed again.

AFTERNOON AT THE PENSION

By G. M. Hort

PEA-SOUP, last night's roast mutton cold,
Then prunes, with semolina-mould—
And we once more have lunched, and sit
A moment realizing it.
What more, or less, we realize
Might be conjectured, from our eyes—
Eyes that with pseudo-interest
Upon each other's faces rest,
And still must turn mechanically
As always at this time, to see
Old Mr. Lane his glass half-fill
To gulp down his digestive pill;
Miss Dreggor, stooping in her place,
To mutter her peculiar grace;
And Mrs. Prustley, taking toll
Of wasted greens and crumbled roll.

(As she observes, invariably
The birds like food as well as we!)
We should not feel the meal concluded,
Were any of these rites eluded.

Then the small maid with her vast tray
Comes sidling in, to clear away.
And clear us with the other things.
Our napkins, in their labelled rings,
Being safely housed, we gain our feet
And join the struggle of retreat.
A zestless custom's long decreed
That Lady Wank shall take the lead,
So, in her ample shade, we flow
In loose line, slowly—and more slow,
Across the hall and up the stairs
To the drab lounge, where sundry chairs,
Like inorganic doubles, wait
Each for its tenant intimate,
And where the fire, but lately lighted,
Can just, beneath heaped coals, be sighted.
(However much new guests desire,
It is *tabu* to poke that fire.
The fuel once banked, the hearth once swept.
All meddlers from it must be kept.)

Now, to each chair, its tenant's come.
Each creaks a greeting, then falls dumb,
And on us, too, will settle soon
The dumb, numb spell of Afternoon,
Known to us all and known too well,
Infectious, unavoidable—
A leisure, bald and meaningless,
Too dulled for conscious weariness,
A blank, uneaseful stupefaction,
Opposed alike to rest *or* action—
Miss Dreggor may begin to knit
And Colonel Thamp his glasses fit
As if to search the outspread *Times*
For more glad news of Labour's crimes;
And Lady Wank both eyes may close
And fold ringed hands as if to doze—
But all that's just a poor pretence
Against the Hour's omnipotence.
The curious spell you cannot break
You *must* stay idle, keep awake,

And, through your inmost being, feel
One more unrelished, unearned meal
Produce its typical oppression. . .
Behold then our post-prandial session,
Bodies replete and inert souls,
Round this prim hearth, these cheerless coals!

But hark! One chair, a further creak
Emits. Miss Birtle's going to speak.
My dear! Unless it's raining still—
She need not end. I nod. *We will.*
Miss Birtle, frail, thin-toned and grey,
Is really daring, in her way.
She often plans a little walk
About this time, a little talk;
And knows that she can count on me
To second her audacity.
Now, the hearth's confines we have quitted,
Now, through the doorway, hall-wards, flitted.
My coat I snatch, her mantle find—
Quick! For the clouds may change their mind!
As on the hill our breaths we fetch
The Common's slopes before us stretch.
The mist-clogged trees, the dwarfish grass
Show, as in some blurred looking-glass.
There pines the gorse which lacks the sun,
There, the dark heath whose blooming's done;
And there, on the far ridge, uprise
Those landmarks for the tourist's eyes,
Those rocks, round which, the Guide Books say,
An ancient ocean used to play.
Long æons since, its faithless waves
Left them, like corpses without graves;
And, stranded on this plain, they stand,
Set in one thirsty patch of sand.

We gaze; and then our usual course
Take, through the heather and the gorse,
Miss Birtle's hand upon my arm
Rests, like a mouse, wool-gloved and warm;
And, like a cricket, I can hear
Miss Birtle chirping in my ear.
Around, the Common's dun expanse,
The silence of its winter-trance.
Thus, many days, we've seen it spread
Gaunt, colourless and—just not dead.

A few moons more, a few weeks hence,
And there will come the difference!
The sickly gorse, the fainting heather
Will rise, responsive to the weather.
Birds will have songs and bees be sent
On humming errands succulent.
Only those rocks no change will know!
Just starker, wearier, they will show
By contrast to the life around them.
No kindred life-force will have found them.
Do their dead hearts within them burn?
Do they e'er crave the deep's return?
A tidal wave—an earthquake even!
So back to life they could be given,
And feel once more the impassioned rest
Of its sun-smitten, storm-soothed breast.

Clouds overhead are blackening now.
Miss Birtle lifts an anxious brow.
My dear! Was that a drop of rain?
Right-about turn! The house again!
. . . Its windows shine. 'Tis clear we'll be
As usual *in nice time for Tea*—
That harmless cup which still may cheer
A waning day, a waning year,
But has no power to re-inspire
Dead minds with thought, dead souls with fire,
Or ancient wrongs beyond redress
To drown in rich forgetfulness.

Yet pleasant 'tis that cup to drink,
And pleasant in one's chair to sink,
While kind Miss Dreggor butters toast
And Mr. Lane begins to boast
In bland, despotic monotone
Of noted people that he's known
And striking things that he's achieved—
Tales listened to, and half-believed.
For this is our least acrid hour,
When the humanities have power
And through the mild unreasoning hate
Of strangers forced by aimless fate
To share one roof, one board, there steals
Something which like a friendship feels.
Later, there may be cards or chess,
Or crosswords not too "cross" to guess

May bear the evening hours along
Fairly, until the supper-gong.
Now, in our accents you can hear
A faint returning note of cheer;
And in our slightly brightened eyes
Mutual congratulations rise.
The weight of one more day is lifting,
Into night's port once more we're drifting.

* * * *

Meanwhile to the tight-curtained pane
The wind escorts the lingering rain,
And night, which on the town descends
In lamplight, to the Common lends
A true and undiluted darkness,
Cloaking the gorse and heather's starkness,
And those bare rocks which used to be
Lapped by the pre-historic sea.
How long ago! How far away!
Caressing surf and threatening spray!
Do they dream there! Is their dull sleep
Thrilled as with murmurings from the deep,
That some such night as this may come,
On a great tide to tear them home?
Or, to the inevitable resigned,
Do they await with patient mind,
And a lethargic, stony trust,
Their gradual return to dust?
At any rate, *this* sun being set,
The End's a little nearer yet!
Nearer, the unknown hour of peace!
Nearer, the sentence of release!

SECOND THOUGHTS ABOUT HUMANISM

By T. S. Eliot

IN July, 1928, I published in *The Forum* a note on the Humanism of Irving Babbitt, which I reprinted in a small volume of essays entitled *For Lancelot Andrewes*. I understand that Professor Babbitt considers that I misstated his views: but as I have not yet received detailed correction from any Humanist, I am still in the dark. It is quite likely that I am at fault, because I have meanwhile heard comments, from sympathetic friends, which indicate that they have misunderstood me. The present essay is therefore inspired rather by desire to make my own position clearer, than by desire towards aggression. Here, I shall find it more useful to refer to Mr. Norman Foerster's brilliant book, *American Criticism*, * than to Mr. Babbitt's works. Mr. Foerster's book, as the work of a disciple, seems to give clearer hints of what Humanism is likely to become and do, than the work of Mr. Babbitt, which is more personal to himself.

My previous note has been interpreted, I am afraid, as an "attack" on Humanism from a narrow sectarian point of view. It was not intended to be an attack. Having myself begun as a disciple of Mr. Babbitt, and feeling, as I do, that I have rejected nothing that seems to me positive in his teaching, I was hardly qualified to "attack" Humanism. I was concerned rather to point out the weak points in its defences, before some genuine enemy took advantage of them. It can be—indeed is already—of immense value: but it must be subjected to criticism while there is still time.

One of the criticisms which I have heard of my criticism is this: that my criticism is all very well from the point of view of those who "believe"; but if I succeeded in proving that Humanism is insufficient without religion, what is left for those who cannot believe? Now I have no desire to undermine the Humanist position. But I fear that it may take on more and more of the character of a positive philosophy—and any philosophy, in our time, is likely to take on the character of a substitute for religious dogma. It is Humanism's positivistic tendencies that are alarming. In the work of the master, and still more in that of the disciples, there is a tendency towards a positive and exclusive dogma. Conceive a Comtism from which all the absurdities had been removed—and they form, I admit, a very

* Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $3.50.

nportant part of the Comtist scheme—and you have something like
hat I imagine Humanism might become.

In the actual Humanist position there is, as I have tried to show,
the one hand an admission that in the past Humanism has been
llied with religion, and on the other hand a faith that it can in the
ture afford to ignore positive religion. This curious trick of
entifying Humanism and religion in one context, and contrasting
em in another, plays a very large part in the Humanist formulation.
r. Foerster says (p. 244):

> This centre to which Humanism refers everything, this centripetal energy which counteracts the multifarious centrifugal impulses, this magnetic will which draws the flux of our sensations toward it while itself remaining at rest, is the reality which gives rise to religion. Pure Humanism is content to describe it thus in physical terms, as an observed fact of experience; it hesitates to pass beyond its experimental knowledge to the dogmatic affirmations of any of the great religions. It cannot bring itself to accept a formal theology (any more than it can accept a romantic idealism) that has been set up in defiance of reason, for it holds that the value of supernatural intuition must be tested by the intellect. Again, it fears the ascetism to which religion tends in consequence of a too harsh dualism of the flesh and the spirit, for, as we have said, Humanism calls for completeness, wishing to use and not annihilate dangerous forces. Unlike religion, it assigns an important place to the instruments of both science and art. Nevertheless, it agrees with religion in its perception of the ethical will as a power above the ordinary self, an impersonal reality in which all men may share despite the diversity of personal temperament and towards which their attitude must be one of subjection. This perception, immensely strengthened for us by Christianity, was already present in the Humanism of the Greeks, who saw that the unpardonable sin is insolence or presumption, an overweening pride of passion or reason, a failure to be mindful of the Nemesis that lies in wait for disproportionate self-assertion. Humanism, no less than religion, enjoins the virtue of *humility*.

With all respect to Mr. Foerster's sound literary criticism, and
usual brilliance of statement which one cannot fail to admire,
e passage I have just quoted seems to me a composition of ignorance,
ejudice, confused thinking and bad writing. His first sentence, for
e meaning of which I am at a loss, is a cloudy pseudo-scientific
etaphor; and his remark that "pure humanism is content to
scribe it thus in physical terms" seems to give his hand away
mpletely to what he calls "naturism." Either his first sentence is,
I think, merely a metaphor drawn from nineteenth-century physics;
which case it is not a "description," and no one can be content
h it; or else the author is surrendering to the mechanistic ethics
sed upon old-fashioned physics. "The reality which gives rise to
ligion" is a phrase which suggests the older school of anthropology;
is a guarded hint that religion is merely a state of feeling produced
certain physical or quasi-physical "realities" and "facts." Mr.
erster's "hesitates" and "cannot bring itself" conceal dogmatism
hind apparent prudence. Here he confuses, I think, the Humanist
th Humanism. If an individual humanist hesitates or cannot bring
mself, that is a perfectly natural human attitude, with which one
s sympathy; but if the humanist affirms that *Humanism* hesitates

and cannot bring itself, then he is making the hesitation, and the inability to bring itself, into a *dogma*: the humanist *Credo* is then a *Dubito*. He is asserting that there is a "pure Humanism" which is *incompatible* with religious faith. When he proceeds to distinguish Humanism from religion by saying that Humanism "holds that the value of supernatural intuition must be tested by the intellect," one wonders with what sort of religion he is contrasting it: for this kind of test was held by the Church long before the word Humanism was coined. Next, the "fear of asceticism" is characteristic, not only of Humanism, but of liberal Protestantism, from which Humanism sometimes seems to descend. The typical humanist, I agree, is not conceived as a cenobite; but *Humanism*, if it goes so far as to include in its Creed "I fear asceticism," is merely committing itself to another anti-religious dogma. Humanism, Mr. Foerster says, "wishes to use and not annihilate dangerous forces"; but does he really believe that the Christian religion, except in several heretical varieties, has ever tried to *annihilate* those dangerous forces? And if he thinks that religion depreciates science and art, I can only suppose that his *religious* training took place in the mountains of Tennessee. Humanism, he says, agrees with religion in only one point: in believing in the ethical will. There was once an organization called the Ethical Culture Society, which held Sunday morning services: that seems to be the kind of liberal religion to which Mr. Foerster's Humanism boils down.

Mr. Foerster's Humanism, in fact, is too ethical to be true. Where do all these morals come from? The advantage of an orthodox religion, to my mind, is that it puts morals in their proper place. In spite of all the hard (and I consider just) things that Mr. Babbitt and Mr. More have said about Kant, the second generation of Humanism seems to found its ethics on a similar basis to Kant's. Mr. Foerster finds that "the essential reality of experience is ethical." For the person with a definite religious faith, such a statement has one meaning: for the positivistic humanist, who repudiates religion, it must have another. And that meaning seems to rest upon obscurities and confusions. I can understand, though I do not approve, the naturalistic systems of morals founded upon biology and analytical psychology (what is valid in these consists largely of things that were always known); but I cannot understand a system of morals which seems to be founded on nothing but itself—which exists, I suspect, only by illicit relations with either psychology or religion or both, according to the bias of mind of the individual humanist.

Humanism depends very heavily, I believe, upon the tergiversations of the word "human"; and in general, upon implying clear and distinct philosophic ideas which are never there. My objection is that the humanist makes use, in his separation of the "human" from the "natural," of that "supernatural" which he denies. For I am

nvinced that if this "supernatural" is suppressed (I avoid the ord "spiritual" because it can mean almost anything), the dualism man and nature collapses at once. Man is man because he can cognise spiritual realities, not because he can invent them. Either erything in man can be traced as a development from below, or mething must come from above. There is no avoiding that dilemma: ou must be either a naturalist or a supernaturalist. If you remove om the word "human" all that the belief in the supernatural has iven to man, you can view him finally as no more than an extremely lever, adaptable, and mischievous little animal. Mr. Foerster's thics would be much more "reasonable" if they were those of Mr. ertrand Russell; as they are, they are a form which is quite untenable nd meaningless without a religious foundation. *

The real trouble, of course, is one of simple human fallibility. Mr. 'oerster, like most humanists, was I believe trained as a man of tters; and Humanism bears the imprint of the academic man of tters. His approach to every other field of study is through terature. This is a perfectly proper approach; for we must all proach what we do not know with a limited equipment of the hings that we do know. The trouble is that for a modern humanist terature thus becomes itself merely a means of approach to something else. If we try to make something do for something else, it likely to become merely an amateur substitute for that other thing. fr. Foerster and I would probably agree about the prevalent desiccation the study of philosophy in universities.† Nevertheless, there is a hilosophic training, and it is not the literary training; there are ules of the philosophic game about the use and definition of terms, nd they are not the literary rules. One may consider the study of hilosophy vain, but then one should not philosophize. What one likely to do is to philosophize badly, because unconsciously. My jection is not to Humanism, but to Mr. Foerster for not being umanistic enough; and for playing the games of philosophy and heology without knowing the rules.

There is another aspect to Mr. Foerster's position which might earn

* Mr. Foerster's "reason" seems to me to differ from any Greek equivalent λόγος) by being exclusively human; whereas to the Greek there was something explicable about λόγος so that it was a participation of man in the Divine. See he late Max Scheler's *Mensch und Geschichte* (Neue Schweizer Rundschau), p. 21.

†Not, however, primarily the fault of the teachers, but of the whole educational ystem of which this teaching is a part. The teaching of philosophy to young ien who have no background of *humanistic* education, the teaching of Plato and ristotle to youths who know no Greek and are completely ignorant of ancient story, is one of the tragic farces of American education. We reap the whirlwind pragmatists, behaviourists, etc. Incidentally, it is a public misfortune that Bertrand Russell did not have a classical education. Humanism has done no greater service than in its criticism of modern education. ee Mr. Babbitt's admirable essay on President Eliot in a recent number of he *Forum*.

him the title of "The Newest Laocoon": the interesting consideration that this trick of making literature do the work of philosophy, ethics and theology tends to vitiate one's judgment and sensibility in literature; but this aspect has been so well exposed in an essay (not yet published) by Mr. Allen Tate, that I shall not linger over it here. But I should like to mention that Mr. Foerster, in seeking, as he says, "an ethos which has never existed," looks for guidance to:

> Greek sculpture (*of what period?*), Homer, Sophocles, Plato, Aristotle, Virgil, Horace, Jesus, Paul, Augustine, Francis of Assisi, Buddha, Confucius, Shakespeare, Milton and Goethe. (p. 242).

Mr. Foerster is not quite so silly as this list makes him seem, perilously as he does approach towards Five-Foot Shelf Culture; he is merely confusing two points of view. For *culture* (and Mr. Foerster's culture is merely a propagation of Arnold's), these are the sorts of authority to which we may properly look; and the man who has frequented them all will so far as that goes be a better man, in the sense of being a *more cultured* man, than the man who has not. This is the best possible background. But the search for an "ethos" is a very much more serious and risky business than Mr. Foerster imagines; and Mr. Foerster is more likely to end in respectability than in perfection. Those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, and are not satisfied with a snack-at-the-bar, will want a great deal more; and if they follow any one of these leaders, will not be able to follow all the rest. Boil down Horace, the Elgin Marbles, St. Francis and Goethe, and the result will be pretty thin soup. Culture, after all, is not enough, even though nothing is enough without culture.

With these odd mixed motives, Mr. Foerster does not make very much of Shakespeare, though he gives him a patronizing word or two. Shakespeare is not a humanist. Mr. Foerster's judgment of Shakespeare is neither a literary nor a moral judgment. He seems to me to depreciate Shakespeare for the wrong reasons, just as, with all respect, Mr. Middleton Murry seems to me to extol him for the wrong reasons. If, as he says, Shakespeare was concerned "rather with mirroring life than with interpreting it," and with submitting "to actuality rather than transcending it," I should say that such a good mirror, if you call that a mirror, is worth a great many interpretations, and that such submission is worth more than most transcendence. If you stick to a literary judgment, you cannot say that Shakespeare is inferior to any poet who has ever written, even if you are prepared to substantiate your opinion by detailed analysis; and if you depreciate Shakespeare for his lower view of life, then you have issued out of literary criticism into social criticism; you are criticizing not so much the man but the age. I prefer the culture which produced Dante to the culture which produced Shakespeare; but I would not say that Dante was the greater poet, or even that he had the profounder mind; and if Humanism chooses Goethe and leaves

Shakespeare, then Humanism is incapable of ... en the chaff and the wheat.

Mr. Foerster is what I call a Heretic: that is, a person who seizes upon a truth and pushes it to the point at which it becomes a falsehood. In his hands, Humanism becomes something else, something more dangerous, because much more seductive to the best minds, than, let us say, Behaviourism. I wish to try to distinguish the functions of true Humanism from those imposed upon it by zealots.

(1) The function of Humanism is not to provide dogmas, or philosophical theories. Humanism, because it is general culture, is not concerned with philosophical foundations; it is concerned less with "reason" than with common sense. When it proceeds to precise definitions it becomes something other than itself.

(2) Humanism makes for breadth, tolerance, equilibrium and sanity. It operates against fanaticism.

(3) The world cannot get on without breadth, tolerance and sanity; any more than it can get on without narrowness, bigotry and fanaticism.

(4) It is not the business of Humanism to refute anything. Its business is to *persuade*, according to its unformulable axioms of culture and good sense. It does not, for instance, overthrow the *arguments* of fallacies like Behaviourism: it operates by taste, by sensibility trained by culture. It is critical rather than constructive. It is necessary for the criticism of social life and social theories, political life and political theories.

Without Humanism we could not cope with Mr. Shaw, Mr. Wells, Mr. Russell, Mr. Mencken, Mr. Sandburg, M. Claudel, Herr Ludwig, Mrs. Macpherson, or the Governments of America and Europe.

(5) Humanism can have no positive theories about philosophy or theology. All that it can ask, in the most tolerant spirit, is: Is this particular philosophy or religion civilized or is it not?

(6) There is a type of person whom we call the Humanist, for whom Humanism is enough. This type is valuable.

(7) Humanism is valuable (*a*) by itself, in the "pure humanist," who will not set up Humanism as a substitute for philosophy and religion, and (*b*) as a mediating and corrective ingredient in a more positive civilization founded on definite belief. *

(8) Humanism, finally, is valid for a very small minority of *individuals*. But it is culture, not any subscription to a common programme or platform, which binds these individuals together. Such an "intellectual aristocracy" has not the economic bonds which unite the individuals of an "aristocracy of birth."

Such a modest limitation of Humanism as I have tried to indicate above (the list is not exhaustive or defining, but consists merely of

* An interesting infusion of Humanism in a remarkable religious personality is shown in the late Baron von Hügel's *Letters to a Niece*.

the qualifications which occur immediately to my mind) will seem more than unsatisfactory to the more hopeful and ambitious devotees of the word. I wish to distinguish sharply, however, between what seems to me the correct and *necessarily* vague Humanism, and what T. E. Hulme means by Humanism in his notes in *Speculations*. I agree with what Hulme says; and I am afraid that many modern Humanists are explicitly or implicitly committed to the view which Hulme denounces; and that they are, in consequence, men of the Renaissance rather than men of our time. For instance, Hulme gives as one characteristic of the Humanist (in his sense) the "refusal to believe any longer in the radical imperfection of either Man or Nature." I cannot help feeling that Mr. Foerster and even Mr. Babbitt are nearer to the view of Rousseau than they are to the religious view. For it is not enough to chastise the romantic visions of perfectibility, as they do; the modern humanistic view implies that man is either perfectible, or capable of indefinite improvement, because from that point of view the only difference is a difference of degree—so that there is always hope of a higher degree. It is to the immense credit of Hulme that he found out for himself that there is an *absolute* to which Man can *never* attain. For the modern humanist, as for the romantic, "the problem of evil disappears, the conception of sin disappears." This is illustrated in Mr. Foerster's illusion of the *normally or typically human* (p. 241). Hulme put the matter thus:

> I hold the religious conception of ultimate values to be right, the humanist wrong. From the nature of things, these categories are not inevitable, like the categories of time and space, but are *equally objective*. In speaking of religion, it is to this level of abstraction that I wish to refer. I have none of the feelings of *nostalgia*, the reverence of tradition, the desire to recapture the sentiment of Fra Angelico, which seems to animate most modern defenders of religion. All that seems to me to be bosh. What is important, is what nobody seems to realize—the dogmas like that of Original Sin, which are the closest expression of the categories of the religious attitude. That man is in no sense perfect, but a wretched creature, who can yet apprehend perfection. It is not, then, that I put up with the dogma for the sake of the sentiment, but that I may possibly swallow the sentiment for the sake of the dogma.

This is a statement which Mr. Foerster, and all liberal theologians, would do well to ponder. Most people suppose that some people, because they enjoy the luxury of Christian sentiments and the excitement of Christian ritual, swallow or pretend to swallow incredible dogma. For some the process is exactly opposite. Rational assent may arrive late, intellectual conviction may come slowly, but they come inevitably without violence to honesty and nature. To put the sentiments in order is a later, and an immensely difficult task: intellectual freedom is earlier and easier than complete spiritual freedom.

There is no opposition between the religious and the *pure* humanistic attitude: they are necessary to each other. It is because Mr. Foerster's brand of Humanism seems to me *impure*, that I fear the ultimate discredit of all Humanism.

LOVE TO THE ANGELS

By Mary Arden

IN that moment of sincerity all that was warm and comforting had fallen away, leaving only the simple, easy to believe—but, at the same time, utterly incredible truth. No, even now she couldn't. . . . Even now. . . . Yet, at the time, it had spoken, not only through what Dr. Stevens had said, but the great white room itself, the feeling of the slippery couch underneath her, and the big man's movements as he gently laid down his stethoscope and bent forward. . . . "So I'm going to give you my candid opinion, Mrs. Lindsey." A funny gesture of his; tapping the palm of the left hand with the fingers of the right. She would never forget it; or the glint of his ring that had shone like a little star as it caught the sun—or how marvellously even was the parting down the middle of his thick fair hair. . . . "Candid opinion. . . ." And then, like a hand crushing the flower of hope: "If I were you. . . ."

Oh God! who seest even the sparrow fall! Softly, as though it were a sparrow's wing, she stroked the silk tassel of her jumper, while her eyes, bright and dark, peered about, vaguely and yet as though saying: "I'm looking for something. What is it? I don't know. Oh, I don't know."

* * *

"You're very quiet over there, Lindsey."

"Am I? I was thinking." And suddenly with a faint shock of amazement, she realized the chaos her bedroom was in. She sat up a little on the bed.

"Baker, dear, does *all* this rubbish belong to me?"

"What?" A flushed, very good-natured face peered up from behind the lid of the brown trunk.

She changed her remark.

"It's so sweet of you to be packing for me. I do hope you're not bored simply to extinction."

The face bobbed down again.

"No, no," came a murmur from the bowels of the trunk. "Not in the least. Glad to. Don't mench."

But, of course, Mrs. Baker loathed packing. Oh, it was one of the worst abominations of her life. No one but a brute could have refused to pack for fragile little Lindsey, otherwise. . . .

"George," she had said, gently smoothing the soft white down

on his ear, "when we're married you won't expect me to pack for you, will you, dearest?"

"Pack? Lord, no," rumbled his comfortable voice, and he gave her soft waist an extra squeeze. "Why, it's the devil's own job, packing is."

She looked at him sideways. "If *I* did it for you, you'd think the devil *had* had a hand."

Ha! Ha! How they had both laughed. And really it did seem to her quite a witty thing to have said. The little lines beside her eyes crinkled and met each other.

"By the way, dear," she asked after a moment, "what am I to leave out for you to travel in?"

"Oh. Oh, yes," said the low, almost always faintly excited voice. "My *brown* brogues. There they are, over there, and then, of course, the overcoat—my tweed one, not the other, and I think the fawn felt hat."

"Right you are." The plump little woman struggled to her feet and peered into the now almost empty wardrobe. "Well, there's the coat. I'll leave it hanging up."

"Baker!"

"Yes."

"It's ridiculous, but I can't believe I'll be at home this time to-morrow."

"No," said Baker seriously, "I can't either." "All the same," she went on, fastening a wisp of hair back with her slide, "It'll be much nicer at home for you, dear—with your husband to look after you. I know Dr. Wilkins thinks so. He told me. He said we were all so . . . . robust here, compared to you."

Lindsey muttered something under her breath.

"Not that *I* shan't be sorry enough to leave," said Baker, "when my time comes." And hand on hip, she stood still to look out of the big French windows over the balcony to the garden where the afternoon sun was drowning everything in golden light—rich careless beauty of Michaelmas daisies, waxy dahlias, lawns and paths.

From somewhere just out of sight came the *pluck*! *plock*! of croquet balls and a man's very affected voice called: "I s-ay, Robson, you can't try the hoop yet. The stick first, please. . . ."

"Yes," said Baker, "even in spite of George, you know, I shall *hate* leaving."

"You don't—mean—to tell *me*," a gaunt face appeared round the window frame, "you *mean* that."

"Yes." Both the others smiled.

"*Well*!" With a lunge the rest of Miss Westram came into view. Really she was a sight. Her shabby clothes seemed to hang from her as if from a scarecrow, her stockings were twisted loosely about her stick legs.

She looked at Mrs. Lindsey with smouldering eyes.

"I envy you," she said solemnly, and solemnly she folded her arms.

"Worst place I ever was in. Plagued by the nurses," she said, working up. "Plagued by the food, plagued by indigestion . . ." Her face screwed into anguish, "*and* by the remedies. I don't want any of y' MUCK!' I said to Sister Thomas. She won't speak to me now, and much I care."

"Oh, come, come, Miss Westram," began Baker cheerfully, as hastily she wrapped a pot of cold cream in newspaper. "Surely it's not—"

But at that moment the clang, clang of the tea-bell sounded.

"Oh, what a nuisance!" cried Baker. "Now I shan't be able to finish till after supper. We're rehearsing 'The Bathroom Window' at five and I *must* be there. The burglar doesn't know his part a bit."

"That's all right," said Lindsey, smiling, and she began to slide off the bed.

"No, dear, now you ought not to come down. Dr. Wilkins would never let you. Have tea up here, do. I'll tell Janet."

"I'm coming." The small pointed face closed up.

She refused to be stopped. Doors opened and banged to, laughter echoed in the corridors, footsteps sounded. Oh, she must go down into the vortex just once more. Just once. And why not? What did it matter?

"I don't see why she shouldn't," said Miss Westram, coldly, "if she wants to." And she caught a quick grateful glance from the bright eyes.

* * *

So they went slowly down and into the hall.

Little groups stood about; for the most part, men in one group, women in another. They looked at notice boards, they chattered, laughed, and were so gay. Yes, nearly everyone was very gay indeed.

But Baker was looking at a little round man who stood by himself near the front door. Hands in pockets he kept rising on his toes and dropping to his heels again. "Por-ter!" he called.

"Yessir."

"Any good at pack-ing trunks, Matthews?"

"Yessir. Fairly sir."

"Then pack mine for Fri-day week, will you?"

"Ooh! That's Mr. Poulter, you know." She hissed her words out in a violent whisper. "I never heard of anyone so lazy in all my life. I never did. Just fancy asking ——."

"Ha, ha! Quite right. Quite right, Mrs. Baker." Just then a hearty male voice sounded, loud as a gong at her elbow. "No more did I."

"Oh, are you there, Mr. Johnson?" she said, turning round. She couldn't hide her delicious agitation and pleasure.

"And I hope you know your part, you bad man!" she cried, shaking a forefinger at the huge blonde giant in buff-colour plus-fours, and quite forgetting her companions.

"Well, then, I'll get your cup for you, Mrs. Lindsey."

"No, no—thank you very much, Miss Westram—I'd like to get it myself."

So they went on, together yet separate, to the big clattery, racketty dining-room; and a little wizened sister, sitting behind an urn, served them indifferently with cups of tea that looked like puddle water.

Lindsey wanted to find a place to herself where she could watch and not be bothered. But when, balancing her cup and saucer very carefully, she went through to "The Ladies Drawing-Room," not only the hubbub of talk and laughter came to meet her overwhelmingly. She was greeted at once like a long-lost friend. "Why, Mrs. Lindsey! I haven't seen you for days. And how *are* you, dear?"

And without waiting for an answer at all, her acquaintance—very smart, she was, in black and white, with big pearl earrings and dyed hair—went on: "Now *do* come over with us, dear. We've got a nice little corner. . . ." She piloted her across. "I've just been telling Mrs. Stuart she's the *image* of Fay Compton. Now isn't she?"

"Yes," said Lindsey, feeling unhappy, but trying hard to be nice. "Yes, I think she *is* very like."

"Well, as I say ——"

"Oh, do you really think so, Miss Peters?" said Mrs. Stuart, coquettishly, and wanting to be like the actress, she simpered more than usual and looked ridiculous.

A pause. Miss Peters was drinking, her little finger daintily poised.

Then Mrs. Stuart remarked: "What a *charming* dress you have on, Miss Peters."

"Oh, do you like it?" She was a little gruff. "Saw another I liked better three doors down."

"Oh, *dear*!" Mrs. Stuart lowered her voice. "But such a splendid model for a maternity gown."

"What?" Miss Peters started a little.

"Oh, you *mustn't* mind me. You know I may have to. . . ." She put her head closer. Her eyes twinkled and even grew a little moist. "Dr. Stevens *quite* agrees with me that if all goes well ——." She nodded mysteriously.

"Oh, he does, does he?" said Miss Peters, gruff again.

"Only think, though." Mrs. Stuart turned to Lindsey. "I shall be thirty-three next birthday. . . . Isn't it an age?" she asked her with dancing eyes. "How we women ever get through these things! . . ."

But already such a tiredness was creeping over Lindsey that she longed for nothing so much as soft pillows, and with the tiredness came

queer bleak sensation her mind wouldn't grasp. . . . Was it disgust. No—what was it?

"I say, I've got to go along now. Exam by Dr. Stevens. Take my cup with yours, will you? Thanks. Good-bye."

It was rather awful—having to make the slow journey back again; hall and stairs and echoing corridor. And it was a bit rotten to find an untidy room and tumbled counterpane. Oh, well. . . . She began to undress.

Voices, pictures, and again voices filled her mind. "That's just overdoing it," she told herself as she skinned off her vest. And, shivering a little, she put on her pyjamas, buttoned the coat with small chilly fingers and climbed into bed.

The sound of the voices. It just wouldn't die down. And it was hateful to her. Why, it was exactly as though—Yes, it was exactly as though they all rang false—lied in their sound. "What?" she thought, shocked at herself. "I can't mean that dear old Baker; that Peters and the rest. . . ." And in a flash, suddenly came the picture of the big white room, the cold light, the tall fair-haired man bending forward. "Oh, no, no," cried her mind recoiling, horribly fearful. "Anything, anything but that," and quick, to fill the space, she remembered: "Nurse! Nurse! I say I dreamt. . . ." She heard herself giggle. "I dreamt you'd hidden all my clothes. Oh, I was in agony. I hunted all over the place. I thought. . . " Oh misery! She flounced over in bed. That falsity! It was there in her own voice. Her own voice lied like the others. They are all tainted—not fit to . . .

And as the dusk rose up from the garden, filling the rooms, filling the great building, and touching the ugly walls and furniture as though with love, her unhappiness grew worse, if anything—more definite and profound.

After a time the bell for rest time clanged out, and was followed by footsteps, voices, shutting of doors, and then quietness.

Now one only heard someone walking, far down below, and presently, the voice of Dr. Wilkins as he came his round.

"Well, my dear, and how has life been to-day?" He was at the end of Lindsey's balcony.

"Well, Mrs. Prescott, well. . . ." He drew gradually nearer, visiting in turn each of the eight people whose rooms were on the way to Lindsey's.

"Well, my dear. . . . ." The small, slightly stooping figure hesitated by her window. The old hands fingered the stethoscope.

She helped him out.

"Just fancy it being my last night, Dr. Wilkins. I'll be at home to-morrow."

"Well, well. Yes . . ." he coughed a little. "You must let

me come and see you sometimes, Mrs. Lindsey. Sidbury's only a matter of ten miles from here."

"Oh, would you really, Dr. Wilkins? That *is* sweet of you—I'd love it."

"Yes, I certainly will. Well. . . ." He changed his voice. But before he could say "Good-night" she interrupted him.

"I—I've been thinking ——."

"Yes?" He looked at her. He was not unused to being detained in this way.

"I've been wondering—*do* you think we ——" she was breathing nervously, "we go on after we're dead?"

"I'm sure of it, my dear." He was very positive.

"But, Dr. Wilkins, if we're all so bad. False. Terribly different, I mean, to what—we're meant to be. Oh, I put it so badly. But wouldn't it be better, Dr. Wilkins," she ended, her voice quivering, "if we all of us got drowned in the stream instead of—going across?"

"I know, my dear, I know," he said quietly, and he looked out at the fading sky. "I've thought of it too. . . Much better it seems sometimes." He paused a moment. "And yet, I believe," he went on, "I do believe that He shall give His angels charge over thee to keep thee. I—have felt their presence. And that at a time when I had no faith of any kind, Mrs. Lindsey." He cleared his throat. "Surely they will meet us—there, face to face. Why shouldn't it be that *they* will help us to be—members of the kingdom?" He hesitated. His voice changed. "Well, well, it's just a notion of mine: that's all. Good-night, my dear, good-night."

"Good-night, Dr. Wilkins, and thank you so much for telling me. Shall I see you to-morrow?"

"Yes. I'll be along in the morning. Good-night. Good-night." And he was gone.

* * *

But at a quarter to eleven next morning he still hadn't been.

Lindsey's friends had been obliged to go off on their morning walk, no nurse was about, so, for these last few moments, she sat alone, waiting to be fetched.

She sat on her bed, all ready in her hat and coat, clutching her shiny scarlet handbag. And though she tingled with anticipation, it seemed to her she cared for nothing but the beauty of the morning.

Still, blue, with just a hint of frost in the air, it was so exquisite, she sighed with delight. And when she had gone out on to the balcony, and leaning against the railing, watched the tops of the trees where every leaf and tiny twig was still—such a feeling of lightness came over her. . . . Oh, it needed only a touch, only a touch, and she would float out over the woods and fields, free for ever from—everything.

"Darling!" His hands took hold of her shoulders and turned her round.

"Oh, Nigel, dear, you did startle me!"

"Did I?" His broad ruddy face fell, he looked a little injured. Didn't you hear me coming?"

"No, I didn't. But it doesn't matter a bit." She leant against his aistcoat.

Instantly he cheered up; he held her at arms length. "Why, ou're looking *well*," he said, and his eyes laughed—yes, actually ughed—into hers. "But they don't really know anything about it ere," he said as though afraid of being overheard. "You wait till u've seen this new chap I've found. He's—he's *it*. Studied nothing se for years, and when I told him about you, he hadn't only every ope . . ."

But her own special feeling of joy and lightness—lightness, was so reat that she scarcely even heard what he said; and it was almost though she floated instead of walked beside him as they went wnstairs.

He tucked her into the big car with woolly rugs. He had cushions r her head and cushions for her feet. They were just ready to start hen away, at the far end of the hall, she saw Dr. Wilkins.

Hurried and preoccupied he came out of one door and was going wards another.

"Dr. Wil-kins!" she called as loudly as she could, "Dr. Wil-*kins*!"

He turned with a start. He began to run towards her.

"Good God, child! don't shout, don't shout. You must *never* nout like that!"

And, instantly, at the sound of his voice, her joy died, the light was ut. She was more wretched than she had been the evening before—ut angry now—almost weeping with rage. Oh God! what did it atter if she shouted. Oh, to break down this wall of—of . . . nd as he stood in the drive, panting, unable to speak, a freckle of adow playing over his face and his thin chest, she longed to say omething bitterly cutting and final.

Yet all that came as she put out her hand, pressed his and, for some eason, smiled, was:

"I shall give your love to the angels."

A moment later the car slid forward under the trees.

POETRY AND RELIGION

By John Middleton Murry

IN the writing of *Endymion*, Keats learned a good deal about the nature of poetry: in six months more than most of us learn in a life-time. A little while after he had finished it, in a characteristically modest letter to his publisher, he enunciated "a few axioms in poetry." They are famous, though not even yet so famous as they deserve to be, or as they assuredly will become: for their significance is inexhaustible.

> "First," said Keats, "I think poetry should surprise by a fine excess and not by singularity; it should strike the reader as a wording of his own highest thoughts, and appear almost a remembrance.
>
> "Second. Its touches of beauty should never be halfway, thereby rendering the reader breathless instead of content. The rise, the progress, the setting of imagery, should, like the sun, come natural to him, shine over him, and set soberly although in magnificence, leaving him in the luxury of twilight. But it is easier to think what poetry should be than to write it. And this leads me to:
>
> "Another axiom—That if poetry comes not as naturally as the leaves to a tree, it had better not come at all."

One of the curious things about these axioms of Keats is that they are themselves a long way towards being an example of the thing defined; they appear rather extraordinarily to satisfy the definitions they propose. They strike us (or they strike me) as a wording of our own highest thoughts, and appear almost a remembrance. There is a certain fine excess about them, yet not a trace of singularity. When Keats comes to speak of the rise, the progress, the setting of imagery, an image comes naturally to him: he feels it immediately as the rise to noonday of the sun, its setting, and the luxury of twilight. And quite evidently, that imagery of the axioms as a whole came naturally to him as the leaves to a tree.

This internal self-exemplification of these axioms is very peculiar. It enables one to see why they have always made the impression of an unusual profundity. For if poetry is, as many have believed it to be, a thing unique, it stands to reason that no definition of it is possible. There can only be, so to speak, a direct communication of essence. Poetry can only be conveyed by poetry. If, unconsciously, in the mere effort to define this essence, Keats was impelled to language which so completely satisfies his own definition, it would seem to be indicated first that his definition is true, and second that his definition is no definition at all. Both which contradictory propositions are sound. The fact being, of course, that we have reached the borderline of comprehensible language. Poetry can be described, it cannot be defined, it can only be truly described in poetry, and by

ne of those acts of creative intuition, of specifically poetic perception, it of which poetry itself proceeds. One is not surprised, therefore, at Keats's axioms linger so persistently in the mind: they are an xample of the mystery they describe.

It struck me one day that these axioms of Keats concerning poetry are singularly exemplified in an utterance which has persistently aunted me (and many others) from the days of childhood until ow—the parable of the Prodigal Son. The parable is familiar to erybody, so familiar, probably, that they scarcely notice it. But, nce it is seldom if ever considered from the particular angle of this proach, as a singular exemplification of what is in itself the most ngular description of poetry in the English language, it is as well at the familiar text be repeated once again:

A certain man had two sons:

And the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living.

And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living.

And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want.

And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine.

And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him.

And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!

I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee,

And am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.

And he arose, and came to his father.

But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.

And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet:

And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it and let us eat, and be merry.

For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry.

Now his elder son was in the field; and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing.

And he called one of the servants, and asked what these things meant.

And he said unto him, Thy brother is come; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound.

And he was angry, and would not go in: therefore came his father out, and intreated him.

And he answering said to his father, Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment: and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends:

But as soon as this thy son was come, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf.

And he said unto him, Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine.

It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad: for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found.

It is not in any way to strain the facts, to say that the effect of this familiar parable, probably the most familiar of all the recorded words of Jesus of Nazareth, is precisely that indicated by Keats in his first axiom. It strikes the reader as a wording of his own highest thoughts, and appears almost a remembrance. In such a matter one can speak only for oneself; and of myself this is certainly true. Further, it surprises me by a fine excess and not by singularity. In fact, it would be hard to think of any two words which would more exactly convey the quality of the parable than "fine excess." True, there was a time when it surprised me rather by its singularity. As a boy I used to feel that the father was hard on the elder son, and that if I had been in his place, I would have protested as he did. But years that bring the philosophic mind, and other things besides, have brought the conviction that what once seemed an extravagance of love is, in reality, a perfection of love. The parable satisfies completely Keats's first axiom.

One feels that it satisfies his third. It came as naturally as the leaves to a tree. At all events, it seems quite impossible to imagine that the parable was composed with painful labour. One has no right to be dogmatic on a matter which obviously is beyond all possibility of determination; but if ever there were an impression of spontaneity, we feel it here.

The second axiom, in so far as it concerns the rise and progress of imagery seems, at the first glance, scarcely relevant. But on second thoughts we remember that the whole parable is an "image." It is one of the several answers which Jesus gave to the question: "Whereunto shall we liken the Kingdom of Heaven?" And it is safe to affirm that its touches of beauty are never half-way, making the reader breathless instead of content.

Now, is this a mere coincidence? The terms with which we are dealing, it must be confessed, are vague, and by nature incapable of exact definition. But that difficulty cannot be escaped in any discussion of the matters with which these two remarkable utterances are concerned. One—Keats's axioms—is a metaphorical description of the nature of poetry by a very great poet; the other—Jesus's parable—is a metaphorical description of the nature of the love of God by one whom the Western world, to put it at its lowest, has agreed to regard as its master in the matter of religious intuition. The word "intuition" is suspect; but there is no other in common use which will provisionally serve to describe the process of mind which expressed itself in these utterances. Not that there is anything at all miraculous about *either*; they seem eminently natural: but naturalness of this order is so rare that we can hardly apply the word.

But the nature of this "naturalness" we find in them is, fortunately, indicated by a sentence in Keats's first axiom. "It should strike a reader as a wording of his own highest thoughts, and appear almost a

membrance." It is significant that Tolstoy, who knew as much out writing prose as Keats did about writing poetry, should be in ecise agreement with him about this distinctive quality. "The nction of art," said Tolstoy, "lies first in this: to make that iderstood and felt which in the form of an argument would be comprehensible and inaccessible. Usually it seemed to the recipient a truly artistic impression that he knew the thing before, but had en unable to express it." This description of the function of art Tolstoy seems remarkably to fit the case of the parable of Jesus: oreover, it expands one essential part of Keats's description of etry. It applies, as indeed is obvious, not to formal poetry as stinguished from formal prose, but to the poetical element in all erature.

If we consider the parable in the light of Tolstoy's axiom, it is ear enough that the parable makes us feel and understand someing; and what that something is is also clear: it is the quality the love which, Jesus believed, was felt by God for his children. ut it is extremely doubtful whether such a quality of love could expressed in the form of an argument. It might have been said at God's love was perfect and all-forgiving; but the instant answer ould have been: "What is a perfect and all-forgiving love?" And amplitude of definition would have conveyed it. The first part of olstoy's axiom should be amended to read: "The function of art es just in this: to make that understood and felt which *cannot* be pressed in the form of argument." There is a mighty symbol of is essential quality of the poetical in the great line of Dante:—

Non ragionam di lor; ma guarda e passa.

iere are things about which we do not reason, but we look on them. etry puts these things before the eyes of the mind.

The love which Jesus believed that God felt towards his children one of them. Whether or not a realization of the quality of this ve is essential to Christianity, I do not presume to say; but it was solutely essential to the religion of the founder of Christianity. It as veritably the mystery of the kingdom of God with which his nole teaching was concerned and to which his whole life was devoted. iis fundamental religious intuition of his, as we have seen, was pressed in a form which satisfies completely both Keats's description poetry and Tolstoy's definition of art.

From this we have no right to conclude that there is a necessary id essential relation between poetry and religion, but only that ere is such a necessary and essential relation between poetry and e religion of Jesus. The more general proposition demands that should show that there is some fundamental likeness between the ligion of Jesus and all high religion. I believe this could be shown; at such attempt is obviously beyond the scope of this single essay.

One can only say that the attempt could be made, and that, given the opportunity, one would not shrink from making it.

But seeing that the religion of Jesus, either as a thing in itself, or in the much expanded and much altered form presented by orthodox Christianity, is the religion most familiar to us, we may be content with the relation we have discovered. It is not fortuitous; it would be as manifest if we had considered any other of the authentic parables of Jesus. Moreover, we know that the real essence of Jesus's teaching of religion lay in his parables. We have the word of the Gospel of Mark for it that by parables alone he chose to utter the mystery of the Kingdom of God. No-one who has at all faithfully examined Jesus's teaching can doubt that the mystery of the Kingdom of God was the inmost heart of it.

§

We may say then that the innermost part of Jesus's teaching of religion was necessarily and inevitably expressed in a form which completely satisfies Keats's description of poetry.

It may be said, at this point, that this is all very well; but that, even if we assume that Keats's description of poetry is a true one, the utmost this coincidence can be held to indicate is that Jesus was a great poet as well as a great religious teacher. The remarkable similarity may be due to a likeness between two poetic natures; it does not include what was essentially religious in Jesus. His religious intuition, that is to say, was one thing; the poetic form in which he clothed it another.

Such a separation is surely impossible. An intuition and the form in which it is clothed are indissolubly one. The word *is* the perception, or intuition, or whatever we agree to call it. So much on the bare point of æsthetics. But there is a quite simple and natural approach to the parable of Jesus which positively excludes the possibility of such a confusion. For, though it is quite true that the parable is a revelation of the nature of the love of God, it is, in reality, simply a revelation of a possibility of love. It does not matter in the least whether we happen to believe in the existence of the God of Jesus, or the existence of any God at all, in order to have a sufficient and complete experience of the parable of the Prodigal Son. To believe that a God exists who feels towards mankind as the father of the parable felt towards his younger son may be a very beautiful as it is a very difficult belief; but the possession of it makes no difference whatever to our power of appreciating and responding to the parable. The love is there, no matter who felt it. For whether we believe that God feels it, or not, it is perfectly certain that Jesus felt it. Even if we content ourselves with saying that he imagined it, we are only hiding behind a difficult word. Imagination of this kind is a compound of some sort between thought and feeling; and it is perfectly obvious

that no one could possibly have "imagined" such love, unless he was (if only for a moment) himself capable of it.

That obvious truth, absolutely apart from any belief or lack of belief in the reality of God, is all we need for a full appreciation of the parable. The love was there, is there, and we feel it. The pillar of Orthodoxy can do no more; the absolute Atheist can do no less. These are the terms on which we consider it.

But, it may now be said, we have now excluded all religion from the parable; we have turned it into a mere story, or a mere poem. What if we have? The virtue of this story or this poem is that it is the revelation of a possibility of love. That this possibility of love was realized in God was, no doubt, what Jesus wished to convey; but whether it was realized in God, or in himself, is really irrelevant to the essential fact that a possibility of love is revealed. Even if the religious element is present only when a revelation of this kind is made about God (which is extremely doubtful) the fact remains that revelations of this kind, whether about God or man, can be made only by a particular means, and that particular means is poetry.

For the peculiar kind of revelation that is needed is a revelation of quality. Whether God exists or not is scarcely a question of religion at all, but really of philosophy or metaphysics. Religion, as such, takes it for granted that God exists; its concern is to know and to declare what kind of God he is. It can attempt to declare it intellectually; and you have the Athanasian creed, which has probably made a thousand heretics for one Christian. Any declaration of the quality of God, or of anything else in earth or heaven, that is to be compulsive and creative, must be made by means of poetry.

With these epithets, compulsive and creative, we touch upon an aspect of the parable which is intimately connected with the quality which Keats and Tolstoy agree in finding distinctively "poetic." It not merely reveals a possibility of love to us; it seems to create a possibility of love in us. That sounds almost miraculous, yet it is no exaggeration. In order to understand the love, we also in some measure must find ourselves capable of it. It is this delighted and surprising finding ourselves capable of a high order of experience which distinguishes what Tolstoy called the true "artistic impression." A latent potentiality in ourselves is suddenly made real; our own highest thoughts suddenly find themselves in words. So Keats described the experience, and so might we; but we need to remember that these high thoughts, so long as they lacked words, were hardly thoughts and hardly our own.

What lies behind an experience so curious it would not be easy to display, because the mere attempt to be faithful to the facts of the experience would drive us inevitably to the use of psychological terms which are not approved by modern science. We should be driven to speak of the soul, or of something so like it that another name would

not prevent it from smelling as sweet, or as sour. We may prefer to pause at this point, and shelter ourselves behind Matthew Arnold's dictum that "magic of style is creative," which sounds sober enough until we reflect that "magic" is not a very sober notion after all. To say that a certain mode of utterance possesses "creative magic" is merely to mark, not to master, a mystery.

We all know nowadays that religion has its origins in magic; and this imputation of a magical potency to utterance of a certain kind suggests that there may be still other connections between this kind of utterance (which was poetry, for Keats, and art, for Tolstoy) and religion. We cannot easily evade the attempt to discover something more about this magic. In the parable which we have still before us we see it actually operative. A revelation of love to the reader, and a creation of love in the reader, are merely separated aspects of one inseparable happening. And this happening is completely independent of the religious element in the parable. The father of whom it tells may be completely human; it makes no difference to the creative potency of the parable.

If we analyse the causes of this potency, they seem to reduce to this: that the author of the parable experienced in himself a very unusual possibility of love. At some moment in his life he felt something akin to the amazing feeling which Tchehov describes in his Notebooks as having come to him while he listened to music; a feeling, or a thought (for it was precisely neither the one nor the other) that "all things are forgiven, and it would be strange not to forgive." It is worth noting that, even as it is described by Tchehov, a man with all the hesitations of the modern consciousness, it has a curiously universal implication. "All things are forgiven." But by whom? Not by Tchehov. And hardly by God, in whom Tchehov did not believe in any ordinary sense of the word. But this pinnacle of consciousness was for him suprapersonal. It was not that he, Anton Tchehov, forgave all things. Not that at all. What he did was to feel and to know, in an awareness of a universal forgiveness, that it would be strange for him not to forgive. By not forgiving he would be less than human, disloyal to the possibility of forgiveness that had entered his mind and heart.

Some such experience as this befell the author of the parable. He touched a possibility of love; which, as the reference to Tchehov has indicated, was not merely a possibility of emotion, but equally a possibility of thought—a possibility of consciousness would be a better name for it. He expressed this possibility of consciousness in the form of a story such that if we receive it we are aware of the same possibility of consciousness in ourselves. The manner of our response is precisely indicated by Tchehov's words: first, an awareness that all things are forgiven (or that they can be, or have been forgiven);

and then, an awareness that it would be strange if we also did not forgive.

If we provisionally accept the phrase, the communication of a possibility of consciousness, as describing the activity of the parable, we gain a little light on that quality of the "poetic" in literature about which Keats and Tolstoy are in agreement. If we experience by means of the "poetic" a possibility of the consciousness for the first time, there is every reason why it should strike us as a wording of our own highest thoughts, and appear almost a remembrance, or that we should feel we knew it all the time. After all, it was manifestly a possibility of our consciousness, or we could not experience it; yet it was not present to our consciousness, or we should have no sense of a revelation; and again it does not remain present to our consciousness, or it would not be possible to renew the revelation, as we do renew it, by re-reading the utterances in which the "poetic" is embodied.

It seems clear, therefore, that this possibility of the consciousness is one that cannot, by nature, be completely realized. We have it, and we lose it; we lose it only to find it again. We cannot say, once and for all, I possess this consciousness; we can only say, on occasion, that this consciousness possesses me. This consciousness appears, thus, to have some affinity with the old conception of inspiration.

But can we say anything more about this consciousness? So far we have regarded it in relation to the parable of Jesus, which we examined as an example of Keats's axioms concerning poetry. We have suggested that it is the peculiar function and distinguishing mark, of the "poetic" in all circumstances that it proceeds out of, communicates, and creates this consciousness. But quite obviously the consciousness itself cannot be limited to an awareness that "all things are forgiven." That such an awareness is a type or form of this consciousness is certain, also that it is a high type or form of it; perhaps the type or form most universal in scope or comprehensiveness. Nor would it be difficult to show that some of the most famous lines in all poetry conform, essentially, in spite of differences of idiom, to this high type:

> After life's fitful fever he sleeps well . . .
> Absent thee from felicity awhile . . .
> *E la sua voluntade nostra pace* . . .

There you have a quiet crescendo from an imperceptibly Christian, through a perceptibly Christian to a definitely Orthodox idiom; but the type of consciousness is one and the same.

But the "poetic" is not an affair of great lines, or great scenes. If it is in Prince Andrey's death in *War and Peace*; it is also in the low-toned conversational conclusion to Tchehov's *The Lady with the Dog*. And though, as we shall try to show, its implication is always

universal, its obvious intention is most frequently not. What lies beneath the "poetic" in all its infinite manifestations is an original awareness in the mind of him who created it that some fragment of experience was *valid*. Valid, of course, is an arbitrary word. What it means, in this connection, is that such and such an experience, whether of the outward or the inward world, came to the experiencing mind with an immediate and apparently uncontrovertible significance. Not that it was significant *of* anything; it was significant of nothing but itself. Yet it was significant. And its significance appeared in its own sufficiency; it simply *was*. This kind of experience, which is difficult to describe, is more or less familiar to us all. If it were not, the "poetic" would find no reference in ourselves. We all have moments when fragments of experience detach themselves from the vague and misty succession, when we suddenly find ourselves aware, so to speak, not of the existence of a thing, but of its being. It is just that thing, not an example of a class of things; we are aware of it in its manifest uniqueness. No thought of how it is, nor why it is, concerns us; it is abundantly sufficient *that* it is. The things of which such an awareness may come to us may be things, or thoughts, or emotions; they may be all these together, as in the thought and emotion aroused by a thing. They are fragments of experience; and they are valid, sovereign in their own right.

Wherever this validity of a fragment of experience is communicated, an awareness of experience as valid is created in the recipient; and straightway the implication of the "poetic" becomes universal. For if any fragment of experience can be experienced as valid, then all experience whatsoever is capable of being received with the same sense of its intrinsic validity—*sub eâdem specie*. Psychologically considered, this capacity of the individual man to receive all his experience as valid, is an ideal capacity. We all are required to maintain ourselves on the animal or biological plane, and to regard experience practically as beneficial or noxious to the animal life which we inherit, and on which the possibility of this consciousness depends. But this consciousness itself has no concern with those animal activities. For it, regarded absolutely, neither good nor evil has any existence. Therefore, in one sense, it is as well that it never can be completely *realised*.

The conception of this consciousness is doubtless difficult, because it is so obvious. It is only an infinite extension of the kind of awareness in which the "poetic" has its origin, and in creating which it has its consummation. Were we able to experience it in its theoretical completeness, it would come to us, I suppose, as a lucid and continuous ecstasy; and, if we are given to high theological speculation, we could imagine that God was the Consciousness to which absolutely all experience was present after this fashion. Probably the most that any human being knows of it is a sudden surmise that the absolute

total of experience *could* be thus received; and from this vision the privileged return with their strange and wonderful tales of a forgiveness which is, so to speak, metaphysical and at the heart of things. And, surely, if any human virtue can carry with it any radiance of that celestial potentiality, it would be that infinite tolerance which we can hardly deny to call divine.

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It is here, it seems to me, that there is some definite and essential connection between Poetry and Religion. The region of valid experience is a region to which they have a common aspiration, for it is manifestly a region where problems cease to exist. There, if we could live there, would be the peace that passeth all understanding; there we should be what Our Lord meant when He summoned us to be sons of our Father, by being as divinely tolerant as He. When we enter that region we partake of the only consciousness that we can imagine to be worthy of God if He existed, and only by entering it can we understand the necessity so many great minds, utterly devoid of superstition, have still felt to posit God, both metaphysically as the ground of all experience and psychologically as a mode of consciousness.

"Religion," says Mr. Santayana, "is poetry become the guide of life, poetry substituted for science, or supervening upon it as an approach to the highest reality. Poetry is religion allowed to drift, left without points of application in conduct and without expression in worship and dogma; it is religion without practical efficacy and without metaphysical illusion." We are in some position now to understand the meaning of this pregnant saying. There is no metaphysical illusion in the region of valid experience; that of which consciousness is there aware is ultimate, and the God whose experience we thereby conjecture, is not an existence at all, far less a person. We cannot worship Him, nor can He lay obligations upon us. He is only an imaginary perfection of the Consciousness which, so far as we can know, glows into lucid flame in the human mind alone. We cannot say whether or not a Consciousness exists for which the totality of experience is present in its own immediate validity. Of such things no human mind can bring back report. The noblest human minds have only told us that they have been in a place where all *their* experience was valid. In what language they have told the story matters little for those who have ears to hear it. It was so, or they could not have told the story, and it can be so again.

Now the language in which this story is told, whether it be the whole story or a fragment of it, is poetry, and the "poetic" is simply the language which communicates valid experience from one mind to another. Any fragment or experience whatsoever may be experienced as valid; and the communication of fragments of valid experience is what is generally known as poetry. For the most part

the poet or the artist communicates it as it were blindly and unconsciously. He is unaware, or only intermittently and precariousl aware, that the validity of any fragment of experience implies the possible validity of all experience. He has his "moments of vision," and he blinks bewildered in twilight of common day. If we may use religious metaphor which is quite strictly applicable, he has his sacramental moments. "There are states of soul," said Baudelaire "when the deep secret of the whole of life is revealed in the spectacle before one's eyes, however commonplace it may be. The spectacle becomes the symbol of the secret." These states of soul he calls "almost supernatural." Keats would have called them "natural" but they meant the same thing—a moment of valid experience, which when known for what it is, an implication or premonition of the possible validity of all experience, does necessarily become a symbol of the secret of "the whole of life." The final purpose of poetry is, to return to our metaphor, to reveal the whole of experience as sacramental. Poetry can be really understood only in the light of this final reference to the potential sacramentality of all experience.

We see now what Mr. Santayana meant when he declared that Poetry was Religion "left . . . without expression in worship and dogma." Religious thought that elects to remain religious must hold that where *all* experience is sacramental, no experience is sacramental. And by this we see clearly that the religious metaphor, though illuminating and necessary, is dangerous. There is a real sense in which Poetry which is the source of all Religion, cannot be reconciled with Religion so long as Religion remains sacramental. That localisation of the mystery which is apparently necessary to organised and corporate Religion is a decree against which Poetry, by its own nature, must be rebellious. Therefore by another metaphor we may describe Poetry as the seed of Religion bursting its own husk to reach the full light of day. That metaphorical description would fit well with the Religion of Jesus as distinguished from the Orthodoxy out of which it rose and into which it declined again. In the religion of Jesus there were no sacraments.

But it does not seem possible to allow, or wholly allow, Mr. Santayana's dictum that Poetry is Religion "left without points of application in conduct." If we stress the particular "*points* of application in conduct," it is undeniably true. From the region of valid experience comes no word to the effect that this kind of experience is potentially valid, and that it is not. It lets fall no tables to command "Thou shalt do this" and "This thou shalt not do." But it does lucidly and unforgettably whisper: "This thou shalt *be*." Valid experience is such that, once we have glimpsed it as possibility, we are wholly turned towards making it reality. A profound and secret discipline is imposed upon us—not indeed a discipline that is apparent to the outward eye, not a discipline of rejecting, but a discipline of

not rejecting. And such a discipline is terribly hard either to pursue or to describe. To hold oneself towards all one's experience as knowing that it is potentially valid: not to reject or to rebel, but to receive—this seems a discipline beyond all disciplines, inherently incessant, inherently perhaps impossible save as an ideal, but nevertheless the discipline that is hidden in the heart of Poetry and which Keats at least divined to be true when he said:

> Several things dovetailed in my mind, and at once it struck me what quality went to form a man of achievement, especially in literature, and which Shakespeare possessed so enormously—I mean *Negative Capability*, that is, when a man is capable of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubt, without any irritable reaching after fact and reason.

Inasmuch as it demands of us this "negative capability," Poetry is in itself a guide of life, leading us to the doctrine of the eternality of the moment, which Goethe ultimately proclaimed as the highest human wisdom. The eternality of the moment is only another name for the sacramentality of all experience—a dangerous doctrine, it may seem, and perhaps it really is dangerous, but not to society—only to the man who tries to live it.

Of course, it can be lived only intermittently. To receive every moment *sub specie æternitatis* would be superhuman; but to let the memory of the moment that can be and has been so lived dwell with us, to guard it preciously as it were a touchstone of our attitudes, or a remembered chord of a harmony of which we are capable, to strive under its influence to regard ourselves not as the owners but the vehicles of the experience that falls to our share—this is a way of life that is possible for men; and it would be well if many could gain a glimpse of it as the ideal.

THE SECRET

By Malachi Whitaker

A GIRL was coming home from a friend's house. She was excited, her eyes sparkled, and her cheeks shone red. She had to run for the tram, and her breath came quickly. She wore a red coat and a red hat, and carried two or three small parcels dangling by their strings.

The tram filled with women returning from the mill. There was fog and frost outside, and some of the factory workers looked tired and dispirited. As a certain thought struck her, the glow faded from the face of the girl in red, and she sat huddled in a corner looking at the glass opposite, scarcely breathing the close air, now tainted with the smell of wool and sweat.

For a fortnight, she had had a secret, the most happy thing that had ever happened to her. Each morning when she woke up, it seemed that the secret stood by her bedside and kissed her awake with a kiss so light and gentle that she could never quite answer it. The secret was ethereal, elusive, and she had to lie back and shut her eyes in order to reach the full enjoyment of it. Slowly, everything to do with it would crystallize in her mind, from the first footfall to the moment of the long, long look.

It was strange, but she could not remember the sound of his voice. Suddenly a picture would come—of his dark suit, of his boots, of his attitude as he bent his head—not of himself completely ; and she would be so grateful for each picture, waiting and waiting until she could exactly remember the exquisite moment. That was the hardest of all, and came so very seldom. She would look up, there would be the light resting like a thin knife blade on his black hair, and his eyes never visualized except at this second, shining down into hers ; and again she would be overcome with nervous trembling, and feel as she felt then, as if she were falling into a mass of clouds, which both held her up and sank downwards with her.

The fact that she had seen him but a few times did not trouble her. It was enough to know that he was alive, that he had looked at her and made her glad. She wanted nothing more than she had got ; something to dream about ; a memory to pursue, but too fragile ever to grasp. Ever since he had gone, love for him had risen out of her like a tree filled with pale blossom. For a whole fortnight, until to-day, this had been her secret.

The tram ground noisily over some points, and stopped. The mill workers trooped out, exchanging jokes in harsh, tired voices.

giving exaggerated shivers as they met the cold air outside. The girl in red was left alone in her corner.

She had not noticed the people getting out, as she was thinking about a butterfly she had once seen crawling up a warm wall-side, years ago when she was a child, in another country. She had been tired, and had sat down in the shade to rest. It was hot. Over the wall, a field's length away, ran a broad river. She had sat down at the roadside, in the dust, not caring about anything, only waiting for the sun to become a little less hot. Then, from somewhere near the bottom of the wall, the butterfly had crept out.

She had never seen a butterfly just out of its chrysalis before. She did not know that it would be damp, and trembling, and weak, and that it would have to creep up painfully from the shade to the sunshine, and hang there fluttering and fluttering, a prey to any casual thing, until its wings were strong enough to bear it away.

She had sat and watched it for a long time. From looking like a piece of crumpled silk, or a bruised poppy petal, its wings grew broad and strong. It was a great red butterfly, covered with coloured rings, yellow and blue and black. She had never seen anything so beautiful in her life.

Just at the last, when it was ready to fly away, unable to restrain the impulse, she had put out a quick hand to hold it back. Yet, child as she was, one part of her had known that a thing so delicate should never be defiled by a coarse touch. As she whispered yearningly, "Don't go away, you lovely thing," the nail of her eager forefinger had caught one quivering wing, and torn it across.

Again she felt the thrill of horror and remorse that had struck through her as she watched the butterfly struggling along the wall-top striving to lift its broken wing. She had hurried away, and left it, but always the remembrance of it stayed in her mind. Here was this beautiful creature ready for life, and she had spoilt it.

After she left the tram, there was a long walk before she could reach home. The air was bitterly cold, and the mist wound about her head like a filmy wrap. Underfoot, the wet road was as smooth and slippery as glass. The silence pressed down heavily, like a weight.

The girl lowered her face into the warmth of her collar, and walked along the dark road. She tried to think about the secret. She listened for the footsteps, but they would not come; the dark hair did not shine for her, nor did those other eyes meet hers with the intent look in them.

All the happiness had fled from her secret since the afternoon, when, unable to bear its beauty, she had told it to her friend. It was a secret no longer. It was nothing, not even a handful of spilled blossom. So, as she neared home, she could only think of a broken-winged butterfly creeping despairingly along a wall-top away in another country.

THE UNPOPULAR IBSEN

By John Shand

LIKE any other craze, Ibsenism has passed away; but Ibsen remains. Those who admire his plays, and those who do not, can now give their opinions without self-consciousness. But although the dust of controversy settled years ago, and Ibsen has long been recognized as a master of modern drama, he is still no nearer to the popularity which such a position deserves. There are many who, while they acknowledge the power of his genius, cannot accompany such acknowledgment with any enthusiasm. They will admit that Ibsen was a cunning craftsman; that his knowledge of human nature was wide and deep; that his stories are interesting and his characters alive; nevertheless, they do not thoroughly enjoy his plays. There is something about them which they do not quite like. It must be noted, however, that such a criticism will be found to refer most often to the later, semi-mystical plays, which include those two masterpieces *Rosmersholm* and *The Master Builder*. No objection is raised in the case of such straightforward plays as *Pillars of Society* and *The Doll's House*. It is the last phase of Ibsen's mind which disturbs. This is very unfortunate, for there is not much doubt that the last plays, particularly *Rosmersholm* and *The Master Builder*, are the most valuable part of Ibsen's work. If one is allowed to except *Emperor and Galilean* and *Peer Gynt*, which are not, strictly speaking, plays, it is true to say that in these later works there is a spiritual beauty which is lacking in the early poetic plays and in the social problem dramas of the middle period. But *Rosmersholm* and *The Master Builder* are very rarely performed in England—although last year, owing to centenary celebrations, we were lucky enough to see both of them—and we are therefore given little chance of learning to appreciate them. Indeed, the present cost of production in the English theatre is so enormous that to experiment with public taste is no longer possible, except to a millionaire, or except on a scale so small that " audience " is too large a word for the number of spectators. In short, the best of Ibsen's dramatic work must continue to be respected but not enjoyed.

In writing *Rosmersholm* and *The Master Builder*, Ibsen tried his hand at a most difficult form of play—the dramatic parable best describes it—and it is amazing how closely he came to complete success. His mastery of the form of play in which the social dramas are cast helped him to overcome but did not prevent him from encountering unusual difficulties in this new kind of drama. Probably his hardest task was to keep the surface story of the parable, which in both plays is written upon the plane of realism, quite free from any dependence upon the

underlying meanings. As a dramatist, he knew that his play, before it could be a parable, must first be a story, and that the story must be dramatic, must be a vehicle for acting, before it could be allowed to be profound. He knew, no one knew better, that his dramatis personae must be human beings before they could be used as symbols, and that a play which requires a preface and programme notes before an audience can understand it is no play at all. He knew these things; but it was easier to know what he had to do than to find a means of doing it; and his occasional failure to keep his surface story perfectly intelligible on its own plane is the reason, I suggest, why many people do not quite enjoy these two fine plays. For the result of Ibsen's incomplete success is that certain scenes and speeches tend to sound false in performance and even, to some people, ridiculous. Hilda Wangel's ecstatic comment when Solness falls to his death from the tower; the suicide pact between Rosmer and Rebecca; these may serve, for the moment, as examples.

It seems, however, hardly fair that Ibsen should be expected to complete his formidable task alone. Is it not at just those points where the dramatist has not quite succeeded that the theatre should come forward to support him? For the theatre, to repeat a commonplace, is not the dramatist alone, nor the dramatist and the actors alone, but the co-operative action of dramatist, actors, scene-painter, stage-director, and audience; and it is obvious that there will be many a slip between the intention of the dramatist and the theatre's interpretation of that intention. Now, in the ordinary course of drama in this country it may truthfully be said that the imagination and intelligence of the theatre easily equals and frequently surpasses most of the demands of the dramatists. But the imagination and intelligence of the theatre does not easily equal and often abysmally fails to meet what is demanded from it by such a high type of play as Ibsen wrote in his last period. Yet, I submit, if only those who stage *Rosmersholm* and *The Master Builder* would earnestly seek to understand what Ibsen was trying to do when he wrote these dramatic parables, instead of using his work to exhibit their own skill, or lack of it, it would be within their power to complete his creation, and therefore to make these two plays as utterly convincing in the theatre as they are in the study. At this point, one is glad to say that in October, 1928, a performance at the Everyman Theatre, Hampstead, of *The Master Builder*, lived up to this standard of production, and definitely helped the dramatist to harmonize the planes of meaning in his play, so that those who could see no further than the surface story enjoyed themselves as much as those who could see into its profundities.

The vital thing, it seems to me, in any performance of *Rosmersholm* and *The Master Builder*, as in any performance of *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*, is to create in the mind of the audience a sense of mystery—what has been called "the tone of tragedy." It is true that Ibsen himself,

when questioned by some lackwit about the real "meaning" of *Rosmersholm*, replied that it was first and foremost a drama of human beings and human fate. I doubt whether the lackwit found the answer very helpful; but an intelligent producer will certainly notice the significance of that "first and foremost." For whatever these two plays are, they are not plain, straightforward plays like *The Doll's House* and *Pillars of Society*. If behind each character in the Ibsen repertory is the subtle psychologist who could read and interpret human thoughts and actions; and if behind the psychologist is the first-rate playwright who could present this understanding in dramatic form; then behind the playwright creator of *Rosmersholm* and *The Master Builder* is the mystic who wrote *Emperor and Galilean*, and the poet who imagined *Peer Gynt*. And it is the poet-visionary who directs the drama of Rosmer and Rebecca, and of Solness and Hilda Wangel; it is he who finally takes possession of the story. What in each case begins as a simple tale of domestic tragedy ends as a symbolic representation of abstract forces; and the hard, clear prose of the dramatist becomes ambiguous, rises to the plane of poetry.

It is this curious shifting of values, this mixture of realism and symbolism, of prose and poetry, which makes the spectator uncomfortable. But it is quite certain that unless the theatre, in the co-operative sense of the word, sets out with the conscious desire to blend these elements, the dramatist will seem to have failed even where he has actually succeeded in doing so on his own account; and, where he has failed, the result, of course, will be a disappointed or an hysterical audience. The fact that Ibsen the realist is so meticulous in his realism makes the task of production only more difficult but not therefore impossible. Ibsen's characters are so real that we believe in them without more ado; and the stories of the two tragedies under discussion are told with such clarity and dramatic force that they could almost be produced as purely realistic studies in psychology without straining the credulity of an audience or the meaning of the text. When they are so produced, however—and I have seen *Rosmersholm* so produced, by the same man, appropriately enough, who turned *Hamlet* into a rattling melodrama—it becomes only too evident that something important is missing.

In *Rosmersholm*, the second and last entrance of that strange figure, Ulric Brendel, gives definite warning, if nothing else does, that the play is what I have called a dramatic parable. He, certainly, is a symbolic figure; and in some continental productions was, I believe, given a slightly spectral appearance. Evidently, in such productions, the realistic mood was not maintained. They must have had the thrill of mystery in them, the tone of tragedy, or the ghostly halo round Brendel would have looked ridiculous. The same atmosphere must have been created for him as Shakespeare has so magically created in the text—and as the theatre so rarely represents

on the stage—to surround the Ghost in *Hamlet*. It is not Brendel, however, but Rebecca who is the most important figure in *Rosmersholm*, and it is she who can most surely keep the play in its true key. So deeply as she can make us feel her *strangeness* as well as her intelligence and will-power, so profound will be the effect of the whole performance; and to that extent to which the players and the setting are in touch with her, to that extent will the truth and beauty of the play be made manifest. Nor in saying this is one making impossible demands upon the actress who plays Rebecca. I am not making theoretical suggestions which cannot be carried out in practice. There is nothing so definite as an example, so here it is. At least one actress, Miss Florence Kahn, has succeeded in playing Rebecca as it seems to me she should be played. I confess I never saw her performance; but I have a better witness than myself to give evidence. Of Miss Kahn's performance at Terry's Theatre, in 1908, Mr. Max Beerholm wrote:—

> In its appeal to the emotions Miss Kahn's acting is not more remarkable than in its appeal to the sense of beauty. Throughout the play not a tone is inharmonious, not a movement is without grace. She is the most naturalistic of actresses, and when Rebecca is merely folding up her knitting it is—or rather, seems to be—just as a real woman would do such a thing. And yet, I know not how, one is kept mindful that Rebecca is something more than the lady residing at Rosmersholm. She never lacks the mystery that the poet left on her when he conjured her up from the North. The poet's idea of her, the signification in her of something strange that has happened, and of something terrible that will happen, is never lost to us. . . .

For me, this is sufficient proof that the sense of mystery one craves for in a performance of *Rosmersholm* can be created in the theatre, and that when it is created the poetry of the play is given its proper value. It also goes to prove that, as I said before, much depends upon the actress who plays Rebecca.

A perfect performance of *The Master Builder* makes the same high demands upon the theatre. In my opinion, the spiritual forces behind the material facts of the story are to be felt more intimately in this play than in any other play by Ibsen. Its subtleties are so fine and so complex that expression of them in dramatic form, even by a genius, might easily have ended in obscurity. Yet the structure of the play looks simple; the dialogue is easy and natural, and there is not even a secondary plot to bolster up the main theme. We admire the technical skill of our contemporary Scribes and Sardous, who construct their plays so neatly that the craftsman in us cannot but be tickled to a smile of approval even while we despise the goodly outside that is so rotten within. But if we are to praise the cunning of these skilful embroiderers of vacuity, what can we say in praise of the consummate workmanship of *The Master Builder?* Yet fine as the play is, it is not fool-proof, or actor-proof. Ibsen cannot hope to have his plays understood if they are misunderstood by his interpreters. Mrs. Patrick Campbell used to give a wonderful piece of acting in the part of Hedda Gabler; the only fault was that she contradicted completely in appear-

ance, voice, gestures, and personality, the character which Ibsen had drawn. And even the most faultless performance requires some imaginative response from the spectator. If you can see nothing in *The Master Builder* but the story of a very successful architect, a little unscrupulous in his business methods, and decidedly unhappy in his married life; of a man who, at the age when he should have known better, falls in love with an immoral if not insane young woman who persuades him to climb to the top of a steeple, from which he falls and breaks his neck. If, I say, you can see nothing in the play much more than this, Ibsen cannot be expected to provide spectacles to aid such mental shortsightedness.

It may be said that no spectator would view *The Master Builder* from so prosaic an angle; but a perusal of the published criticisms of the first English production will prove that many people could and did view the play with hostility and contempt. "The most practised playgoer would fail to make a correct forecast from scene to scene of its cloudy and word-laden plot." This was the *Daily Telegraph* critic's judgment on the almost perfect construction of this masterpiece; and we may note, purely by the way, that he is objecting to the fact that it is not one of those plays about which "a practised playgoer" can safely predict what is to happen in the next scene! But, if we can forgive this particular critic on the score of invincible prejudice, I cannot help thinking that the production must have been very unsatisfactory when I read A. B. Walkley's criticism. Although one could not rely on Walkley's judgment of a serious play, especially in later years, he was not an ignorant buffoon, as Mr. Arnold Bennett tried to make out, and I would rather think the production was bad than that A.B.W.'s opinion was so misleading. Writing in the *Fortnightly Review* two months after the first night, he still found the play "irritating to the pitch of exasperation." "I am thinking not so much of the pitiless tone of the play, its lack of geniality and charity . . . as of the childishness and triviality in which it abounds; the absurd picture of the corybantic schoolgirl waving a banner and shouting 'Hurrah for Master Builder Solness!' while an elderly and panting gentleman solemnly hangs a wreath on a weathercock; the ridiculous reference to the 'nine lovely dolls' whose destruction Mrs. Solness mourns more deeply than the death of her babies. . . ." But I will quote no more from this article. In its entirety it seems to-day almost unbelievably stupid, and it is written in a sneering tone which one finds it very hard to forgive. I have taken enough of it to support the summary of *The Master Builder* as it *might* appear to the wrong sort of actor or spectator, despite all Ibsen's strivings for clarity. I repeat, however, that this first production was probably not as intelligent as it might have been.

A record of the misrepresentations and misunderstandings of Ibsen's masterpiece would not be out of place here, since one is keeping in

w the idea of the perfect stage performance. It would certainly amusing, and would help one to reach one's own conclusions more nitely. But it would take up too much space, and must therefore omitted.

What are the main points in the play which those who produce it uld bear in mind? Without trying to cover the complex details the story, how should we summarise the play if we were to address actors before the first rehearsal? It seems to me that it is the edy of success which Ibsen symbolizes in *The Master Builder*. love of power is the root of all high ambition, and Solness, who reached the top of his profession before the play opens, has long ted the pleasures which a sense of power gives to its possessor. he has already passed the zenith; the shadows of the next genera- are lengthening and they begin to make dark for him the afternoon his day of kingship. It is Solness's tragedy that while the firmness his grasp is weakening his will to power remains strong within him; hough, in truth, his strength has so far diminished that the hadows" of the next generation have already become substance, d he himself is really the shadow. He is half conscious of this, never wholly conscious—the egotism of mastery prevents it; d with the entrance of Hilda Wangel his fears altogether leave him, d he is lost. He lives thereafter in illusion, and she destroys him, she, also, believes in his illusion. In his eyes, Hilda is a tonic luence who has awakened him from the despair of introspection and lancholy brooding about the future. The magic of her belief in n makes him believe. He feels that he is a new man with fresh, impaired powers. To us, however, Hilda is the means of showing inly that Solness is not a new man but a dead one. In a sense, is a corpse which falls from the tower in the last Act.

Of course, it is only a certain highly-developed breed of the successful edatory type which evolves, as Solness has evolved, a half-conscious preciation of their tragedy. It is this "sickly conscience," as Hilda scribes it, which makes Solness such an interesting figure. Our mpathy is attracted, and we are thus enabled to see what our hatred the vulgar predatory type (such as Gregers Werle in *The Wild Duck*) les from us: that the will to power is an inward urge of extreme ergy which must be obeyed by the person born with it. The unmis- kable sign in Solness of his superiority, and consequently of the oth of his tragedy, is that he constantly rebels against the methods has to use to maintain his supremacy. But unhappy as he is shown be by reason of his sickly conscience, Ibsen sharpens the irony making it apparent to the watchful observer that much of Solness's morse is unreal, although it is quite sincere. For example, Solness is nstantly disturbed by feeling that his wife's love for him and her easure in life had been destroyed in the fire that burnt her house, lled their children, and made his fortune. Not only does he believe

that the fire "happened" because he had so often wished it to happen in order that he could build on the estate—he can sometimes laugh at that idea—but he believes that it is because his wife is no longer a mother, and no longer can be one, that she is so lifeless and miserable. Whereas the real basis of her melancholia is something quite different, something he knows nothing of. When Hilda talks to Mrs. Solness—for the wife as well as the husband has to be shown to us as a living corpse—we learn that Mrs. Solness's monumental grief is for the old family *mansion*, for the heirlooms, and the "nine lovely dolls" which were destroyed; not for her children, whose death her religion enables her to accept as an act of God. We learn, further, and it is the final stroke of irony, that the babies, having been rescued from the fire without injury, would have lived but for the mother's devastating sense of duty (amply illustrated by her remarks to Hilda), which compelled her to continue to feed them herself, though warned that her fright had destroyed the nutritive powers of her milk.

This is an important point in the play. and must be made clear to the audience. Not only is the wife's true character illuminated by this fact, but at the same time the husband's grief is shown to be based on illusion, like his belief in his own power of self-renewal.

Once we begin to look beneath the surface of *The Master Builder* there is no bottom to it. Problem after problem is to be found; and Ibsen, like a true artist, puts them forward but does not answer them. The play is full, also, of a delightful, effortless sense of comedy which, if properly presented by the actors, would make the play irresistible in the theatre. Yet the "gloom" of an Ibsen production used to be a by-word in stage circles! Without the fine humour of this play, half its value has gone, for it is the final proof of Ibsen's attitude towards his creation, the test of his detachment. It is the serenity of his vision at this moment of his creative life which makes *The Master Builder* the most beautiful of his plays. And if we cannot but agree with the unimaginative when they complain of its lack of action, yet we shall murmur to ourselves that the mental action of the play is swift enough from the entrance at the end of the first act of the spirit of youth, disguised as Hilda Wangel. From that moment we are hurried breathlessly on to that unseen, but therefore more impressive, more symbolic fall of Solness from the tower which he had built higher than he could climb. Which fall, even while it horrifies us, fills us with that exaltation which we can feel in Hilda when she cries out at his death, "My Master Builder!" With Hilda, we are sure that Solness is greater to have died in his daring attempt to reach again towards the ideal than if he had finished his life upon the ground. And in this momentary ecstasy which the genius of Ibsen has raised in us we are at one with Hilda, and do not weep for her lover's death, even though our baser selves decry it as madness when we have subsided.

THE HUNTSMAN AT BAY

By Henry S. Salt

THE extraordinary doings that have been witnessed of late in several hunting districts are a sign, if not of a change in public opinion, as some think, on the subject of certain " blood-sports," at least of a wave of feeling too strong to be overlooked. When a number of landowners close their properties to the chase, whether of the wild stag or of the fox; when farmers begin to shoot not foxes only, but, as in a recent case, a trespassing hound; when public meetings of protest against hunting are held amid scenes of wild excitement in places where such views have never before found open expression; and when the columns of great newspapers like the *Manchester Guardian* are filled with correspondence and discussion on the question that is at issue, it is evident that something has been happening in the minds of men. What that something is, it is my purpose in the following article to make plain. Its title, *The Huntsman at Bay*, is a brief and quite correct description of the situation that has thus suddenly arisen: for it is the practice of hunting that is itself now arraigned, and it is the votaries of the sport who are now on the defence and seeking to justify their pastime.

But first let it be pointed out that the suddenness of the change is in seeming rather than in reality, and that the present outburst represents not so much a *new* protest against cruelty in sport as one which has for many years been pent up, and struggling to find adequate utterance. The opportunity has come at last through certain gradual changes in the habits, as well as in the feelings of our people; and the surprise which the sportsmen apparently feel at finding the situation thus reversed, and themselves filling the rôle of the hunted no less than of the hunter, is a proof that in their previous confidence they had not sufficiently studied the signs of the times. A shrewd forecast might have warned them, as far back as ten or twenty years ago, of the agitation that was to come.

It is at once obvious from a reading of the debates, whether in the speeches delivered at public meetings, or in newspaper correspondence, that sheer misunderstanding plays a large part in such encounters. In the Rugby *Advertiser*, for example, of December 14, 1928, there were no fewer than seven columns of controversy, from which the main fact that emerges is that the hunting folk did not clearly apprehend, and did not try to apprehend, the charge that their opponents were bringing against them. This is made abundantly clear both by the questions which they asked and by the *Advertiser's*

headings, e.g., "Lively scenes at blood-sports meeting," "Hunting cries, and 'John Peel,' interrupt speakers"; and so forth. I think, therefore, I may safely assume that whether my own views, which are those common to humanitarians, commend themselves, or do not commend themselves, to the majority of readers, nothing but advantage can result if I state beyond the possibility of misconception what those views are. I write as a partisan, but as one who would be as unwilling to act unfairly to the sportsmen as to take part in any of the sports which are under review.

The very first misapprehension that needs to be removed is the notion, which often embitters controversies, that a *personal* charge of cruelty is brought against men who hunt. It cannot be too clearly stated that this is a mistake. What is challenged as cruel is the *practice* of hunting animals to death, when they might be killed, if it be necessary to kill them, in a more merciful way: it is taken for granted that sportsmen who still adhere to that practice do so in the belief that it is not cruel, or because custom and usage have prevented them from fully envisaging the facts. Our condemnation of those pastimes in which men seek amusement from the death or torture of animals lies in the fact that they are unnecessary, out of date, a relic of barbarous habits which are an anachronism in a so-called civilized age. The modern blood-sportsman may be a most amiable person in other departments of life, but, *qua* sportsman, he is still in the position of the savage, without the savage's excuse. That is what is urged against hunting in all its forms; and now let me speak of the arguments by which the chase is defended.

Perhaps the commonest of these assertions is the plea that the hunted animals are themselves by nature "destructive." Take the following extract from a letter addressed by Lord Tavistock to the *Manchester Guardian* of December 8, 1928:—

> The fatal weakness in the protests of nearly all humanitarians who object to blood sports is that they seem blissfully ignorant of the destructive propensities of the animals whose cause they champion, and quite unable to suggest a practicable means, human nature being what it is at present, of keeping their numbers in check while inflicting little or no suffering. A red deer, for example, is a voracious and destructive devourer of both crops and plantations, and the havoc even a few can cause must be seen to be believed. It is also a regular breeder, and in England has no natural enemies. Unless killed down pretty hard it would quickly eat the farmers of Devon out of house and home, and ruin the young plantations that were not expensively fenced.

Now to say that humanitarians seem "blissfully ignorant" of such well-known facts is really not a helpful contribution to the controversy: for it has again and again been pointed out that destructive animals, except in cases where for their beauty or any other cause it is deemed worth while to preserve them, should be put out of existence as painlessly as possible. The farmers of Devon may be trusted to see to it that they themselves are not eaten "out of house and home" by the red deer; and even if shooting were a less humane method

n hunting (which is far from being the fact), it would still be much naner to exterminate the herds once for all in that manner, than keep them, generation after generation, to be hunted and worried death by the methods that are now known only too well. When, refore, Lord Tavistock, after assuming the ignorance of "nearly umanitarians" about a matter of which they are fully as cognisant himself, goes on to liken them to the Puritans who objected to -baiting, "not because it gave pain to the bull, but because it re pleasure to the spectators," I think he somewhat oversteps the nds of courteous discussion. And, after all, the ultimate question to bull-baiting is this: Was it cruel? Would anyone wish to ntroduce it? Certainly Lord Tavistock would not wish anything he sort; and for that reason it seems unwise on his part to suggest a nparison with stag-hunting.

very similar defence of fox-hunting was advanced by a corre- ndent of the Rugby *Advertiser*. The fox, we were told, is a tructive animal, and to shoot is more cruel than to hunt him, ause he might escape with two broken legs and so die of starvation! avoid this possible contingency, it seems we must forever maintain a tem of preserving, and even of importing foxes, in order to pursue break them up with hounds. This sort of thing is gravely written, tone which indicates a belief that it is an original and impressive ument which the heedless and emotional humanitarian has hitherto rlooked! Its absurdity has of course been repeatedly pointed , and its frequent repetition only serves to show that the real vamen of the objections to hunting have not yet been squarely faced.

n the same category must be classed the many references to "a law rapine" in nature. For first, it is not a fact that kindliness and iability are non-existent among the lower races, where co-operation at least as much a law of life as competition; and secondly, even it *were* true, it would have no bearing on the morality of sport. r why should we base human ethics on animal conduct? Why itate the predatory rather than the sociable races? And finally, ause some animals kill for food, why should we kill for pleasure?

t this point I will quote, without comment, the opinion of a great rtsman, as expressed in a letter which I received from Mr. F. C. ous as long ago as 1905:—

> I beg to thank you for your letter and pamphlet. At heart I think I am very much in agreement with you, and I regard pigeon-shooting, rabbit-coursing with whippets, and tame stag hunting, as degraded forms of amusement from which every element of fair play has been excluded. I led for more than twenty years the life of a primitive savage, constantly wandering over vast areas of wild country in search of game. I killed elephants, not for sport (though elephant-hunting is most exciting and offers very dangerous work), but to get ivory to pay my way, and great numbers of buffaloes, antelopes, etc., for food for myself and my native followers. . . .
>
> Now, seeing that the taking of life is part of the scheme of creation, and that large numbers of human beings are just as dependent for their substance on the killing of animals as are all classes of predatory beasts, birds, and fishes,

I cannot think that the taking of life for a useful or necessary purpose can be a sin against the spirit of the inscrutable, impossible-to-be-understood power that created the Universe, and this world on which have been evolved so many waves of life since the beginning of time. However, as man has become more cultivated, a humanitarian sense has been slowly evolved and strengthened in him, which, although it is apparently wanting in nature itself, is yet caused by the working of a natural law.

This sense leads all thinking men to condemn cruelty; and in time no doubt all forms of sport which cause pain and death to beast, bird, or fish, will be condemned by public opinion. When travelling in a wild country where it is really necessary to kill animals for food, I have never had any qualms of conscience about killing game. I certainly enjoyed the excitement of hunting for, and getting within shot of them, but I have never killed animals for pure sport, or for the mere sake of killing. There is, however, much to condemn in all artificial forms of sport; and I understand all the arguments against such practices, and I often think that as I condemn pigeon-shooting from traps I might go a little further and not accept any more invitations to shoot pheasants which have been artificially reared to be shot for sport. After reading your pamphlet, I certainly think it would be better to substitute drag-hunting for the pursuit and killing of a hare. To see one of these animals worried and torn by a pack of dogs is not an edifying sight for a young boy.

In conclusion, I may tell you that I am very sympathetic to animals. Dogs, cats, baboons and monkeys always make friends with me at once. Pray excuse this long rambling letter.

Let me now speak of the amiable pretext (for it is no more than that) from which many sportsmen seem to derive a sort of comfort, that such "preservation" as is afforded to hunted animals is a "kindness," as saving them from extinction, and that it is, in fact, "better for the animals themselves" to live and be hunted than not to be born at all. How a non-existent animal can be *benefited* by being brought to birth is a queer speculation on which I will not now embark; but it is difficult not to smile at such irrelevancies as the following taken from a defence of hunting by a former Master of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds:—

He is killed with as much speed and humanity as possible. He has lived a life of luxury for years and has a bad half-hour at the end. From his point of view, surely the pleasure predominates over the pain. For, if it were not for the hunting, he would not exist at all.

But really, if it is so kind to preserve stags for hunting, ought we not to feel some compunction at having allowed the old sport of bear-baiting to die out? Have we not been guilty of an unkindness to the bears, who now, for lack of such opportunity, do not exist at all?

But nothing, perhaps, more clearly shows the haziness of the notions under which many sportsmen still labour than the questions which they put to their accusers at the public meetings of which I have spoken. Thus we find it recorded that, at the Rugby debate, one gentleman wittily inquired whether warm-blooded animals like the rat were to be protected from pursuit; while another exclaimed: "May I ask why you don't include steeplechasing?" And yet another, in a Press letter, is anxious to know: "Which is the more cruel, to hunt the fox, or to work a draught-horse?" Questions about shooting and fishing are frequent, but for the sake of brevity

and directness I will not deal with them here. For surely it is not lifficult to understand that in the matter of sport, as in all others, he reform of the worst abuses must necessarily precede the rest; verything cannot be done at once; and it is futile to offer as an xcuse for one form of cruelty (if cruelty there be) that another is qually bad. No defence can be conceived in a less rational spirit han that which seeks merely to parry or evade the issue. To what xtravagance an apologist of blood-sports may be carried is seen in theory put forward, as I once heard, by a clergyman, who argued hat as it is necessary to take life, and as what is necessary becomes a uty, it is right as far as possible to make a *pleasure* of one's duties, nd therefore—but the conclusion is plain!

No incident of the hunting field—not even the cutting of the stag's hroat, or the "breaking up" of the fox or hare—has caused greater isgust than what is called the "blooding" of children. Imagine a ront-page illustration in a newspaper, showing a little child with lood-daubed cheeks, holding up a dead hare for the hounds, while a umber of ladies and gentlemen smile approval in the rear! I speak f an actual case, from which the names are omitted.

It is, as I have shown, the cruelty of hunting that furnishes the hief argument for its discontinuance; but there are, of course, arious other social and economic reasons which combine powerfully ith the humanitarian one. The farmers are up in arms. To plead hat these sports "give employment" is useless; for they produce o return at all. They are nothing but expenditure, with the dditional disadvantage that they set able-bodied men to do work hich, as regards society, is of no value. The huntsman is, in fact, a nere encumbrance on the community, wasting his own time, and hat of those who serve him, in an unproductive as well as a cruel mployment.

To conclude: the facts of blood-sport are notorious; they stare ne in the face in every part of the land, and are recorded beyond enial by the sportsmen themselves: the only question at issue is ow those facts are to be regarded. The ultimate verdict will be ven not by the interested parties whose practices are arraigned, but y that force of public opinion which put down the brutalities of bull nd bear-baiting, in spite of much the same arguments as those by hich stag-hunting and fox-hunting are now being defended. It is an educated public conscience, not to the folk who still find pleasure killing, that the appeal is made; and for their own sakes, no less han that of others, it would be well if they frankly recognized what annot be permanently evaded. The Huntsman, in brief, is at bay. Ie, of all persons, ought to be aware that in such a situation it is seless to shut one's eyes to facts.

THE THOUGHTS OF GOD

By William Soutar

WHAT power was in God's pristine thought
That took for body endless space:
What power behind that pregnant face
Hidden in light, since light was brought
From out its sightless resting-place.

Across the eyes of mortal kind
Never a thought of God is blown,
Never a thought that can be known,
But bears a body; and the blind
Stand in a shadow twice their own.

Out of the way, penumbrous glass!
Shade of His light but not of Him.
Had we the eyes of seraphim
No image of His thoughts could pass
But we should know it, limb for limb.

What was the thought which cloth'd its fire
Within the tiger's sinewy frame;
And what the thought whose lucent flame
Took wing and was the lammergeir:
What mind could suckle it, and name?

Day unto day, in restless flow,
God's bodied thoughts salute the light;
There were but nothingness for sight
If thus they did not come, and go:
A nothingness which is, as night.

For night is but the body's shade:
Nay! as a shadow's shade it is.
O! Thoughts of God (and all are His)
What standeth when these shadows fade:
What answers to His lightening kiss?

There is but schism and surmise
Of aught that hath no shade thereon:
Time casts a shadow, and is one—
A shadow of that thought which flies
Burning the body of the Sun.

'HE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

.EADERSHIP IN MARRIAGE.—Has a husband ever been known to id, by the process he honours with the name of search, an object ng, no matter how visibly, within his reach provided it is not actly where he thought he left it and he has made up his mind at it is lost ?

Happily, man's distinctive ability to look without seeing, the fect of his quality of shapely concentration, is compensated by wife's ability to see without looking, the quality of her defective ncentration, her state of being "all over the place." And it is this ate, enabling her to slip with more than lightning swiftness from notion to emotion, person to person, that is offered, under the ther large, loose label of "abundant vitality," by Mr. Murry and Dr. rruthers Young in their essay on *Modern Marriage* (*The New Adelphi*, arch) as a justification for the inclusion in their list of desiderata r the perfect marriage of the leadership of the husband : he being nsidered as qualified for the direction and shaping of the said vitality.

No recorded civilization—save yesterday the Egyptian, whose tists have left luminous memorials of side-by-side enthroned, sceptre-aring partners, and to-day the civilization of Quakerdom—has failed feature this demand and to advertise thereby at the worst woman's nstant curt refusal, at the best her honest inability, goodwill and rbal protests notwithstanding, to comply. Conscious awareness of rt refusal and suspicion, possibly unconscious, of the desire embodied the tandem metaphor, moves the essayists to a stern aside addressed women—an appeal-by-threat, at once begging their question and traying at least a half-conscious knowledge of the fact that it is omen who are, in the matter of human relationships, both the apers and the ultimate judges—to the effect that it is the wife's isiness to know that the husband must lead and to see that he does so.

Myriads of women, it is true, would devoutly applaud this ultimatum, of these it must be asked whether they can either specify the ture of the leadership or demonstrate the method of its operation. eir recorded efforts so to do usually imply a division of "things" to "large" and "small," the large being those to which they are lifferent except in so far as they are aware of their importance to e beloved, and the small all the rest. The operation of the eadership" is generally described as a "giving-in" on the part the wife whenever there is a clashing of the two wills. But are ese neat simplicities ever more than a little harmless window-essing ? Are not the inexorable underlying facts embodied in all eratures, in proverbs and popular sayings ? Is it, for example, not

directly to contemplation of the "abundant vitality" wisely retiring when willingly convinced against its will, into its ubiquitous consciousness that we owe the public warning pendant across man's path: woman will always have her way? And do we not find, hanging at the back of the store-cupboard of even the meekest of these would-be obedient wives, the secret clue: Let a man think he rules and you can do as you like with him?

According to Mr. Murry and Dr. Carruthers Young "leadership" is implied in man's state of being "an adventurer in the world of objects as distinct from the inward world of which woman has knowledge": an apportionment of function whose recognition by both is to form the basis of their consciousness of mutual indispensability and for whose justification the authors cite Dr. Jung's division of "the psychological whole of the human being into two elements, which he calls *persona* and *anima*," the one turned towards objects, centrifugal, and the other towards inner experience, centripetal. This division appears valid, and the deduction therefrom, that man should shape this vague but vital creature who alone, by virtue of some unique excellence of this inner world of which she has knowledge, is able "to renew him, to give him courage and to restore his faith," until we regard life's apparent determination to have her in both worlds at once, life's compulsory extraversion of this inward-turned being by means of ceaselessly distributing her consciousness over things, over the innumerables the handling of which has given her her reputation for practicality—a mundane practicality that was wont, before psychology discovered the inward world, to rank as her straitest limitation—and over persons, including male *personæ* and her companion *animæ*, and over facts, discovered by man and submitted to her arranged in an astonishing variety of patterns. And over events. Ask a policeman. He will tell you, he who wants unmitigated fact, that it is not from the husband but from the busy, practical wife he will get at once the most vivid and the most accurate description of what took place.

And even if we ignore this compulsory extraverted ubiquitousness that gives woman a clear view across man's territory and her ability abundantly to excel therein, and leave her set within her mysterious inner world to which, apparently rather unfairly, only the psychologists amongst men have access, can either Mr. Murry or Drs. Young and Jung be supposed to know beyond a doubt whether one, if either, of these two worlds prevails over the other? Is their metaphor of leadership born perhaps of the humanistic view of life—now once more enjoying a temporary innings—a view distinctly favourable to woman's reputation but bound to substitute for, say, the triangle metaphor—man and woman being considered as side by side forming the base—the processional, in which one or the other must be assumed as leading?

There is, in the age-long *cause célèbre*, man versus woman, no timate tribunal save "life." A consensus of male *clercs*, even if ch existed, would still leave the question agape.

Meanwhile life as lived shows us very few husbands free to "lead" eir wives. Most men's "adventures in the world of facts" are aped for them by circumstances of which their several talents are a irt. Leadership in these cases is to consist in knowing best about e weather, trains, education of children, laying out of income, manag- servants, understanding Smith and Jones and deciding which is the ore reliable, judging between Epstein and Opstein, short and long :irts, protection and free trade, sex instruction and hush-hush?

In marriages less immediately influenced by circumstance, it is dubitably possible for the man, particularly for the man who holds ie purse, is at once older, more self-controlled, cultivated and cperienced than his wife to establish over that part of her mind iat is turned towards things a semblance of the particular design ıder which for him those things appear to be arranged, provided ; desires to do so either in spite of the price to be paid or because : is not aware of the penalty. It is perfectly possible for a woman assume a shape imposed by her husband, or, like Tchehov's *Darling*, series of shapes imposed by a series of husbands. But the man who ves, as do many clerics and other busy professional men, with a :icature of himself, though he may be extremely comfortable and osperous, can hardly be described as experiencing the perfection marriage.

The man whose ideal mate is an unspoiled junior to be formed in own image, robs himself, in so far as he realizes this ideal, of the ıique gift of the feminine psyche, available only so long as her mind not warped from its own "shapeless" shapeliness: its power to do hat the shapely mentalities of men appear incapable of doing for ıemselves, to act as a focus for divergent points of view. This sential characteristic of the womanly woman—the woman even ietzsche was constrained to place above man, a mistake perhaps, ıt one less costly than that of regarding her as wax for the masculine ıuld—the characteristic, very often on the man's behalf dissembled, temporarily dissembled, of being all over the place and in all camps once, accounts both for her famous inability "to make up her ind," her unashamed inconsistency and her ability as a peacemaker. explains her capacity for "living in the present" and at the same ne her uncanny apprehension of what is yet to be. This ıprehension, "the spirit of prophecy in the daughters" which eorge Fox bade men respect when he was trouncing them for claiming ıthority over their wives, is the informing substance of her life. ɔ woman, however gifted, could have brought herself to write "The timations of Immortality," for upon the growing girl with half a ance the shades of the prison-house do not close in. Ceaselessly

[illegible] to catch within [illegible] of philosophy and of science, on [illegible] of which not they, not the creators, but [illegible] demand, and sometimes at incalculable [illegible] of one half of "the psychological whole."

DOROTHY M. RICHARDSON.

[illegible] AND KNOWLEDGE.—Every poet is, to begin with, a rebel [illegible] the ugliness and transience of material existence. He is to this extent, a neurotic, one who has failed to adjust himself to his environment, and he seeks through art to cure himself, to create a world in which he can live happily, because it answers in form and essence to his ideals. He is driven to seek such a world within himself, but its reality depends on the extent to which he can draw the real world into himself, there to be transformed. *If his distaste* for actuality leads him to flee from life, his experience is impoverished. His act is then but a palliative for his neuroticism and not a cure. He drugs himself with unreality.

But the truest poets, even in ages of violent revolt, have sought a synthesis, not an anodyne. If they could not cure their neurosis by relating themselves to the contemporary consciousness, they have aspired to a universal consciousness. Rejecting the quotidian experience of their age, they have reached out towards a timeless reality, a reality in which knowledge and being are creatively identified, a reality which can be revealed but not demonstrated, symbolized but not labelled. By such mysticism they have sought the same liberation from purely personal values which the self-possessed artist achieves on a less ecstatic plane by a significant expression of the thought and feeling of his time.

Naturally, all mysticism, all claims to immediate Divination, are suspect to-day, when the very conception of a fixed Absolute is questioned. Obviously, too, the values for which poets have claimed absolute validity have often enough been purely arbitrary and personal assumptions. Mystical experience is true or false exactly as art is a true or false fantasy in the degree to which the inspired individual has absorbed and unconsciously criticized the outer mechanism of actuality. Many mystics, in claiming to leap into reality, have merely leapt away from the actual on to aery pinnacles of their own construction. Their Absolute, like the omniscient and omnipotent God of Orthodoxy, has been no more than a sentimental supposition, which cannot, in its prescribed form at least, survive the test of actual experience.

And yet, because the individual contains within himself the germ of all experience, because in his finest intuitions, he not only knows but is God, there is a true mysticism which exceeds science without contradicting it, a leap, so to say, through actuality into reality.

It is in this sense only [illegible] preted as a truth. Whether [illegible] Absolute, as he suggests, we [illegible] ence in some mythical past or [illegible] Such uncorroborated fantasies have [illegible] easily as literal fact, and so have prevented men, ever [illegible] the charm of a dream to the effort of awareness, from [illegible] real fullness of experience. It is distracting to conjecture whether we have lived before in communion with absolute truth, beauty, and justice, or whether we shall live in such communion hereafter. The divine idea, so far as we can really know it, is immanent. It is not a metaphysical abstraction or a poetic fancy. It is not a beautiful emanation floating wistfully above an ugly world, brushing the cheeks of infancy or soothing the death-beds of the pious. Such a projection of the Absolute into the void can only lead to sentimentalism, and it is just as dangerous to sentimentalize the Divine with Plato as the savage with Rousseau. So far as we experience the spiritual, we experience it through our physical faculties, so far as the supernatural can be known, it must be sought in the natural. The senses are the nerves, the intelligence the lens of the soul. The innocence which truly apprehends the Absolute must have assimilated the relative, and conscious knowledge can only be considered a curse and a fall from primal innocence in so far as it separates man from the unconscious, and divorces him from the natural instead of relating him through the natural to the supernatural. And even this separation is a necessary stage in man's evolution from instinct to intuition, and the sinfulness which he has attributed to such a condition is of more real significance than the animal well-being of the Eden from which knowledge has banished him.

It is an error then to disavow all ultimates, because idealists in the past have tended to materialize them fancifully. We have the power within us to experience absolute reality, and such experience not only need not be, but must not be, fugitive. What distinguishes such intuitions is just the fact that they do by some process too subtle and spontaneous for analysis master the actual and transform it imaginatively, that they are " the finer spirit of all *knowledge*," moments of vision in which sense and thought so intimately combine that they constitute a new perception.

Although, therefore, intuition draws upon the unconscious and seems to conceive truth by immediate, unverified insight, verification of a kind is no less implicit in it that it is explicit in the method of science. It is merely concealed by the rapidity and subjectivity of the process. Intuition is, in fact, governed, as a creative activity, by similar laws to those by which science is governed as a critical one. Science invents hypotheses to explain its data, and advances either by discovering new data which require a new hypothesis, or by discovering a new hypothesis which explains its existing data better.

Art, however profound its sense of absolute values (and it is just this sense which gives a permanent significance to its expression wanting to the relative deductions of science), is equally concerned to adjust its intuitions to material data. There is an essential identity in the values of all great art, but it differs from age to age and advances towards finer realities in the degree to which it relates its ideal impulses to an actuality more complex and more scrupulously known. In this sense every false myth is an unsubstantiated hypothesis, and as actuality has been more and more explored by the conscious mind, the possibility of communicating moral and æsthetic value through myths has decreased, and with it the possibility of deriving any satisfaction from a sentimentalized universe. Man's hunger for beauty has been crossed by his knowledge of fact, and this knowledge has destroyed for him the charm of poetic fiction. To put it in another way, the beauty which merely provokes agreeable sensations or luxurious emotions is increasingly recognized to be parasitical and there is a growing demand that it should be vitally related not only to moral, but also to rational truth. For to impose an arbitrary morality upon beauty, no less than to reduce beauty to sensationalism is to neglect the rational element implicit in disinterested imagination.

Thus the growth of the scientific spirit, a growth which is traceable long before science became specialized as it is to-day, has conditioned the problem and the progress alike of modern religion and modern art. The problem for the poet is to reconcile his desire for beauty with a world that is quite as full of pain and ugliness as of grace and heroism, and by reconciling it to cease to feel it hostile; the problem for religion is to reconcile its belief in a beneficent and omniscient Creator with a universe which, in fact, appears to be governed by an unmoral necessity. Conscience and imagination alike demand a correspondence between the inner and the outer world and thus between emotion and reason in the individual's perception. And so far as progress has existed, it has lain in man's advance towards a beauty and a morality which express this correspondence.—HUGH J'A. FAUSSET.

THE CASE OF "THE WELL OF LONELINESS."—The existing law against obscene books is so vague that I should hesitate either to affirm or to deny the legal correctness of the Court's decision on *The Well of Loneliness*. On the analogy, however, of the blasphemy laws (and, to some extent, the laws against sedition) as they are usually understood to-day, a different magistrate, whatever his views on homosexuality, might well have felt justified in holding that "obscenity" concerned the manner, not the matter, of a book. This test seems to be applied by common consent to the multitude of novels that narrate and often condone heterosexual "immorality"; and if it is rejected then every plea (*e.g.*, the article "Modern Marriage,"

by Mr. Murry and Dr. J. C. Young) for fuller legal or social liberty in any point of sexual conduct must be condemned as obscene.

To turn to wider issues, the moral responsibility of the homosexual is neither more nor less than that of the heterosexual. The comparison of colour blindness, if it is admissible at all, applies to each: the one cannot see red nor the other green. Why then should the one be tormented and the other comforted? Is it a sufficient reason that we live in a heterosexual community? We do indeed, in common with the rest of mankind, live in a community which is continued by means of sexual propagation and without the birth of children would cease to exist. None the less we tolerate more than one religion that exalts virginity as an ideal and withholds from the work of carrying on the race thousands of priests, monks and nuns. During the War we lived in an intensely militaristic community, but (in theory at least) room was found for the conscientious objector. We are on the whole a carnivorous community, but vegetarians are not proscribed. Moreover, other heterosexual communities, past or present, have been able to endure, either legally or socially or in both ways, the homosexuals within their gates; and in our own case the *legal* taboo is both incomplete and of comparatively recent date. I think I am right in saying that until the Criminal Law Amendment Act, 1885, no legal penalty was attached to any homosexual practice as such (intercourse *per anum* was punishable whether heterosexual or homosexual), and the offences created by section 11 of that statute have no application to women! Such considerations as these lead me to regard the prostitutes' derision of Oscar Wilde not as the welling up of deep-seated instincts of tribal preservation, but merely as a display of bad manners towards a broken and defenceless man—just as when King Charles the First was spat upon—not unmixed with feelings of revenge for "spretæ iniuria formæ."

"The penniless man is Nature's victim" (surely he is sometimes Society's?); "but we do not allow him to take what he wants from Dives." No; but we do not forbid Dives to give of his own free will. Mr. Murry's example would be pertinent if liberty were being sought to commit rape: it is quite beside the mark where there is consent on both sides, as there was between Stephen and Mary in Miss Radclyffe Hall's novel. If Mary could and did love first a woman and afterwards a man, how can one speak of "harm" being done to her by the woman? unless indeed one joins the "magistrates and catchpenny journalists" in "prejudging the issue." Whatever harm she suffered through her association with Stephen might have happened with little variation had Stephen been a man.

But strangest of all Mr. Murry's comments is this: "The old *tabus* against divorce and contraception have disappeared; and once they have gone the *tabu* against homosexuality becomes irrational. That does not mean that it ought to be lifted." Here I am at a loss what

to say, for all rational arguments are overruled in advance. ‘
may vanquish the irrational, but the irrational is to rema
presumably *quia absurdum*. Let us turn for a moment's relie
Modern Marriage, which is like fresh air and sunshine after a ek
and gloomy cave. Three consecrated taboos—against premu
intercourse, against contraception and against divorce—are ration
attacked, defeated with hardly a show of resistance, and incontine
banished. Neither the virtues of their Christian mother nor the
hairs of their Mosaic grandam avail to save one of them. No
is here that the unmarried should content themselves with permi
"caresses of affection." As one of Mr. Aldous Huxley's charac
remarks (I quote from memory), "Birth control has made chas
superfluous." It is all most reasonable and refreshing, and mo
and grandam may be thankful that their white-headed boy—
homosexuality taboo—did not meet Mr. Murry in a mood for deliv
such ruthless blows and knocks.

And now, back to the shadows. Mr. Murry himself indicates
analogy between heterosexual intercourse where contraceptive met
are employed and homosexual intercourse, and seems prepared to
them on very much the same moral level. If with this admissior
enquire what that level *is*—if, that is to say, we take any sexua
(other than autoerotic) and ask what is its moral significance-
shall hardly find it in the brute satisfaction by one partner the
of a purely physical need in complete indifference to the person
of the other partner. Will it not rather lie in the inner feelings w
both partners mutually have for one another, feelings of which
bodily act is but the sacrament, the outward and visible sign ?
idealistic may be a foolish point of view but it is a possible one ;
if two human beings join in echoing, however imperfectly, Pomp
words :

> Because of our souls' yearning that we meet
> And mix in soul through flesh, which yours and mine
> Wear and impress and make their visible selves,
> All which means, for the love of you and me,
> Let us become one flesh being one soul,

is it not an impertinence and an outrage for moralist or police
to burst in upon this intense privacy with the question : "Are
of different sexes ?"

It is no use pleading for "charity towards homosexuals" wit
attempting to re-value homosexuality. This Sir Chartres Biron
when he demanded in effect (if I interpret his words aright) that e
homosexual character in a novel be represented as wholly unattra
or the book be condemned as obscene. While magistrates so d
and men like Mr. Murry consider irrationality no ground for lift
particular taboo, the homosexual's case has about as much chance
fair hearing as the mouse's had in *Alice in Wonderland*.

J. R. A. Bradle

NOTES ON SHAKESPEARE

Notes on *King John*.

Surely the most fascinating of the early Shakespeare plays. It teems with points of interest for those who follow Shakespeare's development.

It comes after and not before *Richard II*. Language and syntax, style and content all confirm this. (1) The language points *forward* to a group of plays: *Romeo, Henry IV, Julius Cæsar*. (2) The characteristic Shakespearean syntax really begins. (3) The style shows a manifest further departure from conceit and towards naturalness in diction. (4) The Bastard is the first real Shakespearean *character*. Richard II is more of a character than Richard III; but Richard II is not really solid: the Bastard is somebody; you could jump on him, if you dared to.

King John marks the confluence of Shakespeare's comedy with his history. He is passing out of "types" of writing to his own single and inimitable mode. *Romeo*, probably next, marks the confluence of comedy and tragedy.

The evidences that *King John* comes after *Richard II* are so many that it would be tiresome to set them out. But no one versed in the evolution of Shakespeare's language could believe for a moment that

"To thread the postern of a needle's eye" (R. II, V, v, 17)

was written after :—

"Unthread the rude eye of rebellion" (John V, iv, 11).

There is still in *King John* a great deal of rankly inappropriate word-play, in particular, Arthur's with Hubert; and Melun's at his death (V, iv, 27).

"What in the world should make me now deceive
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must die here and live hence by truth?"

For the last words of a dying man what could be more preposterous? But on the whole, as compared with *Richard II*, the amount of this kind of thing is small. And there is at least one splendid use of the same trick.

"*Bast.* It is a damned and a bloody work,
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of *any* hand."

Which is finely taken up by Salisbury's

"Till I have set a glory to this hand."

The difference in respect of conceits between *Richard II* and *John* is interesting. In *Richard II* Shakespeare betrays that he is become conscious of the need of some sort of psychological justification for them.

"*Rich.* Can sick men play so nicely with their names?
Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself." (II, i, 84.)

This justification applies to the two most remarkable examples in the play (The Queen: II, ii; III, iv). But in *King John*, conceits are actually laughed at by the Bastard.

"*Bast.* Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!
Hanged in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
And quartered in her heart! He doth espy
Himself love's traitor: this is pity now
That hanged and drawn and quartered there should be
For such a love so vile a lout as he." (II, 504.)

In the same fashion the Bastard jeers at rhetoric.

"*Bast.* Here's a stay
That shakes the rotten carcase of old Death
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and seas,
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon-fire and smoke and bounce;
He gives the bastinado with his tongue:
Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his
But buffets better than a fist of France:
Zounds! I was never so bethumped with words
Since I first called my brother's father dad."

The last line is superb; and one also needs to remember that *Bounce!* in Shakespeare's day rendered the sound of a cannon—perhaps not quite so impressive as our modern *Boom!* but neither were the cannons.

At a hundred points in *King John* one observes the master emerging. The prentice-days are over. The fashions in diction that he had to follow, and to excel in, he can now openly criticize. He can be even slily impertinent to his own audience.

"By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings,
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they *gape and point*
At your industrious scenes and acts of death." (II, 372.)

The difference of nuance is perceptible between that and the similar reference in *Richard II.*

"As in a theatre, the eyes of men
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage
Are idly bent on him that enters next
Thinking his prattle to be tedious" (V, ii, 21),

where it is the unfortunate actor who suffers. The Bastard jibes at the audience, and points forward to the downright impertinence of the prologue to *Henry IV*, Part 2.

"Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures
And of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads
The still-discordant wavering multitude
Can play upon it. *But what need I thus*
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household?"

By that time—at most two years after *King John*—Shakespeare was as sure of his position as Mr. Bernard Shaw is to-day. *King John* is the play in which he first became aware of his own mastery. It is not surprising that the Bastard should have a hint of Othello

"Your sword is bright, sir, put it up again";

and of Antony:—

"I am amazed methinks and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of the world";

or that the Bastard's behaviour at the end of IV, 3:—

"Here's a good world! Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou did'st this deed of death,
Art thou damned, Hubert,"

warms our human hearts as nothing in Shakespeare yet.

J. M. MURRY.

THE NATURE OF THE PHYSICAL WORLD

The Nature of the Physical World. By A. S. Eddington. (Cambridge University Press.) 12s. 6d.

Professor Eddington's book has been worked up from his Gifford Lectures delivered in Edinburgh in 1927. It first deals in a broad and demonstrative way with modern physical thought, and then proceeds to treat of its philosophical outcome. The former occupies the greater part of the book and the author expresses the hope that these chapters may be read for their own sake. It is thus only fair to say something of them before passing on to what is, for us, the most interesting part.

The first three chapters make a very lucid introduction to the Theory of Relativity. It would be too much to say that one is enabled to understand Einstein. As one reads one gathers more and more the conviction that our language possesses neither words nor expressions capable of portraying the new physical and mathematical conceptions. But at least one can appreciate how some such conceptions came to be necessary, and can get some inkling of their range and complexity.

More accessible to the lay mind are the chapters on Entropy and the Quantum Theory, in which the author seeks to show that there is something radically wrong with the present fundamental conceptions of physics.

> Nowadays (he says) whenever enthusiasts meet together to discuss theoretical physics the talk sooner or later turns in a certain direction. You leave them conversing on their special problems or the latest discoveries; but return after half an hour and it is any odds that they will have reached an all-engrossing topic—the desperate state of their ignorance.

This throws the reader back to the problem which has been worrying him all along: To what extent is he entitled to use his own lay judgment in these matters? What he would like to do is either to take the word of experts on an expert matter or, alternatively, to follow critically the whole way. Unfortunately neither course is open to him. Quite apart from the above admission of scientific ignorance there crop up from time to time in the author's arguments passages which awaken a cautious reader's suspicions.

> Infinite space cannot be conceived by anybody; finite but unbounded space is difficult to conceive but not impossible. I shall not expect you to conceive it, but you can try. Think first of a circle; or, rather, not the circle but the line forming its circumference. This is a finite but endless line. Next think of a sphere—the surface of a sphere—that also is a region which is finite but unbounded. The surface of this earth never comes to a boundary; there is always some country beyond the point you have reached; all the same, there is not an infinite amount of room on the earth. Now go one dimension more; circle, sphere—the next thing. Got that? Now for the real difficulty. Keep a tight hold of the skin of this hypersphere and imagine that the inside is not there at all—that the skin exists without the inside. That is finite but unbounded space.

A horrible gymnastic; but we are ready to allow that such things may be demanded of us. Two pages later, however, we come to this:

> Space is boundless by re-entrant form, not by great extension. *That which is* is a shell floating in the infinitude of *that which is not.*

First he tells us that infinite space cannot be conceived by anybody, and tries to make us conceive something which to most of us is far more difficult. In the end he gives us back our infinite space in the form of infinite nothingness, which is just what most people imagine infinite space to be. Far from finding it inconceivable, he is unable to escape from it. This is not perhaps a point of much importance, but it serves to illustrate the kind of difficulty experienced by the reader. The character we expect of mathematics is flawlessness, and any flaw in the exposition of a physical theory is disconcerting.

§

Apart from its unquestionable value as a demonstrative book, what is its intellectual tendency? That is the question in which we are chiefly interested here. Put very shortly, its main purpose is an attack on the materialist point of view.

> One of the greatest changes in physics between the nineteenth century and the present day has been the change in our ideal of scientific explanation. It was the boast of the Victorian physicist that he could not claim to understand a thing until he could make a model of it; and by a model he meant something constructed of levers, geared wheels, squirts, or other appliances familiar to the engineer. Nature in building the universe was supposed to be dependent on just the same kind of resources as any human mechanic; and when the physicist sought an explanation of phenomena his ear was straining to catch the hum of machinery. The man who could make gravitation out of cog-wheels would have been a hero in the Victorian age.

There is a great deal of justice in this; and I think it will be generally agreed that it is quite time that materialism of this sort was dead, if it has not been dead some time already. But what we want to take its place is not a reaction against materialism but an enlargement and a development of it. Smug and dogmatic as nineteenth-century rationalism was, it was driven to be so by the great weight of religious authority against which it had to make headway. We shall get ourselves into no better position if we in turn react to it by reviving the old comforts of old creeds. Though the author is guarded in his statements and is obviously trying to be very fair about it all, there is betrayed here and there in the first part of this book the same hankering after past values as dominates its final chapters.

What was the really great nineteenth-century contribution to science? Surely the Theory of Evolution, which in its broadest sense was the establishment of the creed that causality works everywhere and through all time. Since its acceptance there has been nothing which the scientist dare not approach. It was this opening of doors to science which was far greater than any individual discovery. There are those, however, and Eddington is among them, who would like to keep some doors closed. The human mind and human consciousness are by him shut off from the objective world. A little sanctum is kept into which the ruthlessness of science can make no inroad.

> The physiologist can trace the nerve mechanism up to the brain; but ultimately there is a hiatus which no one professes to fill up. Symbolically we may follow the influences of the physical world up to the door of the mind; they ring the door bell and depart.

This door is nothing else but a postulate and one, moreover, without the smallest scientific foundation. He tells us there is a "hiatus which no one professes to fill up." The truth, however, is that no one has yet discovered the hiatus itself.

The banality of psycho-physical parallelism is well illustrated in the following paragraph.

> In general we should describe the familiar world as subjective and the scientific world as objective. Take, for instance, our former example of parallelism, viz., colour in the familiar world and its counterpart electro-magnetic wave-lengths in the scientific world. Here we have little hesitation in describing the waves as objective and the colour as subjective. The wave is the reality; the colour is mere mind-spinning. The beautiful hues which flood our consciousness under the stimulation of the waves have no relevance to the objective reality. For a colour-blind person the hues are different; and although persons of normal sight make the same distinctions of colour, we cannot ascertain whether their consciousness of red, blue, etc., are just like our own.

The extraordinary thing about this is its bland assurance. "Mere mind-spinning"! How on earth does he know it is "mere"? That little word is responsible for a great deal of the nonsense that has ever been talked. It is so small that it is hardly noticed by writer or reader; yet it just suffices to beg the question. In nine cases out of ten it is a word that had better have been left out. Again, how can anybody say that "beautiful hues" have *no relevance* to objective reality unless it is just that they wish to outdo the self-complacency of the age of rationalism? As a matter of fact the author does explain how it is that the mind can make no contact with reality. But what an explanation! *The nerves get in the way.*

> The interposed nerve mechanism would prevent any close association of the mental image with the physical cause.

We might suggest that Professor Eddington should abandon the use of his telescope. Surely the interposed mechanism must prevent his seeing Mars!

And then the colour-blind person. It is time we heard the last of him. All through science, errors and interfering factors have to be allowed for. To drag in the anomalous case is unscientific, particularly as it is one which can be detected and removed. Lastly, we come to the argument that perhaps your seeing blue and my seeing it are in themselves quite different. This is no more than a gratuitous assumption, oft repeated but quite unfounded. When assailed by waves of a certain length we all say *blue*. Thus our reactions to those waves as they are finally expressed are identical. Between the waves and the answer *blue* there is, according to the materialist's creed, a causal chain. Why look for something quite arbitrary and capricious in the middle of that chain. Or, to put it slightly differently, the word *blue* might be regarded as a certain cry which certain waves extract from man. Blue waves are always the same. There is no quarrel about that. Man is from the biologist's point of view a fairly standard article. The reaction of the standard article to certain standard waves is a standard word *blue*. Is there any room for fancy looping in that chain? Why should we set about to look for it?

The infinite diffusion of unending causal chains is the materialist's gospel. But many people cannot bear such a point of view, which would seem to them to shove man bodily into the passive voice and reduce him to an effect. In this they are wrong, for every effect is in turn a cause; and I am not living

the sensation of colour any less because that item of living is part of a causal chain which began at the thing seen and passes out of me in my reaction to it,

Prof. Eddington dislikes causal chains, and he seeks to show that recent progress in physics has undermined causality.

> If our expectation should prove well founded that 1927 has seen the final overthrow of strict causality by Heisenberg, Bohr, Born and others, the year will certainly rank as one of the greatest epochs in the development of scientific philosophy.

This is a most unfair suggestion, and for three reasons. As it is just what many people will eagerly seize upon, it will perhaps be as well to give those reasons in full.

(1) The author is here speaking of what he calls the principle of indeterminacy, a theory which has developed within the Quantum Theory.

> The gist of it may be stated as follows: *a particle may have position or it may have velocity, but it cannot in any exact sense have both.*

In describing how this principle arose the author emphasizes the rapid changes which are being made in physical thought. Of the three theories leading up to it he says: "You will realize the anarchy of this branch of physics when three successive pretenders seize the throne in twelve months." But if physics has reached the state he pretends, must we not be a little chary of taking lessons from it into the world of philosophy? He argues two ways at once. *You cannot trust physics, for strict causality has gone by the board. How do we know that causality has gone? Oh, you can trust physics to tell you that.* Though admittedly caricatured, this is more or less his argument. The "desperate state of his ignorance" turns out to be a little double-faced.

(2) Moreover, it must be objected that these theories have been developed in respect of atoms and electrons, etc., and are applicable to a microcosmic world with which in the ordinary way we can make no contact. Penetrating into this world or, conversely, extending our studies astronomically into the macrocosmos above, it is not to be wondered at too greatly that our laws have encountered some shock. But the new physical theories must make some contribution to our world of everyday experience before they can truly be said to have overthrown *its* laws.

(3) Lastly, it is very questionable whether this principle of indeterminacy, however strange it may sound to us, in any way gainsays the principle of causality. In his attempt to explain it the author proceeds on ordinary causal lines.

> The suggestion is that an association of exact position with exact momentum can never be discovered by us *because there is no such thing in nature.* Schrödinger's model of the particle as a wave-group gives a good illustration of how it can happen.

It is, it seems, generally accepted that in the Quantum Theory strict causality fails us. But surely the proof of this would be the failure of scientific method in this domain and the final abandonment of the hope of a solution. The scientists have not come to this, and their continued search for causes and explanations shows more clearly than ever that causality is the one thing they do believe in and must believe in.

§

Having assumed a breach in causality the author has got what he wants—a place apart for his spiritual values. Of these one of the most cherished

is free will. There is a question I should like to put to any believer in free will: *What is it that you believe your will to be free from?* Free from any particular influence or agent—that means something to me. But just "free" means nothing to me. I will admit that in the past the expression has had some sort of meaning which I take to be this: *God made man according to his plan. If God did not like man's works he destroyed him. But God is Love. Therefore man must in some mysterious way be free from God's plan so that God could destroy him without the charge of having done it on purpose.* Why man should *want* to be free from God's plan I cannot imagine. That seems to me altogether irreligious. But that he should *pretend* to be free in order to take the blame himself—that I can only call saintly.

If one does not believe in eternal damnation—and I don't suppose Eddington does—this chivalry is hardly to the point, and I do not hesitate to repeat my question to him. What is it your will is free from? And why should you want to be free from it? The general desire for free will commonly arises from the idea that unless the will is free it is not will at all. On this point we may be quite dogmatic. Causality does not in any way discredit the will any more than it discredits the greenness of grass or the roundness of the earth. We might just as well be ashamed of being the children of our parents as of being the effects of causes. The whole trouble arises from the persistence of the old religious idea that there is something, if not bad, at any rate *inferior* about matter, that no *value* can be ascribed to it; that a materialistic interpretation of man would necessarily undermine anything that we have hitherto called virtue. Eddington is in no way to blame for being tenacious of *value*. Where he is wrong is in tacitly assuming that it can only exist in a world apart. He is only anxious to correct the views of the "matter-of-fact scientist" and appears to be unaware that in the advance of materialism a spiritual movement exists.

In substituting Nature for God, this generation is substituting *order* for *special providence* (the very antithesis of order); is substituting something cruel (there is cruelty in every rule) for something benevolent; is turning to a conception of life, at once tragic and stoic, which is far more æsthetic in quality than that pale, filtered, and optimistic Christianity which is often held by the scientist to-day. Nietzsche's philosophy, with its essentially tragic outlook, is rightly classed by Spengler as materialism. To "value the rule more than the exception"—that was Nietzsche's heroic achievement. Not being yet emancipated from the pre-Nietzschean desire to escape this world, Eddington has not yet learnt to *desire* the rule. His book is, in fact, a cry of triumph at having found an exception.

The anti-materialist fears matter and rejoices when he can push it back again into the unknown.

GEOFFREY SAINSBURY.

MR. WILENSKI AND DUTCH ART

AN INTRODUCTION TO DUTCH ART. By R. H. Wilenski. (Faber and Gwyer.) 25s. net.

Though it mentions many dull painters of the Dutch classical school, and omits many painters of importance, this is a useful and very readable book.

Mr. Wilenski has applied his method of classification of works of art, as put forward in *The Modern Movement in Art*, to the art of Holland in the seventeenth century, and his method of pigeon-holing the different artists considered gives him time, as it were, to keep the relative dates and the relative importance of the artists in the eyes of their contemporaries always before the reader, so that the setting for Dutch art is clearly described.

An experienced journalist, Mr. Wilenski gives vivid pictures of Dutch life and the Dutchman's attitude to art against the historical background, and he concludes with a chapter, very interesting to a painter, on the use of mirrors by the minor Dutchmen as an aid to composition.

In many ways *An Introduction to Dutch Art* is an advance on *The Modern Movement in Art.* In dealing with the art of the past Mr. Wilenski is able to give "vulgar" painters like Hals and descriptive and genre painters their due, when the corresponding modern painters were hardly mentioned in his book on modern art. In that volume, indeed, Mr. Wilenski was very severe in his judgment of the realistic painter Sargent, who, after all, might be described as an upper middle-class Hals. Mr. Wilenski killed him at the last by comparing an enlarged photograph of an eye by Sargent with an eye by Rubens. As might be expected the Rubens eye looked much better than the Sargent eye; but, if *The Modern Movement in Art* had been written in the spirit of the *Introduction to Dutch Art*, Mr. Wilenski would have shown photographs of eyes by Cézanne, Paul Nash, Keith Baynes, and other moderns in comparison with the Rubens, and his plea for a certain type of modern art would have appeared more disinterested if not more persuasive.

Mr. Wilenski's main distinction is between "Romantic" and "Architectural" Art, his personal taste being for "architectural" art. This distinction and preference reveal themselves in a passage relating to the art of Rembrandt, who in Mr. Wilenski's scheme is the representative of Dutch "Romantic" art.

> Is this romantic-psychological attitude profounder than the classical-architectural attitude? Translated into other fields, it is the attitude that leads a man to think not of what he is *doing* but of *what* he is doing—and leads him in most cases to his doing nothing at all; it is pessimism as opposed to optimism; introspection as opposed to observation; melancholia as opposed to bland unconscious health. . . . It is more superficially imposing than the classical-architectural attitude, but does it contain more wisdom? Is it really an attitude of greater worth?
>
> And is it the best foundation for an artist? Does not a man engaged in one of the arts of form start with a certain handicap, if his mind leads him to the romantic-psychological standpoint? A conception of the universe as formless is surely not helpful to a man whose business is to create a concrete symbol for his conception of form in space?

Mr. Wilenski's answers to his questions are against Rembrandt, yet at the same time he says that Rembrandt triumphs by reason of a quality "that derives from the magnitude of his heart and his capacity for pity"—a quality that seems neither to be "classical-architectural" nor "romantic" according to the definitions given.

Rembrandt may or may not be an optimist or a pessimist, but certainly he does not stand for introspection *as opposed to* observation. Rembrandt's observation of form, of facial expression and the action of the human figure, and, above all, of the effect of light on form, is unsurpassed. Perhaps the reason why Mr. Wilenski finds Rembrandt's attitude "superficially more imposing" than the "classical-architectural" attitude may be because he "romantically" reads into Rembrandt's art qualities he dislikes in life, as pessimism, introspection, melancholia, etc., or because he feels that his own taste for "classical-architectural" art needs apology.

Mr. Wilenski's second question is not relevant because it assumes, first, that Rembrandt's conception of the universe was that it was formless, and, secondly, that Rembrandt's artistic intention was to create a concrete symbol for his conception of form in space. There is no evidence for the first assumption, and the second is inadequate.

Rembrandt's conception might with equal validity have been that the universe of form was transient and alive. However that may be, in view of Rembrandt's subject-pictures with their wonderful expression of humanity as revealed in gesture and grouping, it is inadequate to assume that Rembrandt's sole problem was the expression of form in space.

Perhaps it was not to be expected that Rembrandt would be contained in Mr. Wilenski's definition of a romantic painter, and his description of Vermeer of Delft as a classical-architectural artist is more convincing. Yet in Vermeer's case, as in Rembrandt's, Mr. Wilenski finds it necessary to ignore all realistic achievement. On Vermeer's picture-making he says:—

> Vermeer started these pictures . . . by the conception of the picture space as an empty box, the four sides of which it was his first preoccupation to define. . . . The same feeling for architectural form which dictated Vermeer's initial compositions was extended to the objects disposed in the box. With the nature of these objects Vermeer was as little concerned as Claude was with Abraham and Hagar . . . or a modern artist is concerned with the species of a tree. He regarded all the objects which he arranged in his picture space as architectural data to be formally related one to another and to the box as a whole. In this architectural form he included light and colour in the same arbitrary and essentially architectural way. . . .

The description might apply to Vermeer's careful composition, though the "picture-box" idea does not apply to the landscapes and hardly to Vermeer's other pictures, seeing that in no case more than two planes of the "box" are defined. Vermeer more than the other Dutch genre painters seems to have had a conscious method of pictorial construction, but to assert that the nature of the objects painted by Vermeer was of little interest to him is inaccurate in view of his meticulous care in painting these same objects, and the accuracy of his colour. Mr. Wilenski's reference to Claude's attitude to the figures of Abraham and Hagar is irrelevant. These figures are only minor objects in Claude's landscape. Claude was very concerned with the "major objects," the trees, the form of the ground and the effect of light, as is evidenced by the many studies he made from nature of these "objects."

When Mr. Wilenski is able to get away from his theory, and in consequence

able to present the facts, as when he discusses the minor painters of the Dutch school, he is most readable and entertaining.

His taste for classical art, which extends to the picturesque, enables him to present the painters Polenburgh, Pynacker and Berchem with sympathy; though Berchem's follower, Karel du Jardin, a more important artist than Berchem, is not considered. Karel du Jardin may be regarded as a more important artist than Berchem because he took over Berchem's method of picture-making and brought it into contact with life by observing afresh the scenes from Nature. It is typical of Mr. Wilenski to find Karel du Jardin unimportant because he did not invent his own artistic language.

It is, however, Mr. Wilenski's chapter on Franz Hals that is the most impressive. Here the "romantic-architectural" opposition does not exist. Franz Hals, says Mr. Wilenski, "stands as the great Dutch painter of actuality between Rembrandt the great Dutch romantic and Vermeer the Dutch master of architectural style." That is all we hear about Mr. Wilenski's theory in this chapter. For the rest, he writes in straightforward enthusiasm for Hals' realism and with sympathy on his life. As has been shown, the other great Dutch painters, Rembrandt and Vermeer of Delft, are much more painters of actuality, much more interested in the appearance of reality than Mr. Wilenski is able to concede.

It is, then, a pity that Mr. Wilenski thinks it necessary to produce another artistic dogma at a time when art is suffocated by dogma. His rigid system of classification prevents him, it appears, from appreciating fully many great figures in art, and blinds him to much contemporary effort. But if in doing without his system we have also to do without his clarity of expression, his energy, and his courage of opinion, when so many art-journalists are without these qualities—then we would accept Mr. Wilenski as he is.

RICHARD MURRY.

HAVELOCK ELLIS

HAVELOCK ELLIS: Philosopher of Love. By Houston Peterson. (Allen and Unwin.) 18s.

THE ART OF LIFE: Gleanings from the Works of Havelock Ellis. Collected by Mrs. S. Herbert. (Constable's Miscellany.) 3s. 6d.

Havelock Ellis indisputably stands beside Wells and Shaw among the great men of their generation and day, yet he is at once a more profoundly original and a more solitary and secret figure. If in one sense he has never held aloof, he has always been, in another sense, above the battle. He has never been concerned to adopt any single social or other obvious standpoint, and fits into no common category. He is a philosopher without dogmas, a moralist (for his essential concern is with the elucidation, ripening, and preservation of vital human values) whose approach is neither intellectual nor emotional but æsthetic. (The distinction may not be wholly defensible, but it is clear enough.) In a word, he is an artist of living, one whose task it is to create not an art having the validity of life, but life having the spontaneity and completion, the balance and beauty, of art. Life, regarded through the common lenses of this or that preconceived purpose, is fundamentally ugly, immoral, and unjust. Yet see the world not on the plane of "covetousness and fears and commandments," but on the artist's plane of representation, as spectacle, and all is changed. Art, "rising above the categories of Morality, justifies the pains and griefs of Life by demonstrating their representative character and emphasizing their spectacular view, thus redeeming the Pain of Life by Beauty." "To see the world as Beauty is the Whole End of Living," and only in proportion as one adopts the truly æsthetic attitude is it possible to move towards it. Condemn nothing, shirk nothing, deny nothing; strive to bring light into the shadows of ignorance. Life is a perpetual tension of forces, which have value not as we set them to each other's destruction, but precisely as we affirm them, allow them expression, balance them each against the other in a single harmonious union, making of them steadfast singly-beating wings to bear us upward. Too many people are constantly engaged in inner battle between the so-called higher and lower selves; they may attain strength of character—they forgo sweetness. There is, Ellis suggests, a better if more perilous way:—

> Instead of trying to suppress the weeds that can never be killed, they may be cultivated into useful or beautiful flowers. The impulse that is selfish or perverse or harmful may in the end be so transmuted as to bring forth fruits meet for service or for science or for art, no longer a poison for him in whose heart they grow and for those who surround him, but a precious herb for the healing of the nations. Thus in place of hard and loveless struggle and the perpetual production of a barren and virtuous soil, there is the prospect of harmony in fruitfulness, a life that has been enriched and sweetened by what had else been its bane. For it is impossible to conceive any impulse in a human heart which cannot be transformed into Truth or into Beauty or into Love.

It is the peculiar merit of Ellis that he has not merely proclaimed this teaching, but revealed it continuously in all that he has written. In particular he has performed a great service by exhibiting the fruits of this attitude in a prolonged

survey of the "questionable" sphere of sex. (He avows a predilection for "the questionable," for only by attacking and settling questionable matters may we, he declares, enlarge the circle of the unquestionable—that is, the commonly accepted—and such enlargement is the very basis of his purpose.) His volume, *Sex in Relation to Society*, is the work of the poet equally with the scientist, the accumulator of facts; it can be read with sheer delight in the myriad variations of the blossoming of a single impulse, but in addition it is a book to bring "sweetness and light" where too often to-day exist only distress, frustration, ignominy. It is a book every man and woman should read; it could corrupt none though it would save many from corruption, and the heaviest of responsibilities lies with those who have banned it from general circulation. In an age when few can approach the subject equably, without shameful excitement, it is Ellis's greatest achievement that he has dealt with it thus calmly and intimately. Shame and lust are unknown to his pages; desire becomes a lovely because a universal thing—to all its forms he extends the gesture of a single acceptance. He is concerned with *what is*; his ideal is the spontaneous flowering of individuality according not to some set pattern but to the intrinsic nature of the man himself. "There are no metaphysical formulas to suit all men; every man must be the artist of his own philosophy."

Yet the harvest of Ellis's attitude is to be found not so much in particular volumes as in his books, his letters, and his life regarded as a single whole. Teaching an art of life, he has created in himself a personality as consistently beautiful as any of his prose. The excellence of Mr. Peterson's book, therefore, lies not only in his perception of the essential significance and quality of Havelock Ellis, but in the way in which he has combined an account of the life of the man himself with a critical appreciation of the works; to read his lengthy and fully documented essay is to come into close contact with the private equally with the public figure, with the inner thoughts and friendships of the one and the published works and utterances of the other. It is overlong perhaps, and at times over-eulogisitic, but Mr. Peterson quotes well and without stint, and so gives the reader an opportunity to exercise his own intelligence and judgment. Both bibliography and index are unusually full.

Mrs. Herbert's little collection of *obiter dicta*, taken from Ellis's principal works and admirably arranged under the five headings of Love, Art, Morality, Religion, and Philosophy, has an interest and value quite unusual in such compilations. As Mr. Peterson makes clear, Ellis has changed but little since the end of adolescence, and in all his writings there will be found few statements not both characteristic and expressive of his primary attitude, which is reflected as fully in a single sentence as in a complete essay. *The Art of Life* has inevitably the homogeneity of any of Ellis's own books, or of his books as a whole. There is in these brief quotations a specifically Wellsian freedom of thought and speculation, but attuned to finer ends. The reader will find scarcely one the essence of which is not profoundly revolutionary to commonly accepted codes, and which, dwelt upon however briefly, will not liberate both mind and spirit. To quote only one: "Most of the mighty quarrels that have sent men to battle and the stake might have been appeased had each side recognized that both were right in their affirmations, both wrong in their denials."

GEOFFREY WEST.

SACCO AND VANZETTI

Boston: A Novel. By Upton Sinclair. (Werner Laurie.) 10s. 6d.

The Letters of Sacco and Vanzetti. Edited by Marion D. Frankfurter and Gardner Jackson. (Constable.) 7s. 6d.

The Sacco-Vanzetti Case: Transcript of the Record of the Trial and Subsequent Proceedings. (Holt, New York) Five volumes, issued to subscribers.

The publication of these three dissimilar books within a month or two of each other is, to say the least of it, extremely significant. All three come from America, all deal with the famous Sacco-Vanzetti case; and the general American attitude to the case since its conclusion in August, 1927, has been somewhat that of many people in this country to the War a few years ago—a desire to forget about it. Sacco and Vanzetti had no sooner died in the electric chair of Massachusetts State Prison than Will Hays, dictator to the moving-picture industry, ordered the burning of all films relating to the case, while newspapers generally tacitly agreed to talk about something else. "The chapter is closed," wrote one of them. "The die is cast. The arrow has flown. Now let us go forward to the duties and responsibilities of the common day with a renewed determination to maintain our present system of government and our existing social order." The feeling of the controllers of public opinion was undoubtedly that summed up by an American journalist in an astonishing article printed in a London paper a day or two before the men's deaths, in which he gave his frank opinion that even were they innocent —which out of respect to Judge Thayer, Governor Fuller, President Lowell and the rest, he doubted—still they deserved all that might be coming to them because "men who set themselves up as open foes of all their communities hold dear have no right to complain when the communities turn upon them and rend them." Their lives were, indeed, he argued, already forfeit to the law, since but for the law they would, years before, during the hysterical "Red-hunts" of the war period, have ignominously swung from lamp-posts! "Their only recourse for comfort must be their conviction of righteous martyrdom."

In fact it was so during the whole of the six long years of the trial. "We love and venerate our Cause, our Martyrs, our Heroes, our Masters," wrote Vanzetti. "For this cause we are willing to suffer and to die, but not for the low and sordid South Braintree crime." In his very last letter, written a few hours before his death, he expressed no desire more urgently than that "our case and our fate may be understood in their real being and serve as a tremendous lesson to the forces of freedom—so that our suffering and death will not have been in vain." And Sacco, facing Judge Thayer in court upon the day of their death-sentence, defined the issue even more nakedly: "I know the sentence will be between two classes, the oppressed class and the rich class, and there will always be collision between the one and the other. We fraternize the people with the books, with the literature. You persecute the people, tyrannize over them and kill them. We try the education of people always. You try to put a path between us and some other nationality that hates each

other. That is why I am here on this bench, for having been the oppressed class. Well, you are the oppressor." That is the issue into which the case, for better or worse, has resolved itself, and the more one reads of it generally and studies these books in particular, the more inevitable does it appear. One is forced by the most careful as by the most casual perusal of the 5,600 pages of the transcript of the record of the trial into seeking some such explanation not merely of the prejudice clearly exhibited in minor matters at every stage but also of the implacable rejection of every appeal for a new trial. It is not too much to say that not a single witness of any importance appeared for the prosecution who did not later sign a contradictory affidavit or whose integrity was not impugned upon very good grounds—and still no new move was permitted. Even when the expert whose evidence was taken by both judge and jury to mean that the fatal bullet was fired from Sacco's pistol declared that he by no means held that opinion, and that his answers to questions were deliberately ambiguous by pre-arrangement with the District Attorney, Thayer's only reply was that the questions put to him were perfectly plain, and that he could have had no difficulty in understanding them—which was, of course, completely beside the point. To become aware of even a fraction of the facts is to realize that more than a reasonable doubt existed of their guilt, and that only social and political reasons could have withheld from them an elementary justice.

The volume of the *Letters* makes plain how clearly the two victims saw this. But it does more than this : it makes it almost impossible upon not evidential but psychological grounds to believe in their guilt. To hold that Nicolo Sacco and Bartholomeo Vanzetti committed the sordid, brutal and calculated crime for which they were condemned necessitates the belief either that this volume is a literary fake—which, sponsored as the book is by such men as Croce, Dewey, Rolland, and Wells, is, of course, nonsense—or that these two uneducated men, a shoemaker and a fish-peddler, could with complete success for seven years don and wear the open masks of idealists and dreamers, playing the part in every word and line, and even to the death-chair, without letting fall one hint of their true natures. These letters, though often extremely affecting in their integrity and simplicity, have no great literary merit, but as documents they are of the highest value.

Mr. Upton Sinclair's " contemporary historical novel," *Boston*, is particularly interesting to English readers because he sets the case as a political issue against its proper background. It is not a good novel, because one's interest is all in the case and not at all in the fictitious characters, but it is beyond all doubt the best and most detailed account of the whole matter likely to be available or acceptable to the general reader either now or for a long while to come. Its especial merit lies in the account it gives not only of the facts, but of the significance of the facts—here is a light upon America as well as upon Sacco and Vanzetti.

It may be thought that the case is to-day a dead issue, since Sacco and Vanzetti are dead. Yet there are many—Socialists, radicals, workers—throughout the world who do not think so, to whom the names of these two men are potent symbols. It must have been but very shortly before his death that Anatole France wrote to Governor Fuller of Massachusetts in an appeal for mercy : " I say to you, beware of making martyrs. This is the unforgivable crime that nothing can wipe out and that weighs on generation after generation."

GEOFFREY WEST.

THE DOCTRINE OF D. H. LAWRENCE

LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER. By D. H. Lawrence. (Privately Printed.)

One thing is certain. No one who reads *Lady Chatterley's Lover* to the end with the responsiveness without which the book is not merely obscene but nonsense as well, will be troubled by its obscenity. He will end by finding quite natural the repetition on a printed page of words which give him a turn when he finds them on the wall of a privy. No ordinary alchemy is demanded for such a transmutation.

Mr. Lawrence, as all the world knows, happens to believe in Sex. He really does believe in it, and now he has reached a point where, on the surface at least, he believes in little else. There are, *apparently*, for him, about two ultimate realities in human life: one, the absolute and utter isolation of the individual, the other, the sole real emergence from that isolation in the perfect sexual fulfilment. When a man feels about sex with that degree of vehemence and conviction, it is quite impossible for him to be obscene in any but the Bow Street meaning.

The story of the book is quite simple; it tells of the discovery of each other by the wife of an aristocratic coal-owner, and her husband's gamekeeper—a man who (like others of Mr. Lawrence's heroes) has passed beyond class-distinction to an individual self-awareness—and of their progress towards the complete sexual fulfilment, which, Mr. Lawrence holds, contains the sole possibility of a new beginning for this worn-out world. As a narrative it is perfectly convincing: the two people are real, and most real precisely where Mr. Lawrence would have them appear most real, namely, in their sexual mating. But in such a narrative a philosophy is implicit; and the philosophy makes us pause. Not that we necessarily disagree with it. It leaves us with feeling less of its untruth than of its incompleteness.

For the moment we will say that Mr. Lawrence's novel absolutely justifies itself. Rather paradoxically (if its philosophy were taken literally) it is the work of a very conscious man. Mr. Lawrence knows precisely what he is after in using the novel in this way.

> It is the way our sympathy flows and recoils that really determines our lives. And here lies the vast importance of the novel, properly handled. It can inform and lead into new places the flow of our sympathetic consciousness, and it can lead our sympathy away in recoil from things gone dead. Therefore the novel, properly handled, can reveal the most secret places of life: for it is in the *passional* secret places of life, above all, that the tide of sensitive awareness needs to ebb and flow, cleansing and refreshing.
>
> But the novel, like gossip, can also excite spurious sympathies and recoils, mechanical and deadening to the psyche. The novel can glorify the most corrupt feelings, so long as they are *conventionally* "pure." Then the novel, like gossip, becomes at last vicious, and, like gossip, all the more vicious because it is ostensibly on the side of the angels.

That is Mr. Lawrence's defence of himself; and it seems to us unanswerable. In so far as *Lady Chatterley's Lover* causes the tide of our sensitive awareness to flow about the secret places of life—and it does this abundantly—it is not

merely justified, but positively good. It is a cleansing book, the bringer of a new "katharsis."

But Mr. Lawrence does more than this: and it is the more which gives us pause. He is not content to say that it is right and necessary that men and women should come to a sensitive awareness of the sexual mystery; he goes on to say something much more questionable. He says, in effect, that the only sensitive awareness we need, the only one indeed that is real, is the awareness of and in the sexual mystery. The effect of this insistence is one of monotony, and finally, of almost suffocation. For all its fiery purity *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is a deeply depressing book. Were it not for a few words of unconscious wisdom from Lady Connie towards the end, we could scarcely breathe at all. Her words provoke a reluctant admission from Mellors, which is crucial. We will quote the passage in full. Lady Chatterley has been demanding that they should make a new life together. Mellors has been withdrawing into his old mistrust and aloofness. "What *is* the point of your existence?" she suddenly asks.

> "I tell you, it's invisible. I don't believe in the world, not in money, nor in advancement, nor in the future of our civilisation. If there's got to be a future for humanity, there'll have to be a very big change from what now is."
>
> "And what will the future have to be like?"
>
> "God knows! I can feel something inside me, all mixed up with a lot of rage. But what it really amounts to, I don't know."
>
> "Shall I tell you?" she said, looking into his face. "Shall I tell you what you have that other men don't have, and that will make the future? Shall I tell you?"
>
> "Tell me, then," he replied.
>
> "It's the courage of your own tenderness, that's what it is: like when you put your hand on my tail and say I've got a pretty tail."
>
> The grin came flickering on his face.
>
> "That!" he said.
>
> Then he sat thinking.
>
> "Ay!" he said. "You're right. It's that really. It's that all the way through. I knew it with the men. I had to be in touch with them, physically, and not go back on it. I had to be bodily aware of them and a bit tender to them, even if I put 'em through hell. It's a question of awareness, as Buddha said. But even he fought shy of the bodily awareness, and that natural physical tenderness, which is the best, even between men; in a proper manly way. Makes 'em really manly, not so monkeyish [deletion]. Sex is really only touch, the closest of all touch. And it's touch we're afraid of. We're only half-conscious, and half-alive. We've got to come alive and aware. Especially the English have got to get into touch with one another, a bit delicate and a bit tender. It's our crying need."

The Mellors of this dialogue is not far from Mr. Lawrence himself. For all practical purposes they are identical. It shows he must sometimes be asking himself whether he really has "the courage of his own tenderness." That tenderness is very great—unique in our generation. Why should it always (as it is in this book) "be mixed up with a lot of rage?"

And the answer, we think, is this. Mr. Lawrence has the tenderness; but he has *not* got the courage of it. When it comes to having the courage of it, he will have it only where his courage is shocking. When the courage of his tenderness runs together with the current of his rage, then the flood-gates are opened; but not otherwise. What would the world think of him, if he were really to have the courage of his tenderness? God knows, but it might even love him. And that would be terrible. "Hate me," he implores, "and for God's sake let me hate you."

Probably there is no danger. If Mr. Lawrence really did have the full courage of his tenderness, it is not likely he would be loved. He would be hated rather more. He would become really dangerous, as he ought to be. He would become a leader, which he is not. As it is, he can be disregarded with ease, by those who wish to disregard him. He has chosen to be the prophet of a half-truth. It is the seed of a whole one, but why should they look for the seed? They take Mr. Lawrence at his own declared face-value, and they do not trouble even to hate him.

"Sex is the closest of all touch." True. It is the deepest and most primary touch: to be recognised, to become aware of, and to be obeyed. But is it the only touch? Do I not touch Mr. Lawrence at this moment through his book, even though he hides himself within? Veritably touch him, and closer than by laying my hand upon his arm? And do I not touch other men, long dead, and do they not touch me? Why should I deny them? Mr. Lawrence may, if he wills it so, but why should I? Organic contact is in many modes. In the name of one to deny the others is to impoverish life. Our duty is to see to it that the contact in every mode is organic indeed. We shall not reach a future by cutting ourselves off from our past; we shall only die. The tenderness of which we humans are capable has been painfully learned. Great men have shown us the way, sometimes they have given up their lives to shield the birth of a new tenderness in and through themselves. Mr. Lawrence wants to cheat himself, and us, into believing it was all there at the beginning. But even the sex relation which he would have us learn is not an old one; it is very new. A thousand other touches than the sexual in Mr. Lawrence have shaped it to what it is. To deny the obligation is ungrateful and untrue: worse still, it will prevent his ideal from being realised save in a false and perverted form.

Perhaps a word should be said on the question whether or not this book should be circulated. Certainly it is a book of the utmost value: for all its incompleteness and its still smouldering rage, a positive, living, and creative book. It glows with its own dynamic force, and in it is the courage of a new awareness. But it is no use pretending that all the world is fit to read it. If it were, Mr. Lawrence would have no excuse at all for his still smouldering rage. In a sense, therefore, the point of the book is that the world is not fit for it. If it could be circulated it would not be quite what it is. And it would be quite foolish to work up indignation because it has to creep into England. The necessity is implicit in the book itself.

After all, it is yet another nucleus, among the many which Mr. Lawrence has flung into the world, of a new kind of consciousness, which we believe must some day come. This consciousness will be conscious of many things besides those on which Mr. Lawrence insists; but of those on which he insists it must be conscious. Without this deep "passional" awareness of which he chiefly has lit and guards the tender flame, the new consciousness can only be a sterile and intellectual thing—a mere combination of new words without vision, without meaning, without life, and without simplicity. In those who know in their depths what Mr. Lawrence is after, the seed he lets fall will grow. Like a growing thing it will push its way even through the denials which Mr. Lawrence himself would still impose upon it. There is no living element in life which it will not incorporate into its own tissue, if it is once received into good ground where it can bring forth thirty, or sixty, or a hundredfold.

That Mr. Lawrence shrinks from completing his own doctrine, and still rejects deliberately what some of us will not and cannot reject, is ultimately of small importance. It takes from his perfection, but not from his significance. On the level of this awareness, our criticism here is largely beside the mark. What Mr. Lawrence has to give is of a kind that completes itself: it is organic. And if our criticism should be used as an excuse for glancing aside the full impact of his latest, his calmest, and his most "appalling" book, it had better not have been written. Assuredly it was not written for any one who would abuse it thus.

J. M. Murry.

STORY AND THE NOVEL

Catherine Foster. By H. E. Bates. (Jonathan Cape.) 7s. 6d. net.
Hadrian the Seventh. By Fr. Rolfe. (Chatto & Windus.) 8s. 6d. net.
No Love. By David Garnett. (Chatto & Windus.) 7s. 6d. net.
Portrait in a Mirror. By Charles Morgan. (Macmillan.) 7s. 6d. net.

Why is the art of story-telling so much out of fashion? The novelist of to-day is distinguished for his success in dealing with moral or social problems; for sheer, and often rather exhausting brilliance; for character delineation; for knowledge of a particular countryside; but hardly anyone seems to trouble his head about the actual telling of a story *as* a story. It is a pity, for while one can hardly demand of each and all that perfect gift of the story-teller's art as Scott possessed it, it is a part of the necessary equipment which should not be ignored. One falls to wondering what moves people to write novels, if not the desire to tell a story.

Mr. Bates, for example: he has something of the pre-Raphaelite about him. "Il y a des moments où les choses les plus ordinaires nous frappent, on ne sait pourquoi, et semblent nous dire: 'N'oubliez plus nos formes, ni nos couleurs, ni l'assemblage que par hasard nous faisions!'" That seems to be his actual starting-point. Something he sees, something he experiences objectively, demands of him that he should give it permanence; he attaches a story to observed details, not observed details to a story.

> The breeze she made moved her abundant hair, black as privet berries, with the neck of her dress and its sleeves.
>
> She did not heed, but was all in haste to rearrange her hair. In colour it was like some late blackberry, having a rich and lustrous bloom.

As similes they just fail, where Tennyson's "hair more black than ash-buds in the front of March" just succeeds. Mr. Bates, like Tennyson, is a keen observer but one who lacks a sense of humour; Tennyson, however, had a sense of values sufficiently balanced to save him from those incongruities against which, in the ordinary way, a sense of humour is the surest safeguard.

ut *Catherine Foster* is an advance on *The Two Sisters*; it is coherent and nogeneous. Catherine is a charming, childish, not very human creature, rried to a matter-of-fact corn chandler. She falls out of love with him, and it with his brother, a man afflicted to his own and others' cost with an stic temperament and an indifferent appreciation of the importance of ventional views about honesty. But these experiences are not, in themres, vital to Catherine; she might not have come to grief at all, but have ved securely in her own dream-world of fancy, while actuality flowed past round her. Her emotions are described vividly, but they remain unreal; y have never been experienced and have been but incompletely imagined. ey give the impression that Mr. Bates is one of those sensitives who write reate for themselves a world more satisfactory to their fastidiousness than world that is.

Mr. Rolfe, whose *Hadrian the Seventh* is now reprinted in a cheap edition, wrote to create for himself an imaginary world; but his starting point is les apart from Mr. Bates's. George Arthur Rose, young and a genius, feels himself the indubitable vocation for the priesthood. The story opens at moment when, having been prevented from entering it for twenty years rough the jealousy of the Church, he has tardy justice done him, and ldenly finds himself not merely admitted to the priesthood, but elevated to supreme position: he becomes Hadrian the Seventh; and, having enjoyed it full measure of power and authority, is further distinguished in the only y that remains possible by winning the martyr's crown at the hands of an assin.

The book is written in the third person; but it is very clearly an imaginary tobiography: the author's act of reparation to himself for life's failure to him justice. Like the fisherman's wife in the fairy-tale, nothing short of ng Pope would satisfy him, and Pope he becomes in his imagination. Reading, one has the sense that if he had not been a submissive son of the urch—with the deliberate submission of intense pride—he too would not ve been content with being Pope; he would inevitably have made himself ater still, invested himself with actual deity. And his personified God uld have shown the cloven hoof at times, leaving us to wonder whether were not, after all, the devil in disguise. For we find George Arthur Rose iloquising:

> The pity is that the Good should be so dreadfully dowdy,

ly to recollect himself and draw, in haste, the skirt of his robe over the l-tale member, with a warning to himself against self-deceptive sophisms.

> It's all very well to pose before the world: but there's no one here to see you now. Strip, man, strip stark. You perfectly know that the Good always is admirable, whether it be dowdy or chic; and that what you call the Beautiful is no more than a matter of opinion. . . .

But, alas, it is not difficult to hear which of those opinions rings true, or to w where self-deception really lies. And as in George Arthur Rose, so in translated self, Hadrian the Seventh, the two sides are there, now one, now other, uppermost. For in both manifestations he is a tortured soul; clever liabolically clever to the point of genius—who can see what is truly "admirle," but cannot make it his own. He would lose cleverness, if he could, to wisdom; brilliance to find peace. But the necessary act of surrender is possible to him because of a fatal inherent weakness, a vain and childish

egotism. His self-pity seeks compensation by this imaginary gratification of a soaring ambition; and it remains an imaginary compensation.

It is an amazing book; the others remain books, however good; this, for all its fantastic and impossible inventions, is life. If Mr. Bates appears to evade reality, Fr. Rolfe has plunged into it. His genius is not merely for writing, but for living, or rather for experiencing. He feels so intensely that it is rather a case of life manifesting itself in a human entity, than a human being possessing life. He belongs to the company of Borrow; the originals; those who, but for some fatal flaw innate in them, might almost literally have done anything. Had Fr. Rolfe's egotism been of a strong, instead of a weak order, his dream might well have become reality, and an English Hadrian the Seventh worn the triple crown.

Mr. David Garnett really *is* a story-teller; he proved that he had the gift long ago in *Lady into Fox*. In his new book he does not fall back on fairy-tale devices, though he keeps the realistic atmosphere which helps to give a good fairy-tale its charm. If Fr. Rolfe imposes an improbable story on us by sheer force, Mr. Garnett imposes a probable one by sheer matter-of-factness. We do not doubt that these things happened; they sound real and inevitable, as do the characters.

> She disliked Mrs. Keltie, but she envied the garden; it was the paradise of her dreams, and she longed to ask for a root of this and a cutting of that new plant—gifts which were never offered and which it would have embarrassed her to accept. One day in autumn, when the air was scented with the smell of burning leaves coming from her neighbours' garden, Alice chanced to pass along the separating fence where the Kelties' gardeners had thrown a mound of weeds and rubbish. Many of the forkfuls had fallen over the fence into the meadow, and amongst them she found unheard-of treasures—the roots of many of those garden plants which she most longed to possess. These she joyfully collected; but before she had brought them home she reflected that Mrs. Keltie would see them when they flowered and guess their origin. Very bitterly she threw them down, and twice she nearly turned back for them again.

It is an attractive book to read, because it is fresh and alive; but it leaves the reader with a feeling of emptiness. There is not enough body; these people are real enough; they should have got somewhere, done something, or *else have definitely done nothing. But the things they are said to have done*, during the latter half of the book, seem inessential to their natures. Benedict, at the end, explains that what is wrong with Simon is that

> there is No Love in his heart. He has never learned what it is from other people.

One has an uneasy feeling that Mr. Garnett has not yet acquired a heart in which there can be love—of that kind; that he has a child's heart, with a child's loves, and that that is why only his children, and those of his grown-ups who remain essentially children seem to fulfil themselves.

Portrait in a Mirror has just the quality which Mr. Garnett's story lacks. It stands quietly apart from the mass of novels which pour out of the press like sausages out of a machine. Mr. Charles Morgan writes neither to create a dream world, nor to gratify ambition, nor yet to satisfy anyone but himself. The story is that of Nigel Frew, the middle-aged successful painter, writing of his own youthful self. His serene, experienced personality is conveyed very surely, and we never feel any discrepancy between it and the eighteen-year-old Nigel whose love for Clare Sibright is so movingly and sympathetically unfolded. No less does Mr. Morgan manage to convey the reality of his

hero's genius as a painter; perhaps because he does not make the mistake of trying to convince us by emphatic assertion; he lets us deduce it from Nigel's attitude to his art, and from his own unconscious effect on those who come in contact with him.

> Art is news of reality not to be expressed in other terms. . . . The experience itself, and that it is of reality is not by him to be mistaken. It may be isolated and final, like the falling of the seed from which a plant springs, or, like rain, be continually renewed upon him. This power to be impregnated, and not the writing of poems, the painting of pictures, or the composition of music, is the essence of art, the being an artist.

Because we are made to feel by degrees that Nigel possesses that power in rare perfection, we do not need to be informed of the actual painting of a picture to know that he is an artist of genius.

There is a failure at the end of the book; unreality, though not falsity; and Clare herself remains rather an indistinct figure. But Nigel, and all the minor characters—his sister, his attractive elder brother Richard, the Trobeys, the Fullatons, are all distinct, alive, and true to themselves. Mr. Morgan has the gift of sketching a likeness :—

> Mrs. Sibright, a stiff little lady, with pointed nose and sandy hair, like an erect collie.

He has also the quality for want of which Fr. Rolfe remained Fr. Rolfe :—

> ". . . Thackeray was always a snob."
> "I'm afraid we all are, sometimes," my mother replied, "unless we are very sure of ourselves."

M. Robinson.

OTHER BOOKS OF NOTE

Shepherd of Israel. By Leonora Eyles. (Constable.) 7s. 6d. net.

It says much for Mrs. Eyles' achievement that often the reader forgets that he is faced with what might easily have been the rather mannered and preciously romantic re-casting of the story of Moses. Rather is he conscious of being impressed by something which has lost the qualities of a legend and has been transformed into an allegory of the human family's need for and search of God. Moses, first encountered as he emerges in weakness from the stern initiatory rites of Egyptian priesthood, is not here presented as a hero of the Old Testament. He is the archetype of the heroic leader, the man foredoomed to spiritual isolation, to scoffs and hatred.

> Lonely is vision that leads a man away . . .
> Shall a man understand,
> He shall know bitterness because his kind,
> Being perplexed of mind,
> Hold issues even that are nothing mated.
> And he shall give
> Counsel out of his wisdom that none shall hear;
> And steadfast in vain persuasion must he live,
> And unabated
> Shall his temptation be.

To be grumbled at because he will work no cheap miracles, to be accused of heartlessness because he will not save his brethren by compromise, to

have his patience mistaken for cowardice, and his creative weakness for stupidity, must inevitably be the lot of such a man. With a passionate sympathy such as was clearly seen through the clotted and vehement painting of her previous novels, Mrs. Eyles lays bare the pitiful weaknesses of a slave people, in whose unloved and unloving hearts only thoughts of distrust, revenge and suspicion are found harbouring. The desperate condition of the Israelite mob—or of the world—cries for a saviour; but this saviour makes the mistake of attempting to skip the stage of ruling by penalties, and would too precipitately imagine that all his brothers may attain to his own self-mastery, and appreciate with his own reverence God immanent in each man. The vision had come to him when the morning sun bathed the common bush of the mountain, and he had seen God's face—the face of no remote divinity but "a Face like my face," the face of a man purified from the *malaise* of personality which has not yet become impersonal. For Israel, however, crushed and cowed, seeing no possible God except a heavenly Pharaoh, his vision held neither hope nor meaning; and the very intensity with which their puzzled and angry repudiation of a leader who preaches nothing but the divinity of man is depicted, undermines the main thesis of the book, which is indeed this humanitarianism which has blighted modern religious thought.

The solitary anguish of Moses, the man who is trying, from sheer love, to feed babes on anything but milk, is anguish redoubled because so much of it is unnecessary; and his final cry that "he had not trusted himself enough" is a biting commentary on the sentimental, man-centred faith of to-day, whose God is so incomplete and lonely until man has helped Him to realise His Godhead. That which Moses reached by an abnormally swift sublimation, the ailing tribes had to reach by means of that phase of ritual which for many is no phase but the goal. We may not agree with the theology which Mrs. Eyles glorifies as the only remedy for the mob-sickness of the world; but we admire her refusal to scribble modern sophistications over the plain portraying of the ancient world. We admire, too, the idyllic beauty of such passages as those dealing with the love of Moses and Zipporah.

DORIS N. DALGLISH.

DAYS OF FEAR. By Frank Gallagher. (Murray.) 5s.

The anonymous editor of this book—and why anonymous and how editor are not clear—calls it "one of the strangest diaries ever published." The description is not incorrect, but it is in its manner, not in its matter, that its strangeness lies.

Its matter is the record of the experiences and emotions of Mr. Gallagher during the ten days' hunger-strike in Mountjoy Jail, Dublin, in 1920. He seems, together with two others, named by him as Philip and Twomey, to have been one of a committee of three who led the rest. On Easter Monday they formally pledged themselves, in the exercise-ring of the jail, "to the honour of Ireland and the lives of my comrades not to eat food or drink anything except water until all here have been given prisoner-of-war treatment or are released." On April the 14th the Governor offered "political treatment," or the first of their demands, to all prisoners, but "Philip" refused it, saying that nothing less than unconditional release would now be accepted.

On the evening of that day the authorities surrendered wholly, and one by one the men were released.

They all suffered physically and mentally, and Mr. Gallagher must have suffered more than most. He was obviously, to begin with, over-wrought in body and mind when he began his ordeal. Further, in his increasing weakness and in the unending cold black nights he had to face the torturing realisation of his direct responsibility for the sufferings and the probable deaths of others, some of them family men with many dependents, others mere boys. Most terrible of all, he, a devout Catholic, had to combat in his own enfeebled mind the assurances of the prison padre that if he or others died in jail because of their hunger-strike they would be suicides, to be punished by God as such. It was only after prolonged and agonised soul-searching that he decided, for himself and the others, to "trust in the great common-sense of God."

As a trained journalist, with a flair for the vivid word, the evocative detail, Mr. Gallagher has made of his record of these ten days that seemed so many years to him and his companions an eminently readable book. What he has felt and observed he has set down in striking and often moving sentences. The psychology of the faster, his fluctuations of mood, his sharpened sensations, his hallucinations, are carefully and accurately described.

But there are extant other records of prolonged fasting, other accounts of suffering for a Cause, other diaries of unusual and harrowing experiences. The real strangeness of this little book consists in two of its characteristics—first, its swift and disconcerting changes from the sincerity of the man setting down fugitive impressions he is anxious to capture to the staginess of the man aware, too aware, of his readers to be; and secondly, its curious lack, amidst all its passionate and often poetic outbursts of love for Dark Rosaleen, of any realisation of the lady as a being needing housing, sustenance, perhaps even education. The lady needs fighting for, praying for, perhaps her tears need attending to occasionally, but of coarser needs she has none, apparently, that matter at the moment.

To non-Irish minds there is something horrifyingly unreal about this sort of patriotism, which is still greatly in vogue in Ireland, apart from Mr. Gallagher, if its Press is to be trusted. "Sometimes I think," says Mr. Gallagher in his final exaltation just before his release, "there is only one proof of the sincere worker for an unfreed people . . . and that is death . . . that until a man has died for his principles the people are not quite sure that he has ever held them . . . nor is the man himself quite sure. . . ." How much of confession is here? Mr. Gandhi never needed this surety, nor did Herzen, the Russian revolutionist, nor Lady Constance Lytton, also hunger-striking in jail for freedom's sake. Is it different in Ireland?

R. S. Alexander

The History of the Devil. By R. Lowe Thompson, B.A. (Kegan Paul.) 7s. 6d. net.

Humanity likes to put all questions as to origin and beginning out of its mind. The suggestion that the mitre of the bishop or archimandrite, the tall cylindrical head-dress of the Dervish priest, the feather head-dress of Mephistopheles, and the mighty bear-skin worn by the guardsman of to-day, have all in the last resort a common magical origin in the antler head-dress of the "horned magician" or medicine man of the Magdalenian culture

(stone-age) will be received with indifference by the comfortably minded, or with mumblings about "satanism" by the fanatically religious. But humanity, comfortably-minded or fanatical, can no longer be spared the cruel sight of the historico-psychological dissecting-table with its knives and forceps. Able dissectors and investigators like Mr. Lowe Thompson sharpen the general critical insight into prevalent moral and religious fashions and prejudices. They help to disperse the cloud of superstitions and metaphysical bogies, which still cause *unnecessary* suffering even in the Europe of to-day.

Mr. Lowe Thompson traces the growth of the idea of the Devil from its origin in the "horned magician" as depicted in the cave-drawings of the Magdalenians. The ceremonial wearing of the horns of the "food" animal (reindeer, buffalo, bison, etc.) was held in primitive logic to give magical power over the animal itself. Hence the importance of the "horned magician" in a hunting community which depended for its bare subsistence on the successful hunting of such food animals. Obviously the *raison d'être* of this primitive religion lay in its survival value; the "horned god" was then the benefactor of its devotees.

The author follows the various transformations of the "horned magician" through the bronze and iron ages until he emerges unmistakably as his Satanic Majesty in the Middle Ages. How he came to be the hunter of souls and enemy instead of benefactor of mankind after the advent of Christianity is most convincingly described in the chapters "The Horned God of the West" and "Witch God and Devil." The archaic beliefs which the Church had to stamp out or transform or syncretize are shown to have flourished to an almost unbelievable extent in medieval times.

It will be fascinating reading for those who are in the throes of realizing: (1) That all "belief" has been born of "error"; (2) but that at the same time and paradoxically enough, more beautiful and intoxicating blossoms have sprung from "error" than from "truth."

Evolution, however, imposes the need for detoxication from time to time. *The History of the Devil* is calculated to disintoxicate the most naïve of the children of men by virtue of its allusive and erudite reasonableness. It is not too much to say that perhaps never before has the Devil been given his due in more authoritative and illuminating fashion.

JAMES YOUNG.

THE POETICAL AND DRAMATIC WORKS OF SIR CHARLES SEDLEY. Collected and Edited from the Old Editions. By V. DE SOLA PINTO. Two vols. (Constable.) 52s. 6d. net.

A considerable interest was reawakened in Sedley and his remarkable daughter by the publication of Professor Pinto's ample biography, just over a year ago; the subject is thus fresh to mind. The arrangement is a matter for gratitude to reviewers as well as to readers whose curiosity has been justifiably stimulated, for this compendious edition would be overmuch to discuss in a limited space were the intriguing personal and social background also claiming its meed of attention.

Sedley's dramas, which are the most important part of him from the point of view of literary history, have been hitherto more or less inaccessible, and the authenticity of several plays, attributed to him, unsifted. Some of

his poems, and some dubiously his, have been familiar; others buried in old miscellanies and journals. Prof. Pinto has "made all things right": he has taste, and he has carried out his rather abstruse task with extraordinary thoroughness. Whether Sedley's writings can justify or repay all this labour depends, we suppose, on personal taste. He is an interesting figure, but it is easy to exaggerate his significance.

What, briefly, is his achievement? As a poet he stands, perhaps, second only to Rochester as a writer of the type of light lyric which held the field between the later Carolines and the inset of the neo-classical period; but the vein is slighter than Denham's before or Lady Winchilsea's after him. He wrote, as everybody knows, two lines of great poetry and nearly a dozen delightful songs: for the rest he is never heavy or stuffy, though inevitably inclined to the half-satirical, half-bawdy coarseness that colours more strongly his imitation of the Latin poets. As a translator he has been slightly over-estimated: he has his points, but they are not exactly those of a translator—his renderings from Virgil's Bucolics and Pastorals are almost as bad as the one tragedy, *Antony and Cleopatra*, which can with any probability be fathered on him. About half of the extant Sedley or pseudo-Sedley text, to be frank, is worthy of no higher function than that to which he consigned the pages of Sir Richard Blackmore.

His two comedies—though *Bellamira* was not actually *published* till 1687—give him a worthy place beside his friend Etherege as pioneer of English Social Comedy—as distinguished from the "Comedy of Humours"—and if less witty, less finished, more adrift between French models, ancient plots and English originality than *The Man of Mode*, *Bellamira* has more life, a keener sense of natural character, and less of a modish, urban self-limitation. The earlier *The Mulberry Garden* is not so good as *Bellamira*, having an incongruous "heroick" strain and a vague topical preoccupation. To sum up roughly, Sedley has more of Vanbrugh than has Etherege of Congreve, and a faint dash of Congreve himself. H. P. Collins.

The Structure of the Novel. By Edwin Muir. Hogarth Lectures No. 6. (Hogarth Press.) 3s. 6d.

It is not easy, as Mr. Percy Lubbock pointed out in *The Craft of Fiction*, to examine the structure of a novel. The composition of a painting stands out to the critic as a geometric fact, and in speaking of curves and diagonals he uses words which have a literal meaning; but to describe the "form" of a novel is to speak in metaphor of something which can only be discussed by means of further metaphors. Mr. Edwin Muir has written his analysis in terms of Space and Time. His two main classes are "character" and "dramatic" novels. *Vanity Fair*, which represents the first, moves in space; time is unlimited and almost irrelevant; the story is only a link which holds the scenes together; the whole is an immense painting of society. In *Wuthering Heights*, on the other hand, the sequence of events controls the characters just as the characters control the events, and, unlike a painting but like a symphony, the book moves in time. The people in the character novel are what Mr. E. M. Forster calls flat. They have only one reaction to circumstances, with the result that they do not change during the progress of the story: dramatic characters develop steadily until the curtain falls.

It will be seen that Mr. Muir's main classes correspond roughly to comedy

and tragedy, which were born in Greece as two quite different forms, but which have since been blended into what is loosely called drama. This may give us a clue to the relative importance of plot. The first entrance of a Falstaff may be as funny as the last, because the richness of his character needs no preparation but makes its effect as soon as he opens his mouth; but Lear's "Never, never, never, never, never," or Cleopatra's "O! Withered is the garland of the war," can only attain their full significance in the light of all that has gone before. Again, comedy gives release from time and fate, which are perhaps the same thing. Our first thought of Falstaff shows us the knight still calling for a wench or a cup of sack, not babbling of green fields; but the Macbeth we know best is the plaything of fate, who declaims:

> She should have died hereafter;
> There would have been a time for such a word.
> To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
> Creeps on this petty pace from day to day,
> To the last syllable of recorded time. . . .

Mr. Muir's classification raises a number of interesting points, and is sound enough so long as it is not taken too seriously. His comparison of *Vanity Fair* to painting is very just; but what if *Vanity Fair*, from a structural point of view—and we are not concerned here with the magnificent material of the book—were a bad novel? *Esmond*, which Thackeray agreed with many of his readers in considering his best work, was the only one not written in numbers; and judged as an organic whole, how much superior it is to all the rest. Again, some of Balzac's work, which Mr. Muir barely mentions, shows with what tremendous effect the spatial painting of a scene can bear on the temporal movement of the story.

There is among the moderns a tendency to impatience with *the story* in the novel, to which Mr. Forster gave way when he called it a tape-worm; and yet, admitted that the novel, which both gains and loses by its freedom as an art form, is fortunate in including such delightful backwaters as *Tristram Shandy* and *Mrs. Dalloway*, surely the narration of a sequence of events is the main stream, drawing its waters from the two springs of epic and drama. *Ulysses* is a fine book, but not so fine as the *Odyssey*.

MICHAEL JOYCE.

AN ESSAY ON CITIZENSHIP AS PURSUIT OF VALUES. By J. O. MACKENZIE. (Allen & Unwin.) 12s. 6d. net.

These essays do not break any new ground, but under the form of a search for Values and the possibility of their realization in the State and the world at large they give an interesting, if somewhat discursive, account of the findings of the best modern thinkers so far as bearing on the subject. The range of Dr. MacKenzie's scholarship finds a place for the "Threefold State" of Steiner, the anthroposophist, and for Myers and Flammarion. On the whole and with reservations, he descries an upward path for society through the co-operative efforts of men of good will led on consciously or unconsciously by the *creative spirit* in nature and mind through more effective organisation for the good life towards an ultimate cosmos of truth and value. However, as he acutely remarks, any complete and universal comprehension of true values would be destructive of our limited mode of existence. As Croce says, God carries Satan in his bosom. Where no oxen are, the crib is clean—and empty. To the partisan of religious, idealist, realist or

materialistic dogmas the book will seem inconclusive, while to one prepared to greet the unseen with a cheer, but without a formula, the author's freedom from idols of the school will be a comfort. Certainly, if designed to show that the problems of life are well nigh insoluble, the book is a brilliant success. A book which is a calm exposition addressed to the philosophic mind upon ultimate values is hardly one to make ratepayers into citizens or urge intellectual sybarites to face contested elections. Men of action are more likely to be stirred by the study of history and by seeing the part which heroic individuals can play in the advancement of the race. D. D. B.

STARVED FIELDS. By E. Inglis Jones. (Constable.) 7s. 6d.

Miss Inglis Jones's story is interesting chiefly for its background—a series of satirical Hogarthian sketches of a Welsh community secluded between mountain and sea—a stagnant backwater of humanity in which country folk and decayed county gentry swarm together with the social and sexual promiscuousness of a rabbit warren. The stagnant pool is stirred by the advent of a lady from Eaton Place, Belgravia. Lady Anne Skelton is daughter of a decrepit earl; she is beautiful in an icy way, but over-bred, finicking, fastidious, selfish and, in short, a prig. Her fragile beauty entrances Mr. Owen Morgan, of the manor house; he jilts his erstwhile sweetheart and they marry. But since Owen, like his fathers, is, in his own words, the "bull" of the village (half of the villagers are his legitimate or illegitimate relatives), his habits and ideals are utterly incompatible with those of Lady Anne. The deep mutual repugnance generated between them provides the dramatic interest and the dynamic which carry the story to its conclusion.

The story is well enough constructed on a conventional pattern, but the ending is too abrupt. The writing is uneven; at moments genuinely moving, but often perfunctory. The wish to achieve coarseness in what is depicted is continually in danger of achieving only coarseness of writing, as when the dipsomaniac Lady Williams remonstrates with "her loosened lips dribbling egg on to her bosom." And occasional insensitiveness or inattention betrays Miss Jones: she can write of a scuttle "innocent of coals," and of the hero watching "from a coign of vantage." The Welsh scene, however, is sketched so vigorously and skilfully as to make the novel one of some distinction. J. W. C.

THE COAT WITHOUT SEAM. By Maurice Baring. (Heinemann.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Maurice Baring has talents far above the average, yet his books never seem quite to succeed. In this one he tells the story of Christopher Trevenen who drifts through life, unlucky in love as in his material affairs. Every crisis in his life is preceded by the intervention from an unexpected quarter of some version of the various legends which have grown up about that seamless coat for which lots were cast at the Crucifixion. Finally Christopher, dying, discovers that it was his own life that was a coat without seam, which he himself tore into tatters, but which now, through religion, has become whole. Somehow we are not convinced; Christopher's life looks much more like a badly made piece of patchwork, very far from being seamless. The fact is that Mr. Baring's convictions regarding his religion are not of a kind to carry conviction to others; he will convince only those who are convinced already, and as a piece of propaganda the book fails, just as it fails as a novel through being an unsuccessful piece of propaganda. M. R.

COUSIN MATTHEW. By Watson Dyke. (Constable.) 7s. 6d. net.

This is the story of Matthew Percival, a farmer living in a Yorkshire village, who married where his material interest lay, though his heart was lost elsewhere. The inevitable disaster followed. It is not great literature, but there is something refreshingly honest and clearly felt about it which makes the book very attractive.

THE DIARY OF A COMMUNIST UNDERGRADUATE. By N. Ognyov. (Gollancz.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Alexander Werth, the translator, describes Ognyov's *Diary of Kostya Riabtsov* as " one of the most outstanding examples of this modern form of psychological fiction, which is half-art, half-journalism." In the first half, *Diary of a Communist Schoolboy*, there was a preponderance of art, and about this second part there is a preponderance of journalism. However, it is excellent journalism, and, while it can hardly be called a novel, it is better reading than a good many novels. Ognyov has the gift of showing his characters in the round, and also that quick sense of humour which enables him to slip from grave to gay without offence—a necessary equipment in one who writes of a world too full of tragic possibilities. One feels that here, at last, is a really authentic account of things as they are in Russia to-day.

M. R.

EXPERIMENTS WITH HANDWRITING. By Robert Saudek. (George Allen and Unwin.) 18s. net.

Mr. Robert Saudek, a Czechoslovakian, must be bracketed with the Red Indian Long Lance and the Polish Conrad for mastery of a language not his own. But whereas Long Lance and Conrad used only English, Mr. Saudek has written his book in English, Dutch and German, three of the many languages in which he is comfortably at home. The extension of sympathetic understanding that is the gift of linguistic adventure, filled out in his case by intensive experience of the several European countries whose written and spoken speech he has mastered, is no small part of the secret of the power of the book Mr. Saudek was born to write. Its intrinsic achievement, the elevation of graphology—hitherto known to those outside the circle of people seriously studying the subject (although, it now appears, mostly on wrong lines) as a combination of common sense, guess-work and happy hits—to the level of an exact science is of importance not only to the psychologist, criminologist and all those whose business it is to deal with suspected forgeries, but also to everyone who puts pen to paper, to nearly everyone in the world.

Of particular interest to most English readers will be the analyses of the handwritings of prominent Englishmen, including Charles Dickens and Lord Grey—Mussolini, Otto Weininger, Suzanne Lenglen and Adler of Vienna also appear—and a part of the section dealing with popular generalizations on the subject of American " bluff " and English " hypocrisy " with results at once reassuring and disconcerting. We are compelled to recognize how completely the principles of English public school education have failed to penetrate the outside world, and we learn at the same time why the English handwriting is the only one in which " initial degeneration " (the sign of desiring to remain inconspicuous) is a constant phenomenon, and the four reasons for our being the only nation in the world to use the capital " I."

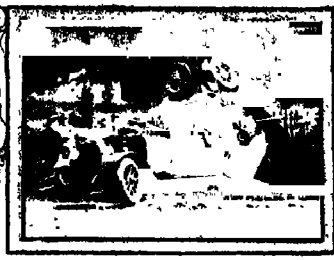
DOROTHY M. RICHARDSON.

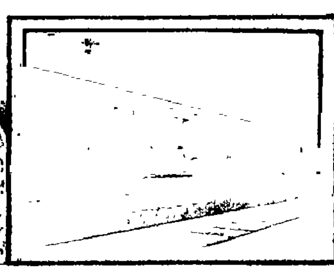
INDEX

VOLUMES I. AND II. (NEW SERIES.)

SECTION A—GENERAL.

SECTION B—REVIEWS.





ANNOUNCEMENT.

OPINION ON CONTRIBUTIONS.

MANY manuscripts are being submitted to the Editor of this Magazine with requests that, in addition to considering them for publication, he should offer an opinion on their merits. It is impossible for the Editor to do this, if only because his time is very fully occupied with other things. But to be of help as far as possible, he is willing to ask a professional reader, in whose judgment he has confidence, to give a frank opinion on the work of contributors who will pay the reader's fee. This is at the rate of half-a-guinea per thousand words; minimum one guinea, maximum three. MSS. submitted for opinion in this way should be accompanied by a crossed remittance made payable to "Adelphi Reader." These MSS., where suitable, will be considered for inclusion in the Magazine. But it must be understood the Editor has no interest in this scheme other than that of putting contributors in touch with his reader, at their request.

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